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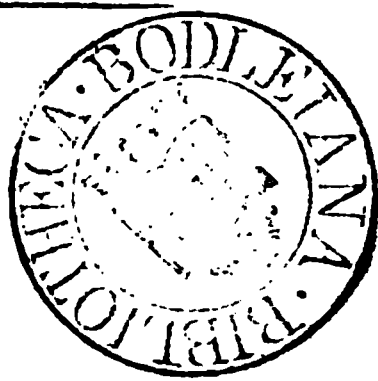
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THE METROPOLITAN.

THE VISION OF THE NEW YEAR.

THE year had struggled out its latest sigh—
I stood, entranc'd in midnight's gloomy hour,
On the green mount, whose undulations lie
North of the world's metropolis. The pow'r
To read the future's page, th' unholy dower
Of impious lore I coveted. I sought
To pierce those shadows, gloomily that low'r
O'er England, and, obedient to my thought,
Lo! to my mortal eye, immortal scenes were brought!

The giant town, her populous miles below,
Stretch'd out in sleep. A streak of misty light
Tinted the passing clouds with a faint glow;
So the watch-taper, in the dead of night,
Glares from the room of sickness on the sight;
Her deep day-breathings all were hush'd, the blast
Brought from her walls no murmur in its flight;
I gaz'd on the death-like scene with look aghast,
“A sign, a sign!” I cried, as forth my arms I cast!

“Give me a sign! that I may read the year
But now begun, in strife and civil broil;
Give me a sign! for these are times of fear!
Faction is forth, and desecrates our soil,
Ev'n the hard peasant leaves his honest toil,
And shows in flames dishonest discontent,
Rebellion barely hides her knife—for spoil
She prowls around—and low ambition bent,
Even through blood to rise, smiles on these curses sent!”

“Give me a sign! Augusta! hast thou none?
Shall glory, now no more illumine thy head?
Are all thy days of loyal honour done?
Mightiest of cities! hath thine angel fled?
Are all, *are all* thy merchant princes dead?
Thy stately mansions, tombs, or changed to styes
Where rebels feed and fatten?” Then a red
And awful burst of light I saw arise,
Ev'n whilst I wildly spoke, and quiv'ring scale the skies.

And roof, and spire, and tow'r stood forth, as when
In her red garments, conflagration waves
Her midnight firebrands o'er the haunts of men,
And amid ashes, many a mother raves
As she shrieks o'er her children's burning graves;—
Anon, this sudden flashing past away
Then, on th' horizon, as from hidden caves,
There came forth spectre-lights in wanton play,
And all elsewhere was night, above the city, day!

The Vision of the New Year.

I had the sign ! the vision then began !
 By this unearthly light, from the far East,
 I saw a monster rise with vision wan,
 A hydra-neck'd, and many-headed beast !
 On, as it mov'd, its stings and heads increas'd
 Slimy and foul, it crawl'd beneath a cloud,
 And, as it crawl'd, its hissings never ceas'd.
 It was a phantom crouching, and yet proud,
 Obscene, yet very bold ; though empty, very loud.

And soon this vast and hideous form o'erlaid
 The prostrate city as it westward came,
 To where, around, an ancient throne, there play'd
 The lambent glories of a holy flame ;
 When near, the monster paus'd through very shame !
 Not long that shame, not long that reverend pause,
 When on it rush'd, belying Freedom's name ;
 Impious and impotent, it rais'd its claws,
 And with blasphemous rage, roar'd forth, "The cause, the cause !"

Straight there arose of noble forms a host
 In goodly ranks, with awful brows serene,
 (Warrior, and sage, that generous crowd could boast,)
 And stood the monster and the throne between !
 Then did I think to view a gory scene
 Of dreadful fight, and long protracted fray.
 Too well I augur'd of a thing so mean.
 The band's brave leader merely cried, "Away !"
 When back the monster slunk, nor further strife would stay.

As it crawl'd back towards its noisome den,
 Its heads fell off most wonderfully and fast,
 Its bloated body too, decreas'd, and when
 I wish'd to take a loathing look and last,
 I found the whole into thin air had past ;
 And graceful figures occupied the space
 Where that Chimæra late its shadow cast,
 And beauteous forms shed all around a grace,
 And on the city's brow virtue once more had place.

I saw these goodly shadows bow them down,
 To what did faintly in the heav'ns appear,
 Blazing with gems, a consecrated crown,
 Beneath which gleam'd a word in glory clear,
 The patriot's bond. This name the good revere,
 Blaz'd in no angry lightnings, as when erst
 The wall flam'd forth upon th' impious cheer
 Of proud Belshazzar, when upon him burst
 For *holy altars spurn'd*, the doom of one accurs'd.

That name shone forth in mild and tender light,
 Like that blest star, whose soft and holy beam
 Told of redeeming love. So gently bright,
 So full of hope, did that fair vision seem,
 That, as I worshipp'd in my waking dream,
 I felt my country nought could have to rue,
 Whilst that great name liv'd high in men's esteem,
 To WILLIAM now, let England's sons be true,
 VICTORIA *shall* be ours—and we VICTORIA's too.

JAPHET, IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

WE had taken our horses for the next town; but as soon as we were fairly on the road, I stopped the boys, and told them that the Great Aristodemus intended to observe the planets and stars that night, and that they were to proceed to a common which I mentioned. The post-boys, who were well aware of his fame, and as fully persuaded of it as every body else, drove to the common; we descended, took off the luggage, and received directions from Melchior in their presence about the instruments, to which the boys listened with open mouths and wonderment. I paid them well, and told them that they might return, which they appeared very glad to do. They reported what had occurred, and this simple method of regaining our camp, added to the astonishment of the good town of ———. When they were out of sight we resumed our usual clothes, packed all up, carried away most of our effects, and hid the others in the furze to be sent for the next night, not being more than two miles from the camp. We soon arrived, and were joyfully received by Fleta and Nattée.

As we walked across the common, I observed to Melchior, "I wonder if these stars have any influence upon mortals, as it was formerly supposed?"

"Most assuredly they have," replied Melchior. "I cannot read them, but I firmly believe in them."

I made the above remark, as I had often thought that such was Melchior's idea.

"Yes," continued he, "every man has his destiny—such must be the case. It is known beforehand what is to happen to us by an omniscient Being, and being known, what is it but destiny which cannot be changed? It is *fate*," continued he, surveying the stars with his hand raised up, "and that fate is as surely written there as the sun shines upon us; but the great book is sealed, because it would not add to our happiness."

"If, then, all is destiny, or fate, what inducement is there to do well or ill?" replied I. "We may commit all acts of evil, and say, that as it was predestined, we could not help it. Besides, would it be just that the omniscient Being should punish us for those crimes which we cannot prevent, and which are allotted to us by destiny?"

"Japhet, you argue well; but you are in error, because, like most of those of the Christian church, you understand not the sacred writings, nor did I until I knew my wife. Her creed is, I believe, correct; and what is more, adds weight to the truths of the Bible."

"I thought that gipsies had no religion."

"You are not the only one who supposes so. It is true that the majority of the tribe are held by the higher castes as serfs, and are

¹ Continued from vol. ix. p. 358.

not instructed ; but with—if I may use the expression—the aristocracy of them it is very different, and their creed I have adopted.”

“ I should wish to hear their creed,” replied I.

“ Hear it then. Original sin commenced in heaven—when the angels rebelled against their God—not on earth.”

“ I will grant that sin originated first in heaven.”

“ Do you think that a great, a good God, ever created any being for its destruction and eternal misery, much less an angel ? Did he not foresee their rebellion ?”

“ I grant it.”

“ This world was not peopled with the image of God until after the fall of the angels : it had its living beings, its monsters perhaps, but not a race of men with eternal souls. But it was peopled, as we see it now is, to enable the legions of angels who fell to return to their former happy state—as a pilgrimage by which they might obtain their pardons, and resume their seats in heaven. Not a child is born, but the soul of some fallen cherub enters into the body to work out its salvation. Many do, many do not, and then they have their task to recommence anew ; for the spirit once created is immortal, and cannot be destroyed ; and the Almighty is all goodness, and would ever pardon.”

“ Then you suppose there is no such thing as eternal punishment ?”

“ Eternal !—no. Punishment there is, but not eternal. When the legions of angels fell, some were not so perverse as others : they soon re-obtained their seats, even when, as children, having passed through the slight ordeal, they have been summoned back to heaven ; but others who, from their infancy, show how bad were their natures, have many pilgrimages to perform before they can be purified. This is, in itself, a punishment. What other punishment they incur between their pilgrimages we know not ; but this is certain, that no one was created to be punished eternally.”

“ But all this is but assertion,” replied I ; “ where are your proofs ?”

“ In the Bible ; some day or another I will show them to you ; but now we are at the camp, and I am anxious to embrace Nattée.”

I thought for some time upon this singular creed ; one, in itself, not militating against religion, but at the same time I could not call to mind any passages by which it could be supported. Still the idea was beautiful, and I dwelt upon it with pleasure. I have before observed, and indeed the reader must have gathered from my narrative, that Melchior was no common personage. Every day did I become more partial to him, and more pleased with our erratic life. What scruples I had at first gradually wore away ; the time passed quickly, and although I would occasionally call to mind the original object of my setting forth, I would satisfy myself by the reflection, that there was yet sufficient time. Little Fleta was now my constant companion when in the camp, and I amused myself with teaching her to write and read.

“ Japhet,” said Timothy to me one day as we were cutting hazel broach wood in the forest, “ I don’t see that you get on very fast in your search after your father.”

"No, Tim, I do not; but I am gaining a knowledge of the world which will be very useful to me when I recommence the search; and what is more, I am saving a great deal of money to enable me to prosecute it."

"What did Melchior give you after we left?"

"Twenty guineas, which, with what I had before, makes more than fifty."

"And he gave me ten, which makes twenty, with what I had before. Seventy pounds is a large sum."

"Yes, but soon spent, Tim. We must work a little longer. Besides, I cannot leave that little girl—she was never intended for a rope-dancer."

"I am glad to hear you say that, Japhet, for I feel as you do—she shall share our fortunes."

"A glorious prospect truly," replied I, laughing; "but never mind, it would be better than her remaining here. But how are we to manage that?"

"Ah! that's the rub; but there is time enough to think about it when we intend to quit our present occupation."

"Well, I understand from Melchior that we are to start in a few days?"

"What is it to be, Japhet?"

"Oh! we shall be at home—we are to cure all diseases under the sun. To-morrow we commence making pills, so we may think ourselves with Mr. Cophagus again."

"Well, I do think we shall have some fun; but I hope Melchior won't make me take my own pills to prove their good qualities—that will be no joke."

"O no, Num is kept on purpose for that. What else is the fool good for?"

The next week was employed as we anticipated. Boxes of pills of every size, neatly labelled, bottles of various mixtures, chiefly stimulants, were corked and packed up. Powders of *any thing* were put in papers; but, at all events, there was nothing hurtful in them. All was ready, and accompanied by Num (Jumbo and Fleta being left at home) we set off, Melchior, assuming the dress in which we had first met him in the wagon, and altering his appearance so completely, that he would have been taken for at least sixty years old. We now travelled on foot with our dresses in bundles, each carrying his own, except Num, who was loaded like a pack-horse, and made sore lamentations: "Can't you carry some of this?"

"No," replied I, "it is your own luggage; every one must carry his own."

"Well, I never felt my spangled dress so heavy before. Where are we going?"

"Only a little way," replied Timothy, "and then you will have nothing more to do."

"I don't know that. When master puts on that dress, I have to swallow little things till I'm sick."

"It's all good for your health, Num."

"I'm very well, I thank'e," replied the poor fellow; "but I'm very hot and very tired."

Fortunately for poor Num, we were not far from the market town at which we intended to open our campaign, which we did the next morning by Num and Timothy sallying forth, the former with a large trumpet in his hand, and the latter riding on a donkey. On their arrival at the market-place, Num commenced blowing it with all his might, while Timothy, in his spangled dress, as soon as they had collected a crowd, stood upon his saddle and harangued the people as follows:—

“Gentlemen and ladies—I have the honour to announce to you the arrival in this town of the celebrated Doctor Appallacheosmocommetico, who has travelled further than the sun and faster than a comet. He hath visited every part of the globe. He has smoked the calumet with the Indians of North America—he has hunted with the Araucas in the South—galloped on wild horses over the plains of Mexico, and rubbed noses with the Esquimaux. He hath used the chopsticks with the Chinese, swung the Cherok pooga with the Hindoos, and pulled the nose of the Great Cham of Tartary. He hath visited and been received in every court of Europe: danced on the ice of the Neva with the Russians—led the mazurka with the Poles—waltzed with the Germans—tarantulaed with the Italians—fandangoed with the Spanish—and quadrilled with the French. He hath explored every mine in the universe, walked through every town on the continent, examined every mountain in the world, ascended Mont Blanc, walked down the Andes, and run up the Pyrennees. He has been into every volcano in the globe, and descending by Vesuvius has been thrown up by Stromboli. He has lived more than a thousand years, and is still in the flower of his youth. He has had one hundred and forty sets of teeth one after another, and expects a new set next Christmas. His whole life has been spent in the service of mankind, and in doing good to his fellow-creatures; and having the experience of more than a thousand years, he cures more than a thousand diseases. Gentlemen, the wonderful doctor will present himself before you this evening, and will then tell what his remedies are good for, so that you may pick and choose according to your several complaints. Ladies, the wonderful doctor can greatly assist you: he has secrets by which you may have a family if you should so wish—philters to make husbands constant, and salve to make them blind—cosmetics to remove pimples and restore to youth and beauty, and powders to keep children from squalling. Sound the trumpet, Philotas; sound, and let every body know that the wonderful Doctor Appallacheosmocommetico has vouchsafed to stop here and confer his blessings upon the inhabitants of this town.” Hereupon Num again blew the trumpet till he was black in the face; and Timothy, dropping on his donkey, rode away to other parts of the town, where he repeated his grandiloquent announcement, followed, as may be supposed, by a numerous cortege of little ragged boys.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, Melchior made his appearance in the market-place, attended by me, dressed as a German student, Timothy and Num in their costumes. A stage had been already prepared, and the populace had crowded round it more with the intention of laughing than of making purchases. The various packets were

opened and arranged in front of the platform, I standing on one side of Melchior, Timothy on the other, and Num with his trumpet, holding on by one of the scaffold poles at the corner.

"Sound the trumpet, Philotas," said Melchior, taking off his three-cornered hat, and making a low bow to the audience, at every blast.

"Pray, Mr. Fool, do you know why you sound the trumpet?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Num, opening his goggle eyes.

"Do you know, Mr. Dionysius?"

"Yes, sir, I can guess."

"Explain, then, to the gentlemen and ladies who have honoured us with their presence."

"Because, sir, trumpets are always sounded before great conquerors."

"Very true, sir; but how am I a great conqueror?"

"You have conquered death, sir; and he's a very rum customer to have to deal with."

"Dionysius, you have answered well, and shall have some bullock's liver for your supper—don't forget to remind me, in case I forget it."

"No, that I won't, sir," replied Timothy, rubbing his stomach, as if delighted with the idea.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Melchior to the audience, who were on the broad grin, "I see your mouths are all open, and are waiting for the pills; but be not too impatient—I cannot part with my medicines unless you have diseases which require their aid; and I should, indeed, be a sorry doctor, if I prescribed without knowing your complaints. *Est neutrale genus signans rem non animatum*, says Herodotus, which in English means, what is one man's meat is another man's poison; and further, he adds, *Ut jecur, ut onus, put ut occiput*, which is as much as to say, that what agrees with one temperament, will be injurious to another. Caution, therefore, becomes very necessary in the use of medicine; and my reputation depends upon my not permitting any one to take what is not good for him. And now, my very dear friends, I will first beg you to observe the peculiar qualities of the contents of this little phial. You observe, that there is not more than sixty drops in it, yet will these sixty drops add ten years to a man's life—for it will cure him of almost as many diseases. In the first place, are any of you troubled with the *ascites*, or dropsy, which, as the celebrated Galen hath declared, may be divided into three parts, the *ascites*, the *anasarca*, and the *tympanites*. The diagnostics of this disease are, swelling of the abdomen or stomach, difficulty of breathing, want of appetite, and a teasing cough. I say, have any of you this disease? None. Then I thank Heaven that you are not so afflicted.

"The next disease it is good for, is the *peripneumonia*, or inflammation on the lungs—the diagnostics or symptoms of which are, a small pulse, swelling of the eyes, and redness of the face. Say, have any of you these symptoms—if so, you have the disease. No one. I thank Heaven that you are none of you so afflicted.

"It is also a sovereign remedy for the *diarrhœa*, the diagnostics of which are, faintness, frequent gripings, rumbling in the bowels, cold sweats, and spasm."

Here one man came forward and complained of frequent gripings—another of rumbling in the bowels, and two or three more of cold sweats.

“It is well. O I thank Heaven that I am here to administer to you myself! for what says Hippocrates? *Relativum cum antecedente concordat*, which means, that remedies quickly applied, kill the disease in its birth. Here, my friends, take it—take it—pay me only one shilling, and be thankful. When you go to rest, fail not to offer up your prayers. It is also a sovereign remedy for the dreadful *chiragra* or gout. I cured the whole corporation of city aldermen last week, by their taking three bottles each, and they presented me with the freedom of the city of London, in a gold box, which I am sorry that I have forgotten to bring with me. Now the *chiragra* may be divided into several varieties. *Gonagra*, when it attacks the knees—*chiragra*, if in the hands—*onagra*, if in the elbow—*omagra*, if in the shoulder, and *lumbago*, if in the back. All these are varieties of gout, and for all these the contents of this little bottle is a sovereign remedy; and, observe, it will keep for ever. Twenty years hence, when afflicted in your old age—and the time will come, my good people—you may take down this little phial from the shelf, and bless the hour in which you spent your shilling; for as Eusebius declares, ‘*Verbum personale concordat cum nominativo*, which is as much as to say, the active will grow old, and suffer from pains in their limbs. Who, then, has pains in his limbs, or lumbago? Who, indeed, can say that he will not have them?’”

After this appeal, the number of those who had pains in their limbs, or who wished to provide against such a disease, proved so great, that all our phials were disposed of, and the doctor was obliged to promise that in a few days he would have some more of this invaluable medicine ready.

“Ladies and gentlemen, I shall now offer to your notice a valuable plaister, the effects of which are miraculous. Dionysius, come hither, you have felt the benefit of this plaister; tell your case to those who are present, and mind you tell the truth.”

Hereupon Timothy stepped forward. “Ladies and gentlemen, *upon my honour*, about three weeks back I fell off the scaffold, broke my back bone into three pieces, and was carried off to a surgeon, who looked at me, and told the people to take measure for my coffin. The great doctor was not there at the time, having been sent for to consult with the king’s physicians upon the queen’s case, of *Cophagus*, or intermitting mortification of the great toe; but fortunately, just as they were putting me into a shell, my master came back, and immediately applying his sovereign plaister to my back, in five days I was able to sit up, and in ten days I returned to my duty.”

“Are you quite well now, Dionysius?”

“Quite well, sir, and my back is like a whalebone.”

“Try it.”

Hereupon Dionysius threw two somersets forward, two backward, walked across the stage on his hands, and tumbled in every direction.

“You see, gentlemen, I’m quite well now, and what I have said, I assure you, *on my honour*, to be a fact.”

"I hope you'll allow that 'to be a very pretty cure," said the doctor, appealing to the audience; "and I hardly need say, that for sprains, bruises, contusions, wrenches, and dislocations, this plaister is infallible; and I will surprise you more by telling you, that I can sell it for eight-pence a sheet."

The plaister went off rapidly, and was soon expended. The doctor went on describing his other valuable articles, and when he came to his cosmetics, &c., for women, we could not hand them out fast enough. "And now," said the doctor, "I must bid you farewell for this evening."

"I'm glad of that," said Timothy, "for now I mean to sell my own medicine."

"Your medicine, Mr. Dionysius! what do you mean by that?"

"Mean, sir; I mean to say that I've got a powder of my own contriving, which is a sovereign remedy."

"Remedy, sir, for what?"

"Why, it's a powder to kill fleas, and what's more, it's just as infallible as your own."

"Have you, indeed; and pray, sir, how did you hit upon the invention?"

"Sir, I discovered it in my sleep by accident; but I have proved it, and I will say, if properly administered, it is quite as infallible as any of yours. Ladies and gentlemen, I pledge you my honour that it will have the effect desired, and all I ask is sixpence a powder."

"But how is it to be used, sir?"

"Used—why, like all other powders; but I won't give the directions till I have sold some; promising, however, if my method does not succeed, to return the money."

"Well, that is fair, Mr. Dionysius; and I will take care that you keep your bargain. Will any body purchase the fool's powder for killing fleas?"

"Yes, I will," replied a man on the broad grin, "here's sixpence. Now, then, fool, how am I to use it?"

"Use it," said Timothy, putting the sixpence in his pocket; "I'll explain to you. You must first catch the flea, hold him so tight between the fore finger and thumb as to force him to open his mouth; when his mouth is open you must put a very little of this powder into it, and it will kill him directly."

"Why, when I have the flea so tight as you state, I may as well kill him myself."

"Very true, so you may, if you prefer it; but if you do not, you may use this powder, which upon my honour is infallible."*

This occasioned a great deal of mirth among the bystanders. Timothy kept his sixpence, and our exhibition for this day ended, very much to the satisfaction of Melchior, who declared he had taken more than ever he had done before in a whole week. Indeed, the whole sum amounted to 17*l.* 10*s.*, all taken in shillings and sixpences, for articles hardly worth the odd shillings in the account; so we sat down to supper with anticipations of a good harvest, and so it proved. We stayed four days at this town, and then proceeded onwards, when the

* We assure our friend Rigdum Funnidos that we stole this Joe Miller months before his "Comic Almanac" came out. We claim precedence as a thief.

like success attended us, Timothy and I being obliged to sit up nearly the whole night to label and roll up pills, and mix medicines, which we did in a very scientific manner. Nor was it always that Melchior presided; he would very often tell his audience that business required his attendance elsewhere, to visit the sick, and that he left the explanation of his medicines and their properties to his pupil, who was far advanced in knowledge. With my prepossessing appearance, I made a great effect, more especially among the ladies, and Timothy exerted himself so much when with me, that we never failed to bring home to Melchior a great addition to his earnings—so much so, that at last he only showed himself, pretended that he was so importuned to visit sick persons, that he could stay no longer, and then leave us, after the first half hour, to carry on the business for him. After six weeks of uninterrupted success, we returned to the camp, which, as usual, was not very far off.

Melchior's profits had been much more than he anticipated, and he was very liberal to Timothy and me; indeed, he looked upon me as his right hand, and became more intimate and attached every day. We were of course delighted to return to the camp, after our excursion. There was so much continual bustle and excitement in our peculiar profession, that a little quiet was delightful; and I never felt more happy than when Fleta threw herself into my arms, and Nattée came forward with her usual dignity and grace, but with more than usual condescendence and kindness, bidding me welcome *home*. Home—alas! it was never meant for my home, or poor Fleta's—and that I felt. It was our sojourn for a time, and no more.

We had been more than a year exercising our talents in this lucrative manner, when one day, as I was sitting at the entrance of the tent, with a book in my hand, out of which Fleta was reading to me, a gipsy not belonging to our gang made his appearance. He was covered with dust, and the dew drops hanging on his dark forehead proved that he had travelled fast. He addressed Nattée, who was standing by, in their own language, which I did not understand; but I perceived that he asked for Melchior. After an exchange of a few sentences, Nattée expressed astonishment and alarm, and put her hands over her face, removed them as quickly as if derogatory in her to show emotion, and then remained in deep thought. Perceiving Melchior approaching, the gipsy hastened to him, and they were soon in animated conversation. In ten minutes it was over: the gipsy went to the running brook, washed his face, took a large draught of water, and then hastened away and was soon out of sight.

Melchior, who had watched the departure of the gipsy, slowly approached us. I observed him and Nattée, as they met, as I was certain that something important had taken place. Melchior fixed his eyes upon Nattée—she looked at him mournfully—folded her arms, and made a slight bow as if in submission, and in a low voice, quoted from the Scriptures, “Whither thou goest, I will go—thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.” He then walked away with her: they sat down apart, and were in earnest conversation for more than an hour.

“Japhet,” said Melchior to me, “after he had quitted his wife, “what I am about to tell you will surprise you. I have trusted you

with all I dare trust any one, but there are some secrets in every man's life which had better be reserved for himself and her who is bound to him by solemn ties. We must now part. In a few days this camp will be broken up, and these people will join some other division of the tribe. For me, you will see me no more. Ask me not to explain, for I cannot."

"And Nattée," said I.

"Will follow my fortunes, whatever they may be—you will see her no more."

"For myself I care not, Melchior; the world is before me, and remain with the gipsies without you I will not: but answer me one question—what is to become of little Fleta? Is she to remain with the tribe, to which she does not belong, or does she go with you?"

Melchior hesitated. "I hardly can answer—but what consequence can the welfare of a soldier's brat be to you?"

"Allowing her to be what you assert, Melchior, I am devotedly attached to that child, and could not bear that she should remain here; I am sure that you deceived me in what you stated, for the child remembers, and has told me, anecdotes of her infancy, which proves that she is of no mean family, and that she has been stolen from her friends."

"Indeed, is her memory so good?" replied Melchior, firmly closing his teeth. "To Nattée or to me she has never hinted so much."

"That is very probable; but a stolen child she is, Melchior, and she must not remain here."

"Must not."

"Yes; must not, Melchior; when you quit the tribe, you will no longer have any power, nor can you have any interest about her. She shall then choose—if she will come with me, I *will* take her, and nothing shall prevent me; and in so doing I do you no injustice, nor do I swerve in my fidelity."

"How do you know that? I may have my secret reasons against it."

"Surely you can have no interest in a soldier's brat, Melchior?"

Melchior appeared confused and annoyed. "She is no soldier's brat; I acknowledge, Japhet, that the child was stolen; but you must not, therefore, imply that the child was stolen by me or my wife."

"I never accused you, or thought you capable of it; and that is the reason why I am now surprised at the interest you take in her. If she prefers to go with you, I have no more to say, but if not I claim her; and if she consents, will resist your interference."

"Japhet," replied Melchior, after a pause, "we must not quarrel now that we are about to part. I will give you an answer in half an hour."

Melchior returned to Nattée, and recommenced a conversation with her, while I hastened to Fleta.

"Fleta, do you know that the camp is to be broken up, and Melchior and Nattée leave it altogether?"

"Indeed!" replied she with surprise. "Then what is to become of you and Timothy?"

"We must of course seek our fortunes where we can."

"And of me?" continued she, looking me earnestly in the face with her large blue eyes. "Am I to stay here?" continued she, with alarm in her countenance.

"Not if you do not wish it, Fleta: as long as I can support you I will—that is, if you would like to live with me in preference to Melchior."

"If I would like, Japhet; you must know I would like—who has been so kind to me as you? Don't leave me, Japhet."

"I will not, Fleta; but on condition that you promise to be guided by me, and to do all I wish."

"To do what you wish is the greatest pleasure that I have, Japhet—so I may safely promise that. What has happened?"

"That I do not know more than yourself; but Melchior tells me that he and Nattée quit the gipsy tents for ever."

Fleta looked round to ascertain if any one was near us, and then in a low tone said, "I understand their language, Japhet, that is, a great deal of it, although they do not think so, and I overheard what the gipsy said in part, although he was at some distance. He asked for Melchior; and when Nattée wanted to know what he wanted, he answered that, '*he was dead*;' then Nattée covered up her face. I could not hear all the rest, but there was something about a *horse*."

He was dead. Had then Melchior committed murder, and was obliged to fly the country? This appeared to me to be the most probable, when I collected the facts in my possession; and yet I could not believe it, for except that system of deceit necessary to carry on his various professions, I never found any thing in Melchior's conduct which could be considered as criminal. On the contrary, he was kind, generous, and upright in his private dealings, and in many points proved that he had a good heart. He was a riddle of inconsistency it was certain, professionally he would cheat any body, and disregard all truth and honesty; but, in his private character, he was scrupulously honest, and, with the exception of the assertion relative to Fleta's birth and parentage, he had never told me a lie, that I could discover. I was running up all these reflections in my mind, when Melchior again came up to me, and desiring the little girl to go away, he said, "Japhet, I have resolved to grant your request with respect to Fleta, but it must be on conditions."

"Let me hear them."

"First, then, Japhet, as you always have been honest and confiding with me, tell me now what are your intentions. Do you mean to follow up the profession which you learnt under me, or what do you intend to do?"

"Honestly, then, Melchior, I do not intend to follow up that profession, unless driven to it by necessity. I intend to seek my father."

"And if driven to it by necessity, do you intend that Fleta shall aid you by her acquirements? In short, do you mean to take her with you as a speculation, to make the most of her, to let her sink, when she arrives at the age of woman, into vice and misery?"

"I wonder at your asking me that question, Melchior; it is the first act of injustice I have received at your hands. No; if obliged to follow up the profession, I will not allow Fleta so to do. I would

sooner that she were in her grave. It is to rescue her from that very vice and misery, to take her out of a society in which she never ought to have been placed, that I take her with me."

"And this upon your honour?"

"Yes, upon my honour. I love her as my sister, and I cannot help indulging on the hope that in seeking my father, I may chance to stumble upon hers."

Melchior bit his lips. "There is another promise I must exact from you, Japhet, which is, that to a direction which I will give you, every six months you will inclose an address where you may be heard of, and also intelligence as to Fleta's welfare and health."

"To that I give my cheerful promise; but Melchior, you appear to have taken, all at once, a strange interest in this little girl."

"I wish you now to think that I do take an interest in her, provided you seek not to inquire the why and the wherefore. Will you accept of funds for her maintenance?"

"Not without necessity compels me; and then I should be glad to find, when I can no longer help her, that you are still her friend."

"Recollect, that you will always find what is requisite by writing to the address which I shall give you before we part. That point is now settled, and on the whole I think the arrangement is good."

Timothy had been absent during the events of the morning—when he returned, I communicated to him what had passed, and was about to take place.

"Well, Japhet, I don't know—I do not dislike our present life, yet I am not sorry to change it; but what are we to do?"

"That remains to be considered; we have a good stock of money, fortunately, and we must husband it till we find what can be done."

We took our suppers all together for the last time, Melchior telling us that he had determined to set off the next day. Nattée looked very melancholy, but resigned; on the contrary, little Fleta was so overjoyed, that her face, generally so mournful, was illuminated with smiles whenever our eyes met. It was delightful to see her so happy. The whole of the people in the camp had retired, and Melchior was busy making his arrangements in the tent. I did not feel inclined to sleep; I was thinking and revolving in my mind my prospects for the future; sitting, or rather lying down, for I was leaning on my elbow, at a short distance from the tents. The night was dark but clear, and the stars were brilliant. I had been watching them, and I thought upon Melchior's ideas of destiny, and dwelling on the futile wish that I could read mine, when I perceived the approach of Nattée.

"Japhet," said she, "you are to take the little girl with you I find—will you be careful of her? for it would be on my conscience if she were left to the mercy of the world. She departs rejoicing, let her joy not end in tears. I depart sorrowing. I leave my people, my kin, my habits, and customs, my influence, all—but it must be so, it is my destiny. She is a good child, Japhet—promise me that you will be a friend to her—and give her this to wear in remembrance of me, but—not yet—not till we are gone—." She hesitated.

"Japhet, do not let Melchior see it in your possession; he may not like my having given it away." I took the piece of paper containing the present, and having promised all she required, "This is the last—yes—the very last time that I may behold this scene," continued Nattée, surveying the common, the tents, and the animals browsing. "Be it so; Japhet, good night, may you prosper!" She then turned away and entered her tent; and soon afterwards I followed her example.

The next day, Melchior was all ready. What he had packed up was contained in two small bundles. He addressed the people belonging to the gang, in their own language. Nattée did the same, and the whole of them kissed her hand. The tents, furniture, and the greatest part of his other property were distributed among them. Jumbo and Num were made over to two of the principal men. Timothy, Fleta, and I, were also ready, and intended to quit at the same time as Melchior and his wife.

"Japhet," said Melchior, "there is yet some money due to you for our last excursion—(this was true,)—here it is—you and Timothy keep but one purse, I am aware. Good bye, and may you prosper!"

We shook hands with Nattée and Melchior. Fleta went up to the former, and crossing her arms, bent her head. Nattée kissed the child, and led her to Melchior. He stooped down, kissed her on the forehead, and I perceived a sign of strong compressed emotion as he did so. Our intended routes lay in a different direction, and when both parties had arrived to either verge of the common, we waved our hands as a last farewell, and resumed our paths again. Fleta burst into tears as she turned away from her former guardians.

I led the little sobbing girl by the hand, and we proceeded for some time in silence. It was not until we gained the high road that Timothy interrupted my reverie, by observing, "Japhet, have you at all made up your mind what you shall do?"

"I have been reflecting, Timothy. We have lost a great deal of time. The original intention with which I left London has been almost forgotten; but it must be so no longer. I now have resolved that as soon as I have placed this poor little girl in safety, that I will prosecute my search, and never be diverted from it."

"I cannot agree with you that we lost time, Japhet; we had very little money when we started upon our expedition, and now we have sufficient to enable you to prosecute your plans for a long time. The question is, in what direction? We quitted London, and travelled west, in imitation as we thought, of the *wise men*. With all deference, in my opinion, it was like *two fools*."

"I have been thinking upon that point also, Tim, and I agree with you. I expect, from several causes, which you know as well as I do, to find my father among the higher classes of society; and the path we took when we started, has led us into the very lowest. It appears to me that we cannot do better than retrace our steps. We have the means now to appear as gentlemen, and to mix in good company; and London is the very best place for us to repair to."

"That is precisely my opinion, Japhet, with one single exception,

which I will mention to you; but first tell me, have you calculated what our joint purses may amount to? It must be a very considerable sum."

"I cannot have much less than two hundred pounds," replied I.

"And I have more than sixty," said Timothy. "Really, the profession was not unprofitable."

"No," replied I, laughing; "but recollect, Tim, that we had no outlay. The public provided us with food, our lodging cost us nothing. We have had no taxes to pay; and at the same time have taxed folly and credulity to a great extent."

"That's true, Japhet; and although I am glad to have the money, I am not sorry that we have abandoned the profession."

"Nor am I, Tim; if you please, we will forget it altogether. But tell me, what was the exception you were about to make?"

"Simply this. Although two hundred and sixty pounds may be a great deal of money, yet if we are to support the character and appearance of gentlemen, it will not last for ever. For instance, we must have our *valets*. What an expense that will be! Our clothes too—we shall soon lose our rank and station in society, without we obtain a situation under government."

"We must make it last as long as we can, Timothy; and trust to good fortune to assist us."

"That's all very well, Japhet; but I had rather trust to our own prudence. Now hear what I have to say. You will be as much assisted by a *trusty* valet as by any other means. I shall, as a gentleman, be only an expense and an incumbrance; but as a valet I shall be able to play into your hands, at the same time more than half the expense will be avoided. With your leave, therefore, I will take my proper situation, put on your livery, and thereby make myself of the greatest use."

I could not help acknowledging the advantages to be derived from this proposal of Timothy's; but I did not like to accept it.

"It is very kind of you, Timothy," replied I; "but I can only look upon you as a friend and an equal."

"There you are right and are wrong in the same breath. You are right in looking upon me as a friend, Japhet; and you would be still more right in allowing me to prove my friendship as I propose; but you are wrong in looking upon me as an equal, for I am not so either in personal appearance, education, or any thing else. We are both foundlings, it is true; but you were christened after Abraham Newland, and I after the workhouse pump. You were a gentleman foundling, presenting yourself with a fifty pound note, and good clothes. I made my appearance in rags and misery. If you find your parents, you will rise in the world; if I find mine, I shall, in all probability, have no reason to be proud of them. I therefore must insist upon having my own choice in the part I am to play in the drama, and I will prove to you that it is my right to choose. You saw that, when we started, your object was to search after your father, and I told you mine should be to look after my mother. You selected high life as the expected sphere in which he is to be found, and I select low life as that in which I am most likely to dis-

cover the object of my search. So you perceive," continued Tim, laughing, "that we must arrange so as to suit the views of both without parting company. Do you hunt among bag-wigs, amber-headed canes, silks and satins—I will burrow among tags and tassels, dimity and mob caps; and probably we shall both succeed in the object of our search. I leave you to hunt in the drawing-rooms, while I ferret in the kitchen. You may throw yourself on a sofa and exclaim—'Who is my father?' while I will sit in the cook's lap, and ask her if she may happen to be my mother."

This sally of Timothy's made even Fleta laugh; and after a little more remonstrance, I consented that he should perform the part of my valet. Indeed, the more I reflected upon it, the greater appeared the advantages which might accrue from the arrangement. By the time that this point had been settled, we had arrived at the town to which we directed our steps, and took up our quarters at an inn of moderate pretensions, but of very great external cleanliness. My first object was to find out some fitting asylum for little Fleta. The landlady was a buxom, good tempered young woman, and I gave the little girl into her charge, while Timothy and I went out on a survey. I had made up my mind to put her to some good, but not very expensive, school, if such were to be found in the vicinity. I should have preferred taking her with me to London, but I was aware how much more expensive it would be to provide for her there; and as the distance from the metropolis was but twenty miles, I could easily run down to see her occasionally. I desired the little girl to call me her brother, as such I intended to be to her in future, and not to answer every question they might put to her. There was, however, little occasion for this caution; for Fleta was, as I before observed, very unlike children in general. I then went out with Timothy to look for a tailor, that I might order our clothes, as what we had on were not either of the very best taste, or in the very best condition. We walked up the main street, and soon fell in with a tailor's shop, over which was written in large letters—"Feodor Shneider, Tailor to his Royal Highness the Prince of Darmstadt."

"Will that do, Japhet?" said Timothy, pointing to the announcement.

"Why yes," replied I; "but how the deuce the Prince of Darmstadt should have employed a man in a small country town as his tailor, is to me rather a puzzle."

"Perhaps he made his clothes when he was in Germany," replied Tim.

"Perhaps he did; but, however, he shall have the honour of making mine."

We entered the shop, and I ordered a suit of the most fashionable clothes, choosing my colours, and being very minute in my directions to the foreman, who measured me; but as I was leaving the shop the master, judging by my appearance, which was certainly not exactly that of a gentleman, ventured to observe that it was customary with *gentlemen*, whom they had not the honour of knowing, to leave a deposit. Although the very proposal was an attack upon my gentility, I made no reply; but pulling out a handful of guineas, laid down two

on the counter and walked away, that I might find another shop at which we might order the livery of Timothy; but this was only as a reconnoitre, as I did not intend to order his liveries until I could appear in my own clothes, which were promised on the afternoon of the next day. There were, however, several other articles to be purchased, such as a trunk, portmanteau, hat, gloves, &c. all which we procured, and then returned to the inn. On my return I ordered dinner. Fleta was certainly clad in her best frock, but bad was the best; and the landlady, who could extract little from the child, could not imagine who we could be. I had, however, allowed her to see more than sufficient money to warrant our expenses; and so far her scruples were, although her curiosity was not, removed.

That evening I had a long conversation with Fleta. I told her that we were to part, that she must go to school, and that I would very often come down to see her. At first, she was inconsolable at the idea; but I reasoned with her, and the gentle, intelligent creature acknowledged that it was right. The next day my clothes came home, and I dressed myself. "Without flattery, Japhet," said Timothy, "you do look very much like a gentleman." Fleta smiled, and said the same. I thought so too, but said nothing. Putting on my hat and gloves, and accompanied by Timothy, I descended to go out and order Tim liveries, as well as a fit-out for Fleta.

After I was out in the street I discovered that I had left my handkerchief, and returned to fetch it. The landlady, seeing a gentleman about to enter the inn, made a very low courtesy, and it was not until I looked hard at her that she recognized me. Then I was satisfied; it was an involuntary tribute to my appearance, worth all the flattering assertions in the world. We now proceeded to the other tailor's in the main street. I entered the shop with a flourishing, important air, and was received with many bows. "I wish," said I, "to have a suit of livery made for this young man, who is about to enter into my service. I cannot take him up to town this figure." The livery was chosen, and as I expressed my wish to be off the next evening, it was promised to be ready by an hour appointed.

I then went to a milliner's, and desired that she would call at the inn to fit out a little girl for school, whose wardrobe had been left behind by mistake. On the fourth day all was ready. I had made inquiries, and found out a very respectable school, kept by a widow lady. I asked for references, which were given, and I was satisfied. The terms were low—twenty guineas per annum. I paid the first half year in advance, and lodged fifty guineas more in the hands of a banker, taking a receipt for it, and giving directions that it was to be paid to the schoolmistress as it became due. I took this precaution, that should I be in poverty myself, at all events Fleta might be provided in clothes and schooling for two years at least. The poor child wept bitterly at the separation, and I could with difficulty detach her little arms from my neck; and I felt, when I left her, as if I had parted with the only valuable object to me on earth. All was now ready; but Timothy did not as yet assume his new clothes. It would have appeared strange that one who sat at my table should afterwards put on my livery; and as, in a small town there is always plenty of

scandal, for Fleta's sake, if for no other reason, it was deferred until our arrival in London. Wishing the landlady good by, who I really believed would have given up her bill to have known who we could possibly be, we got on the outside of the stage-coach, and in the evening arrived at the metropolis. I have been particular in describing all these little circumstances, as it proves how very awkward it is to jump, without observation, from one station in society to another.

But I have omitted to mention a circumstance of great importance, which occurred at the inn the night before I placed Fleta at the boarding-school. In looking over my portmanteau, I perceived the present of Nattée to Fleta, which I had quite forgotten. I took it to Fleta, and told her from whom it came. On opening the paper, it proved to contain a long chain of round coral and gold beads, strung alternately; the gold beads were not so large as the coral, but still the number of them, and the purity of the metal, made them of considerable value. Fleta passed the beads through her fingers, and then threw it round her neck, and sat in deep thought for some minutes. "Japhet," said she at last, "I have seen this—I have worn this before—I recollect that I have; it rushes into my memory as an old friend, and I think that before morning it will bring to my mind something that I shall recollect about it."

"Try all you can, Fleta, and let me know to-morrow."

"It's no use trying; if I try, I never can recollect any thing. I must wear it to-night, and then I shall have something come into my mind all of a sudden; or perhaps I may dream something. Good night."

It immediately occurred to me that it was most probable that the chain had been on Fleta's neck at the time that she was stolen from her parents, and might prove the means of her being identified. It was no common chain—apparently had been wrought by people in a state of semi-refinement. There was too little show for its value—too much sterling gold for the simple effect produced; and I very much doubted whether another like it could be found.

The next morning Fleta was too much affected at parting with me, to enter into much conversation. I asked whether she had recollected any thing, and she replied, "No; that she had cried all night at the thoughts of our separation." I cautioned her to be very careful of the chain, and I gave the same caution to the schoolmistress; and after I had left the town, I regretted that I had not taken it away, and deposited it in some place of security. I resolved so to do when next I saw Fleta; in the mean time, she would be able, perhaps, by association, to call up some passage of her infancy connected with it.

I had inquired of a gentleman who sat near me on the coach, which was the best hotel for a young man of fashion. He recommended the Piazza, in Covent Garden, and to that we accordingly repaired. I selected handsome apartments, and ordered a light supper. When the table was laid, Timothy made his appearance, in his livery, and cut a very smart, dashing figure. I dismissed the waiter, and as soon as we were alone, I burst into a fit of laughter. "Really, Timothy,

this is a good farce ; come, sit down, and help me to finish this bottle of wine."

"No, sir," replied Timothy ; "with your permission, I prefer doing as the rest of my fraternity. You only leave the bottle on the side-board, and I will steal as much as I want ; but, as for sitting down, that will be making too free, and if we were seen, would be moreover, very dangerous. We must both keep up our characters. They have been plying me with all manner of questions below, as to who you were—your name, &c. I resolved that I would give you a lift in the world, and I stated that you had just arrived from making a grand tour—which is not a fib, after all—and as for your name, I said that you were at present *incog.*"

"But why did you make me *incog.* ?"

"Because it may suit you so to be ; and it certainly is the truth, for you don't know your real name."

We were here interrupted by the waiter bringing in a letter upon a salver. "Here is a letter addressed to 'I., or J. N., on his return from his tour,' sir," said he ; "I presume it is for you ?"

"You may leave it," said I, with nonchalance.

The waiter laid the letter on the table, and retired.

"How very odd, Timothy—this letter cannot be for me ; and yet they are my initials. It is as much like a J as an I. Depend upon it, it is some fellow who has just gained this intelligence below, and has written to ask for a subscription to his charity list, imagining that I am flush of money, and liberal."

"I suppose so," replied Tim ; "however, you may just as well see what he says."

"But if I open it he will expect something. I had better refuse it."

"O no, leave that to me ; I know how to put people off."

"After all, it's a fine thing to be a gentleman, and be petitioned."

I broke open the seal, and found that the letter contained an inclosure addressed to another person. The letter was as follows :—

"MY DEAR NEPHEW,—['Bravo, sir,' said Timothy ; 'you've found an uncle already—you'll soon find a father.'] From the great uncertainty of the post, I have not ventured to do more than hint at what has come to light during this last year, but as it is necessary that you should be acquainted with the whole transaction, and as you had not decided when you last wrote, whether you would prosecute your intended three months trip to Sicily, or return from Milan, you may probably arrive when I am out of town ; I therefore enclose you a letter to Mr. Masterton, directing him to surrender to you a sealed packet, lodged in his hands, containing all the particulars, the letters which bear upon them, and what has been proposed to avoid exposure ; which you may peruse at your leisure, should you arrive before my return to town. There is no doubt but that the affair may be hushed up, and we trust that you will see the prudence of the measure ; as, once known, it will be very discreditable to the family escutcheon. ['I always had an idea you were of good family,' interrupted Tim.] I wish you had followed my advice, and had not re-

turned ; but as you were positive on that point, I beg you will now consider the propriety of remaining incognito, as reports are already abroad, and your sudden return will cause a great deal of surmise. Your long absence at the Gottingen University, and your subsequent completion of your grand tour, will have effaced all remembrance of your person, and you can easily be passed off as a particular friend of mine, and I can introduce you every where as such. Take, then, any name you may please, provided it be not Smith or Brown, or such vulgarisms, and on the receipt of this letter, write a note, and send it to my house in Portman Square, just saying, '*so and so* is arrived.' This will prevent the servants from obtaining any information by their prying curiosity ; and as I have directed all my letters to be forwarded to my seat in Worcestershire, I shall come up immediately that I receive it, and by your putting the name which you mean to assume, I shall know whom to ask for when I call at the hotel.

“ Your affectionate Uncle,

“ WINDERMEAR.”

“ One thing is very clear, Timothy,” said I, laying the letter on the table ; “ that it cannot be intended for me.”

“ How do you know, sir, that this lord is not your uncle ? At all events, you must do as he bids you.”

“ What—go for the papers ! most certainly I shall not.”

“ Then how in the name of fortune do you expect to find your father, when you will not take advantage of such an opportunity of getting into society ? It is by getting possession of other people’s secrets, that you will worm out your own.”

“ But it is dishonest, Timothy.”

“ A letter is addressed to you, in which you have certain directions ; you break the seal with confidence, and you read what you find is possibly not for you ; but, depend upon it, Japhet, that a secret obtained is one of the surest roads to promotion. Recollect your position ; severed from the world, you have to re-unite yourself with it, to recover your footing, and create an interest. You have not those who love you to help you—you must not scruple to obtain your object by fear.”

“ That is a melancholy truth, Tim,” replied I ; “ and I believe I must put my strict morality in my pocket.”

“ Do, sir, pray, until you can afford to be moral ; it’s a very expensive virtue that ; a deficiency of it made you an outcast from the world ; you must not scruple at a slight deficiency on your own part, to regain your position.”

There was so much shrewdness, so much of the wisdom of the serpent in the remarks of Timothy, that, added to my ardent desire to discover my father, which since my quitting the gipsy camp had returned upon me with two-fold force, my scruples were overcome, and I resolved that I would not lose such an opportunity. Still I hesitated, and went up into my room, that I might reflect upon what I should do. I went to bed, revolving the matter in my mind, and turning over from one position to the other, at one time deciding that I would not take advantage of the mistake, at another quite as re-

solved that I would not throw away such an opening for the prosecution of my search; at last I fell into an uneasy slumber, and had a strange dream. I thought that I was standing upon an isolated rock, with the waters raging around me; the tide was rising, and at last the waves were roaring at my feet. I was in a state of agony, and expected that in a short time I should be swallowed up. The main land was not far off, and I perceived well-dressed people in crowds, who were enjoying themselves, feasting, dancing, and laughing in merry peals. I held out my hands—I shouted to them—they saw, and heard me, but heeded me not. My horror at being swept away by the tide was dreadful. I shrieked as the water rose. At last I perceived something unroll itself from the main land, and gradually advancing to the inland, formed a bridge by which I could walk over and be saved. I was about to hasten over, when “Private, and no thoroughfare,” appeared at the end nearest me, in large letters of fire. I started back with amazement, and would not, dared not pass them. When all of a sudden, a figure in white appeared by my side, and said to me, pointing to the bridge, “Self-preservation is the first law of nature.”

I looked at the person who addressed me; gradually the figure became darker and darker, until it changed to Mr. Cophagus, with his stick up to his nose. Japhet, all nonsense—very good bridge—um—walk over—find father—and so on.” I dashed over the bridge, which appeared to float on the water, and to be composed of paper, gained the other side, and was received with shouts of congratulation, and the embraces of the crowd. I perceived an elderly gentleman come forward; I knew it was my father, and I threw myself into his arms. I awoke, and found myself rolling on the floor, embracing the bolster with all my might. Such was the vivid impression of this dream, that I could not turn my thoughts away from it, and at last I considered that it was a divine interposition. All my scruples vanished, and before the day had dawned I determined that I would follow the advice of Timothy. An enthusiast is easily led to believe what he wishes, and he mistakes his own feelings for warnings; the dreams arising from his daily contemplations for the interference of Heaven. He thinks himself armed by supernatural assistance, and warranted by the Almighty to pursue his course, even if that course should be contrary to the Almighty’s precepts. Thus was I led away by my own imaginings, and thus was my monomania increased to an impetus which forced before it all consideration of what was right or wrong.

The next morning I told my dream to Timothy, who laughed very heartily at my idea of the finger of Providence. At last, perceiving that I was angry with him, he pretended to be convinced. When I had finished my breakfast, I sent to inquire the number in the Square of Lord Windermear’s town house, and wrote the following simple note to his lordship, “*Japhet Newland* has arrived from his tour at the Piazza, Covent Garden.” This was confided to Timothy, and I then set off with the other letter to Mr. Masterton, which was addressed to Lincoln’s Inn. By reading the addresses of the several legal gentlemen, I found out that Mr. Masterton was located on the second

floor. I rang the bell, which had the effect of "Open, Sesame," as the door appeared to swing to admit me without any assistance. I entered an ante-room, and from thence found myself in the presence of Mr. Masterton—a little old man, with spectacles on his nose, sitting at a table covered with papers. He offered me a chair, and I presented the letter.

"I see that I am addressing Mr. Neville," said he, after he had perused the letter. "I congratulate you on your return. You may not, perhaps, remember me?"

"Indeed, sir, I cannot say that I do, exactly."

"I could not expect it, my dear sir, you have been so long away. You have very much improved in person, I must say; yet still, I recollect your features as a mere boy. Without compliment, I had no idea that you would ever have made so handsome a man." I bowed to the compliment. "Have you heard from your uncle?"

"I had a few lines from Lord Windermear, enclosing your letter."

"He is well, I hope?"

"Quite well, I believe."

Mr. Masterton then rose, went to an iron safe, and brought out a packet of papers, which he put into my hands. "You will read these with interest, Mr. Neville. I am a party to the whole transaction, and must venture to advise you not to appear in England under your own name, until all is settled. Your uncle, I perceive, has begged the same."

"And I have assented, sir. I have taken a name instead of my real one."

"May I ask what it is?"

"I call myself Mr. Japhet Newland."

"Well, it is singular, but perhaps as good as any other. I will take it down, in case I have to write to you. Your address is ——"

"Piazza—Covent Garden."

Mr. Masterton took my name and address. I took the papers, and then we both took leave of one another, with many expressions of pleasure and good will.

I returned to the hotel, where I found Timothy waiting for me, with impatience. "Japhet," said he, "Lord Windermear has not yet left town. I have seen him, for I was called back after I left the house, by the footman, who ran after me—he will be here immediately."

"Indeed," replied I. "Pray what sort of person is he, and what did he say to you?"

"He sent for me in the dining parlour, where he was at breakfast, asked when you arrived, whether you were well, and how long I had been in your service. I replied that I had not been more than two days, and had just put on my liveries. He then desired me to tell Mr. Newland that he would call upon him in about two hours. Then, my lord," replied I, "I had better go and tell him to get out of bed."

"The lazy dog!" said he, "nearly one o'clock, and not out of bed; well, go then, and get him dressed as fast as you can."

Shortly afterwards a handsome carriage with greys drew up to the

door. His lordship sent in his footman to ask whether Mr. Newland was at home. The reply of the waiter was, that there was a young gentleman who had been there two or three days, who had come from making a tour, and his name did begin with an *N*. "That will do, James; let down the steps." His lordship alighted, was ushered up stairs, and into my room. There we stood, staring at each other.

"Lord Windermear, I believe," said I, extending my hand.

"You have recognized me first, John," said he, taking my hand, and looking earnestly in my face. "Good heavens! is it possible that an awkward boy should have grown up into so handsome a fellow? I shall be proud of my nephew. Did you remember me when I entered the room?"

"To tell the truth, my lord, I did not; but expecting you, I took it for granted that it must be you."

"Nine years make a great difference, John;—but I forget, I must now call you Japhet. Have you been reading the Bible lately, that you fixed upon that strange name?"

"No, my lord; but this hotel is such a Noah's ark, that it's no wonder I thought of it."

"You're an undutiful dog, not to ask after your mother, sir."

"I was about——"

"I see—I see," interrupted his lordship; "but recollect, John, that she still is *your mother*. By-the-by, have you read the papers yet?"

"No, sir," replied I, "there they are, pointing to them on the side table. I really do not like to break the seals."

"That they will not contain pleasant intelligence, I admit," replied his lordship; but until you have read them, I do not wish to converse with you on the subject, therefore," said he, taking up the packet, and breaking the seal, "I must now insist that you employ this forenoon in reading them through. You will dine with me at seven, and then we will talk the matter over."

"Certainly, sir, if you wish it, I will read them."

"I must *insist* upon it, John; and am rather surprised at your objecting, when they concern you so particularly."

"I shall obey your orders, sir."

"Well, then, my boy, I shall wish you good morning, that you may complete your task before you come to dinner. To-morrow, if you wish it—but recollect, I never press young men on these points, as I am aware that they sometimes feel it a restraint—if you wish it, I say, you may bring your portmanteaus, and take up your quarters with me. By-the-by," continued his lordship, taking hold of my coat, "who made this?"

"The tailor to his Serene Highness the Prince of Darmstadt had that honour, my lord," replied I.

"Humph! I thought they fitted better in Germany; it's not quite the thing—we must consult Nugee, for with that figure and face, the coat ought to be quite correct. Adieu, my dear fellow, till seven."

His lordship shook hands with me, and I was left alone. Timothy came in as soon as his lordship's carriage had driven off. "Well, sir," said he, "was your uncle glad to see you?"

"Yes," replied I; "and look, he has broken open the seals, and has insisted upon my reading the papers."

"It would be very undutiful in you to refuse, so I had better leave you to your task," said Timothy, smiling, as he quitted the room.

I sat down and took up the papers. I was immediately and strangely interested in all that I read. A secret!—it was, indeed, a secret, involving the honour and reputation of the most distinguished families. One that, if known, the trumpet of scandal would have blazoned forth to the disgrace of the aristocracy. It would have occasioned bitter tears to some, gratified the petty malice of many, satisfied the revenge of the vindictive, and bowed with shame the innocent as well as the guilty. It is not necessary, nor, indeed, would I, on any account, state any more. I finished the last paper, and then fell into a reverie. This is, indeed, a secret, thought I; one that I would I never had possessed. In a despotic country my life would be sacrificed to the fatal knowledge—here, thank God, my life as well as my liberty is safe.

The contents of the papers told me all that was necessary to enable me to support the character which I had assumed. The reason why the party, I was supposed to be, was intrusted with it, was, that he was in a direct line eventually heir, and the question was whether he would waive his claim with the others, and allow death to bury crime in oblivion. I felt that were I in his position I should so do—and, therefore, was prepared to give an answer to his lordship. I sealed up the papers, dressed myself, and went to dinner; and after the cloth was removed, Lord Windermear first rising and turning the key in the door, said to me, in a low voice, "You have read the papers, and what those, nearly as much interested as you are in this lamentable business, have decided upon. Tell me, what is your opinion?"

"My opinion, my lord, is, that I wish I had never known what has come to light this day—that it will be most advisable never to recur to the subject, and that the proposals made are, in my opinion, most judicious, and should be acted upon."

"That is well," replied his lordship; "then all are agreed, and I am proud to find you possessed of such honour and good feeling. We now drop the subject for ever. Are you inclined to leave town with me, or what do you intend to do?"

"I prefer remaining in town, if your lordship will introduce me to some of the families of your acquaintance. Of course I know no one now."

"Very true; I will introduce you, as agreed, as Mr. Newland. It may be as well that you do not know any of our relations, who I have made to suppose that you are still abroad—and it would be awkward, when you take your right name by-and-bye. Do you mean to see your mother?"

"Impossible, my lord, at present; by-and-by I hope to be able."

"Perhaps it's all for the best. I will now write one note to Major Carbonnell, introducing you as my particular friend, and requesting that he will make London agreeable. He knows every body, and will take you every where."

"When does your lordship start for the country?"

"To-morrow ; so we may as well part to-night. By-the-by, you have credit at Drummond's, in the name of Newland, for a thousand pounds; the longer you make it last you the better."

His lordship gave me the letter of introduction. I returned to him the sealed packet, shook hands with him, and took my departure.

"Well, sir," said Timothy, rubbing his hands, as he stood before me, "what is the news; for I am dying to hear it—and what is this secret?"

"With regard to the secret, Tim, a secret it must remain. I dare not tell it even to you." Timothy looked rather grave at this reply. "No, Timothy, as a man of honour, I cannot." My conscience smote me when I made use of the term; for, as a man of honour, I had no business to be in possession of it. "My dear Timothy, I have done wrong already, do not ask me to do worse."

"I will not, Japhet, but only tell me what has passed, and what you intend to do?"

"That I will, Timothy, with pleasure;" and I then stated all that had passed between his lordship and me. "And now, you observe, Timothy, I have gained what I desired, an introduction into the best society."

"And the means of keeping up your appearance," echoed Timothy, rubbing his hands. "A thousand pounds will last a long while."

"It will last a very long while, Tim, for I never will touch it; it would be swindling."

"So it would," replied Tim, his countenance falling; "well, I never thought of that."

"I have thought of much more, Tim; recollect I must in a very short time be exposed to Lord Windermear, for the real Mr. Neville will soon come home."

"Good heavens! what will become of us?" replied Timothy, with alarm in his countenance.

"Nothing can hurt you, Tim, the anger will be all upon me; but I am prepared to face it, and I would face twice as much for the distant hope of finding my father. Whatever Lord Windermear may feel inclined to do, he can do nothing; and my possession of the secret will ensure even more than my safety; it will afford me his protection, if I demand it."

"I hope it may prove so," replied Timothy, "but I feel a little frightened."

"I do not; to-morrow I shall give my letter of introduction, and then I will prosecute my search. So now, my dear Tim, good night."

The next morning I lost no time in presenting my letter of introduction to Major Carbonnell. He lived in apartments on the first floor in St. James's Street, and I found him at breakfast, in a silk dressing gown. I had made up my mind that a little independence always carries an air of fashion. When I entered, therefore, I looked at him with a knowing air, and dropping the letter down on the table before him, said, "There's something for you to read, Major; and in the meantime I'll refresh myself on this chair;" suiting the action to

the word, I threw myself on a chair, amusing myself with tapping the sides of my boots with a small cane which I carried in my hand.

Major Carbonnell, upon whom I cast a furtive eye more than once during the time that he was reading the letter, was a person of about thirty-five years of age, well-looking, but disfigured by the size of his whiskers, which advanced to the corners of his mouth, and met under his throat. He was tall and well made, and with an air of fashion about him that was undeniable. His linen was beautifully clean and carefully arranged, and he had as many rings on his fingers, and when he was dressed, chains and trinkets, as ever were put on by a lady.

"My dear sir, allow me the honour of making at once your most intimate acquaintance," said he, rising from his chair, and offering his hand, as soon as he had perused the letter. "Any friend of Lord Windermear's would be welcome, but when he brings such an extra recommendation in his own appearance, he becomes doubly so."

"Major Carbonnell," replied I, "I have seen you but two minutes, and I have taken a particular fancy to you; in which I, no doubt, have proved my discrimination. Of course you know that I have just returned from making a tour?"

"So I understand from his lordship's letter. Mr. Newland, my time is at your service. Where are you staying?"

"At the Piazza."

"Very good; I will dine with you to-day; order some mulligatawny, they are famous for it. After dinner we will go to the theatre."

I was rather surprised at his cool manner of asking himself to dine with me and ordering my dinner, but a moment's reflection made me feel what sort of person I had to deal with.

"Major, I take that as almost an affront. You will dine with me *to-day*! I beg to state that you *must* dine with me every day that we are not invited elsewhere; and what's more, sir, I shall be most seriously displeased, if you do not order the dinner every time that you do dine with me, and ask whoever you may think worthy of putting their legs under our table. Let's have no doing things by halves, Major; I know you now as well as if we had been intimate for ten years."

The Major seized me by the hand. "My dear Newland, I only wish we *had known* one another ten years, as you say—the loss has been mine; but now—you have breakfasted, I presume?"

"Yes; having nothing to do, and not knowing a soul after my long absence, I advanced my breakfast about two hours, that I might find you at home; and now I'm at your service."

"Say rather I am at yours. I presume you will walk. In ten minutes I shall be ready. Either take up the paper, or whistle an air or two, or any thing else you like, just to kill ten minutes—and I shall be at your command."

(*To be continued.*)

HINTS TO YOUNG SMOKERS.

CHILDREN of taste ! let caution be your care,
 When first ye try the sweets of a cigar :
 Cull ye the weed whose smooth and well-bound skin,
 Shows that the flesh is plump and firm within ;
 Whose hazel form, nor hard, nor soft, is such,
 That while it yields, it yet defies the touch ;
 Whose polished hide displays the frequent stain,
 Which proves that long immured the leaf has lain :
 Though small at end, its middle should be big,
 Then graceful dwindle to a well-curled twig.

Do not, with untaught thumb-nail, rashly rend
 From your cigar that light and crisped end,
 Lest (being deprived of this its guarding coil,)
 You, with the smoke, inhale th' insidious oil :
 (Black is this poison when the leaf is young.)
 First, damp its surface with the pliant tongue,
 Then with firm lips, and teeth that press, not bite,
 Clasp the brown beauty, and prepare to light.

Let not the tallow dip's obsequious glare
 Allure the eager mouth to kindle there,
 Pollution hovers o'er the greasy wick,
 Breathes on the weed, and turns the palate sick ;
 But (if 'tis yours) strike flint and steel, to woo
 The glowing spark from Punk or Amadoo.¹

He who drinks wine, while revelling in cigars,
 In mingling both, the sweets of either, mars ;
 For wine with weeds, if that the taste be just,
 Jars on the palate and creates disgust :
 The injured taste these hideous truths proclaim,
 And the wronged tongue evokes the avenging " d—n !"
 Thus when some monster, ignorant of song,
 When melodists their tuneful notes prolong,
 Shrieks uninvited a discordant C,
 Or, hateful, growls an inappropriate B ;
 By mingling his, (gratuitous buffoon !)
 He foils their notes, and puts 'em out of tune.

But, hark ! I hear the thirsty Strephon say,
 " I needs *must* moisten while I smoke my clay."²
 If you must drink (though, " must's" a word I doubt ;))
 Take gin " hot with," or brandy " cold without,"³

¹ I am dubious as to the correctness of my orthography. I know the inflammatory fungus here alluded to, is pronounced so, but will answer for nothing else.

² Strephon, who is by no means choice in his vernacular, here makes use of an expression much in vogue among the lower orders : " to moisten the clay," signifies to drink—" to smoke the clay," is applicable to either pipes or cigars.

³ Abbreviations used at coffee-houses and other congenial abodes, for the spirit, " hot with" sugar and water—or, " cold without" the former luxurious addition.

Song in the Mask of Tasso.

Though ne'er let these your taste perverted win,
Whilst coffee can be got for love or "tin."⁴

That man the name of smoker ill befits,
Who cannot puff his weed unless he spits.
The poorer husbandman who tills the soil,
When through his blackened pipe he sucks the oil,
Ejects the poison which his mouth contains,
And martyrs decency to save his brains:
But curst is he who richer, purer far,
Can thus demean him with a good cigar!
To some low pot-house let the wretch away,
Where men chew pigtail and smoke yards of clay;
Where grog is mixed with Birmingham-made spoons,
And sanded floors are crowded with spittoons;
Where hodded labourers rejoice around,
And hob-nailed "lace-ups"⁵ clatter on the ground;
There, through his hateful life obscurely wag,
A thing of "early purl" and damaged shag!

"AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN."

⁴ Pecunia—Argentum—Money.

"I pr'ythee give to me some tinne."

Gentle Shepherd.

⁵ A useful and ornamental kind of boot, greatly esteemed, and of old fashion, among our labouring population and working classes.

SONG IN THE MASK OF TASSO.

BREATHE, BREATHE, MY HARP.

Air.—"*Drink to me only.*"

BREATHE, breathe, my harp, that melting strain,
That Love delights to hear?
Still, still, my heart, those sounds retain,
To early feelings dear!
Transported by their magic pow'r,
To distant years I fly,
And live again each blissful hour,
Ere sorrow waked the sigh.

Farewell! farewell! for ever fled
The hearts that held me dear!
Wreath, wreath with garlands, pale and dead,
The darkly passing year!
My sun is set, my hope is past,—
I mourn the *night of mind*;
Come, death, come, sorrow's friend! at last
Thy victim bows resign'd.

THE PASHA OF MANY TALES.*—No. XVI.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S OWN."

THE departure of the caravan was delayed for two or three days by the Vizier upon various pretexts—although it was his duty to afford it every assistance—that Menouni might afford further amusement to the Pasha. Menouni was well content to remain, as the liberality of the Pasha was not to be fallen in with every day, and the next evening he was again ushered into the sublime presence.

"Khosh amedeid! you are welcome," said the Pasha, as Menouni made his low obeisance. "Now let us have another story. I don't care how long it is, only let us have no more princesses to be married. That Babe-bi-bobu was enough to tire the patience of a dervish."

"Your sublime Highness shall be obeyed," replied Menouni. "Would it please you to hear the story of Yussuff, the Water Carrier?"

"Yes, that sounds better. You may proceed."

May it please your Highness, it so happened that the Great Haroun Al-raschid was one night seized with one of those fits of sleepless melancholy with which it had pleased Allah to temper his splendid destiny, and which fits are indeed the common lot of those who are raised by fortune above the ordinary fears and vicissitudes of life.

"I can't say that I ever have them," observed the Pasha. "How is that, Mustapha?"

"Your Highness has as undoubted a right to them as the Great Caliph," replied Mustapha, bowing; "but if I may venture to state my opinion," continued he, drawing down to the ear of the Pasha, "you have discovered the remedy for them in the strong water of the *Giaour*."

"Very true," replied the Pasha; "Haroun Al-raschid, if I recollect right, was very strict in his observances of the precepts of the Koran. After all, he was but a pastek—a water melon. You may proceed, Menouni."

The caliph, oppressed, as I before observed to your Highness, with this fit of melancholy, dispatched Mesrour for his chief vizier, Giaffar Bermukki, who, not unaccustomed to this nocturnal summons, speedily presented himself before the Commander of the Faithful. "Father of true believers! descendant of the Prophet!" said the minister, with a profound obeisance, "thy slave waits but to hear, and hears but to obey."

"Giaffar," replied the caliph, "I am overwhelmed with distressing inquietude, and would fain have thee devise some means for my relief. Speak—what sayest thou?"

"Hasten, O my prince! to thy favourite garden of the Tierbar, where, gazing on the bright moon, and listening to the voice of the bul-bul, you will await in pleasing contemplation the return of the sun."

"Not so," replied the caliph.

* Altered from a Persian tale.

¹ Continued from vol. x. p. 345.

"By the beard of the Prophet! the caliph was right, and that Giaffar was a fool. I never heard that staring at the moon was an amusement before," observed the Pasha.

"Not so," urged the caliph. "My gardens, my palaces, and my possessions, are no more to me a source of pleasure."

"By the sword of the Prophet! now the caliph appears to be the fool," interrupted the Pasha.

"Shall we then repair to the Hall of the Ancients, and pass the night in reviving the memory of the wise, whose sayings are stored therein?" continued Giaffar.

"Counsel avails not," replied the caliph; "the records of the past will not suffice to banish the cares of the present."

"Then," said the vizier, "will the Light of the world seek refuge from his troubles in a disguise, and go forth with the humblest of his slaves to witness the condition of his people?"

"Thou hast said well," replied the caliph; "I will go with thee into the bazaar, and witness unknown the amusements of my people after the labours of the day."

Mesrour, the chief eunuch, was at hand, and hastened for the needful disguises. Having clad themselves as merchants of Moussul, and tinged their faces of an olive hue, the caliph, accompanied by Giaffar and Mesrour, the latter armed with a scimeter, issued forth from the secret door of the seraglio. Giaffar, who knew from experience the quarter likely to prove most fertile in adventure, led the caliph past the mosque of Zobeide, and crossing the Bridge of Boats over the Tigris, continued his way to that part of the city on the Mesopotamian side of the river, which was inhabited by the wine sellers and others, who administered to the irregularities, as well as to the wants, of the good people of Bagdad. For a short time they wandered up and down without meeting anybody; but passing through a narrow alley, their steps were arrested by the sound of a most potent pair of lungs, carolling forth a jovial song. The caliph waited awhile in expectation of its ceasing; but he might apparently have waited until dawn of day, for verse was poured forth after verse; a small interval between them filled up by the musical gurgling of liquor from a bottle, and the gulps of the votary of Bacchus. At length, his patience being exhausted, the caliph ordered Mesrour to knock loudly at the singer's dwelling. Hearing the noise, the fellow opened the jalousie, and came out into the verandah above. Looking down, and perceiving the three interrupters of his mirth, he bawled out—"What rascals are you that disturb an honest man at his devotions? Begone!—fly!—away with you, scum of the earth!"

"Truly, charitable sir," replied Giaffar in a humble tone, "we are distressed merchants, strangers in this city, who have lost our way, and fear to be seized by the watch—perhaps carried before the cadî. We beseech thee, therefore, to admit us within thy doors, and Allah will reward thy humanity."

"Admit you within my doors!—not I indeed. What, you wish to get into my house to gormandize and swill at my expense. Go—go!"

The caliph laughed heartily at this reply, and then called out to the man. "Indeed we are merchants, and seek but for shelter till the hour of prayer."

"Tell me, then," replied the man, "and mind you tell me the truth. Have you eaten and drank your fill for the night?"

"Thanks and praise be to Allah, we have supped long since, and heartily," returned the caliph.

"Since that is the case, you may come up, but recollect it is upon one

condition, that you bind yourselves not to open your lips, whatever you see me do—no matter whether it please you or not."

"What you desire is so reasonable," called out the caliph, "that we should be ignorant as Yaboos, if we did not at once comply."

The man gave one more scrutinizing glance at the pretended merchants, and then, as if satisfied, descended and opened his door. The caliph and his attendants followed him up to his room, where they found a table laid out for supper, on which was a large pitcher of wine, half a roasted kid, a bottle of rakee, preserves, confections, and various kinds of fruit; odoriferous flowers were also on the table, and the lighting up of the room was brilliant. The host, immediately on their entering, tossed off a bumper of wine, as if to make up for the time he had lost, and pointing to a corner, bade the intruders to sit down there, and not to disturb him any more. He commenced his solitary feast, and after another bumper of wine, as if tired of his own company, he gruffly demanded, "Where do you fellows come from, and whither are you going?"

"Sir," replied Giaffar, who had been whispering with the caliph, "we are merchants of Moussul, who have been to an entertainment at the country seat of a khan of Bagdad. We feasted well, and left our friend just as the day closed in. Whereupon we lost our way, and found ourselves in this street; hearing the musical accents of your voice, we exclaimed, 'Are not those notes delightful?—one who has so sweet a voice, must be equally sweet in disposition. Let us entreat the hospitality of our brother for the remainder of the night, and in the morning we will depart in peace.'"

"I do not believe a word that you have said, you ill-looking thief. You are spies or thieves, who would profit by getting into people's houses at unseasonable hours. You, barrel-stomach, you with whiskers like a bear," continued he, to the vizier. "Hang me if ever I saw such a rascally face as yours; and you, you black-faced nigger, keep the whites of your eyes off my supper table, or by Allah I'll send you all to Jehanum. I see you are longing to put your fingers on the kid; but if you do, I've a bone softener, which, by the blessed Prophet, shall break every bone in your three skins." So saying, the man, taking a large cudgel from the corner of the room, laid it by the dish of kid, into which he then plunged his fingers, and commenced eating heartily.

"Giaffar," said the caliph, in an under tone, "contrive to find out who this ferocious animal may be, and how he contrives to live so merrily?"

"In the name of Allah, let us leave him alone," replied Giaffar, in a fright, "for should he strike us on the head with that cudgel, we should be dispatched without any one being the wiser."

"Pish! fear nothing," replied the caliph. "Ask him boldly his name and trade."

"Oh, my commander," replied Giaffar, "to hear is but to obey, yet do I quake most grievously at the threats of this villanous fellow. I entreat thee that I may defer any questions until wine shall have softened down his temper."

"Thou cowardly vizier. Must I then interrogate him myself?" replied the caliph.

"Allah forbid," replied Giaffar; "I will myself encounter the wrath of this least of dogs, may his grave be defiled."

During this parley, their host, who had become more good-humoured in his cups, cast his eyes upon them.

"What in the name of Shitan, are you chaps prating and chatting about?" inquired he.

Giaffar, perceiving him in a more favourable mood, seized the occasion to speak. "Most amiable and charitable sir," replied he, "we

were talking of your great liberality and kindness in thus permitting us to intrude upon your revels. We only request, in the name of friendship, the name and profession of so worthy a Mussulman, that we may remember him in our prayers."

"Why, thou impudent old porpus; did you not promise to ask no questions? In the name of friendship! Truly it is of long standing."

"Still I pray Allah that it may increase. Have we not sat a considerable time in your blessed presence—have you not given us refuge? All we now ask is the name and profession of one so amiable and so kind-hearted?"

"Enough," replied the host, pacified with the pretended humility of the vizier. "Silence, and listen. Do you see that skin which hangs over my head?" The caliph and his companions looked up and perceived the tanned skin of a young ox, which appeared to have been used for carrying water. "It is that by which I gain my daily bread. I am Yussuf, son of Abou Ayoub, who dying some five years ago, left me nothing but a few dirhems and this strong carcass of mine, by which to gain a livelihood. I was always fond of sports and pastimes—overthrew every body who wrestled with me; nay, the man who affronts me, receives a box on the ear which makes it ring for a week afterwards."

"Allah preserve us from affronting him," whispered the caliph.

"When old Abou died, I perceived, if I did not speedily turn my strength to some account, I should starve; so it struck me that there were no people more merry than the water carriers, who supply for a few paras to the houses of this city the soft water of the river. I resolved to become one, but instead of going backwards and forwards with a goat skin on my shoulders, I went down to the curriers, and selected the soft skin of the young ox which hangs above me, fitted it to my shoulders, and filling it at the river, marched up to the bazaar. No sooner did I appear than all the water-carriers called out, 'That villain, Yussuf, is about to take away our bread. May Shitan seize him. Let us go to the cadi and complain.' The cadi listened to their story, for they accused me of witchcraft, saying that no five men could lift the skin when it was full. He sent one of his beeldars to summon me before him. I had just filled my skin at the river, when the officer came from this distributor of bastinadoes. I followed him to the court, laden as I was. The crowd opened to let me pass, and I appeared before the cadi, who was much astonished at my showing so little inconvenience from such an enormous burthen. 'Oh! Yussuf,' cried he, 'hear and answer; thou art accused of witchcraft.' 'Who accuses me, O cadi?' replied I, throwing down my skin of water. Whereupon two hang-dogs stepped forward, and cried with loud voices, 'Behold us here, O wise and just one.' The cadi put one aside, and questioned the other, who swore on the book, that the devil had given me a *pig's* skin, and had promised that as long as I served the followers of the Prophet out of the unclean vessel, he would enable me to carry as much as ten men. The second witness confirmed this evidence, and added, that he heard me talking with the devil, who offered to turn himself into a yaboo, and carry water for me, which I had civilly declined, for what reason he knew not, as he did not hear the rest of the conversation."

At this evidence, the cadi and mollahs, who sat with him, turned up their eyes with horror, and proceeded to discuss the degree of punishment, which so enormous a crime deserved, quite forgetting to ask me if I had any thing to offer in my defence. At last they settled that, as a commencement, I should receive five hundred bastinadoes on the soles of my feet, and if I lived, about as many more on my belly. The cadi was about to pronounce his irrevocable *fetva*, when I took the liberty of interrupting this rapid course of justice. 'Oh cadi,' said I, 'and ye,

mollahs, whose beards drop wisdom, let your slave offer, at the footstool of justice, the precious proofs of innocence.' 'Produce them quickly then, thou wedded to Shitan and Jehanum,' replied the cadi. Whereupon I loosened the string which attached the mouth, and allowed all the water to run out of the skin. I then turned the skin inside out, and showing to them the horns of the young ox, which fortunately I had not cut off, I demanded of the cadi and of the mollahs, if any of them had ever seen a pig with horns. At this they every one fell a laughing, as if I had uttered a cream of a joke. My innocence was declared, and my two accusers had the five hundred bastinados shared between them. The water-carriers were too much alarmed at the result of this attempt, to attack me any more, and the true believers, from the notoriety of the charge, and my acquittal of having rendered them unclean, from the use of swinish skin, all sought my custom. In short, I have only to fill my skin, to empty it again, and I daily realize so handsome an income that I have thrown care to the dogs, and spend in jollity every night what I have worked hard for every day. As soon as the muezzin calls to evening prayers, I lay aside my skin, betake myself to the mosque, perform my ablutions, and return thanks to Allah. After which I repair to the bazaar, purchase meat with one dirhem, rakee with another, others go for fruit and flowers, cakes, sweetmeats, bread, oils for my lamps, and the remainder I spend in wine. As soon as all is collected, I arrive at my own house, put every thing in order, light up my lamps and enjoy myself after my own fashion. So now you know all I choose to tell you, and whether you are merchants or spies in disguise, I care not. Be satisfied and depart, for the dawn is here."

The caliph, who had been much amused with Yussuff's account of himself, replied, "In truth, you are a wonderful man, and it must be allowed that, in separating yourself from your fellows, you escape many troubles and inconveniencies."

"Aye," replied Yussuff; "thus have I lived for five years. Every night has my dwelling been lighted up as you see it, and my fortunate stars have never suffered me to go without meat and drink, such as you three now smell and long for, but shall not put your fingers to."

"But, friend Yussuff," observed Giaffar, "suppose that to-morrow the caliph should issue a decree, putting an end to the trade of supplying with water, and declare that whoever was found with a skin full should be hanged. In such a case, what would you do? You could not light up your lamps; you could not enjoy your kabobs and pillau, neither would you be able to purchase fruits, sweetmeats, or a drop of wine."

"May Shitan seize your unlucky soul, you ton-bellied beast of ill-omen! for the bare supposition of such a thing; depart—depart quickly, and never let me see you again."

"My good friend, Yussuff, I did but jest; five years, as you observe, have passed away without a day's intermission of your enjoyment, nor is it probable that the caliph will ever issue such a ridiculous and unheard-of decree. I only observed, that supposing he did, what could you do, never leaving a single asper for the next day's provision?"

At the repetition of the vizier's speech, Yussuff became highly exasperated. "You dare to repeat to me your unlucky words and ill-omens,—and you ask me what I shall do! Now hear me: by the beard of the prophet, should the caliph issue such a decree, with this good cudgel I will search all Bagdad, until I find you all. You, and you," continued Yussuff, looking fiercely at the caliph and the vizier, "I will beat until you are as black as he is, (pointing to Mesrour,) and him I will cudgel until he is as white as the flesh of the kid I have been regaling on. Depart at once, you shall no longer pollute my roof."

The caliph was so much diverted with the anger of Yussuff, and yet

in such dread of showing it, that he was obliged to thrust the end of his robe in his mouth, as they walked out under a shower of curses from the water-carrier.

"By the sword of the prophet, but they were well out of this scrape," observed the Pasha. "May the grave of the rascal's mother be defiled! to offer to cudgel the vice-regent of the prophet."

"The caliph was in disguise, and Yussuff knew him not," replied Mustapha.

"Those who threaten me in disguise, will find that no excuse, we swear by our beards," replied the Pasha. "Proceed, Menouni."

It was daylight before the great Haroun re-entered the secret gate of the seraglio, and retired to his couch. After a short slumber he arose, performed his ablutions, and proceeded to the divan, where he found the principal officers of his court, the viziers, omras, and grandees, assembled to receive him: his imagination, however, still dwelt upon the events of the preceding night, and after the ordinary business of the day had been transacted, and the petitioners who attended had been dismissed, he called for his grand vizier, who presented himself with the customary obeisances.

"Giaffar," said the caliph, "issue a decree to the governor of the city that it be proclaimed throughout the streets of Bagdad, that no person whatever, shall, for the space of three days, carry water from the river to the bazaars for sale, and that whoever trespasses shall be hanged."

The governor, Khalid ben Talid, immediately that he received the fetva, took the proper measure to have it promulgated. Heralds were despatched throughout the various quarters of the city, who proclaimed the will of the caliph. The people wondered, but submitted.

Yussuff, who had performed his morning devotions, had reached the banks of the Tigris, and just filled, and hoisted on his shoulders, his ox-skin of water, when the appearance of one of the heralds attracted his attention: he listened to the legal proclamation, and let down his ox-skin with a curse upon all merchants of Moussul.

"Confusion to the scoundrels, who last night prophesied such an unlucky event! If I could but lay hands upon them!" exclaimed Yussuff. "They did but hint it, and behold it is done."

Whilst Yussuff was thus lamenting over his empty water-skin, some of the other water-carriers came up, and began to console him after the fashion of Job's comforters.

"Surely," said one, "you need not be troubled at this edict, you gain more than any five of us every day, and you have no wife nor child to provide for. But I, wretched man that I am, will have the misery of beholding my wife and children starving before the expiration of the three days."

Another said, "Be comforted, Yussuff, three days will soon pass away, and then you will relish your kabobs, and your rakee, your sweetmeats, and your wine, with greater pleasure, having been so long deprived of them."

"Besides," added a third, "you must not forget, Yussuff, that the prophet has declared that a man is eternally damned, body and soul, who is constantly drunk as you are."

These observations kindled Yussuff's bile to that degree, that he was nearly venting his spleen upon his sarcastic consolers. He turned away, however, in his rage, and throwing his empty skin over his shoulders, proceeded slowly towards the mosque of Zobeide, cursing, as he went along, all Moussul merchants, down to the fiftieth generation. Passing the great baths, he was accosted by one of the attendants with whom he was intimate, who inquired, why he was so depressed in spirits.

"That cold-blooded caliph of ours, Haroun Alraschid, has put an end to my earnings for three days, by threatening to hang any water-carrier who shall carry his load to the bazaar. You know, my friend, that I never have put by a single para, and I fear me that in three days my carcass will become shrivelled with famine, and dried up for the want of a cup of rakee."

"Which thou hast often divided with me before now," replied the other; "so even now will I divide my work with you, Yussuff. Follow me, if you do not object to the employment, which requires little more than strength, and, by Allah, you have that and to spare. Surely, upon a pinch like this, you can take up a hair-bag, and a lump of soap, and scrub and rub the bodies of the true believers. Those hands of yours, so enormous and so fleshy, are well calculated to knead the muscles and twist the joints of the faithful. Come, you shall work with us during these three days at the hummaum, and then you can return to your old business."

"Thy words of comfort penetrate deep into my bosom," replied Yussuff, "and I follow thee."

The bath rubber then took him in, bound an apron round his waist, and lent him a bag, three razors, pumice-stone for scrubbing the soles of the feet, a hair bag, and a sponge. Having caparisoned and furnished him with implements, he led Yussuff into the apartment where was the reservoir of hot water, and desired him to wait for a customer. Yussuff had not long sat down on the edge of the marble bath, when he was summoned to perform his duties to a hadji who, covered with dust and dirt, had evidently just returned from a tedious pilgrimage.

Yussuff set to work with spirit; seizing the applicant with one hand, he stripped him with the other, and first operated upon the shaven crown with his razor. The hadji was delighted with the energy of his attendant. Having scraped his head as clean as he could with an indifferent razor, Yussuff then soaped and lathered, scrubbed and sponged the skin of the pilgrim, until it was as smooth and glossy as the back of a raven. He then wiped him dry, and taking his seat upon the backbone of his customer, he pinched and squeezed all his flesh, thumped his limbs, twisted every joint till they cracked like faggots in a blaze, till the poor hadji was almost reduced to a mummy by the vigour of the water-carrier, and had just breath enough left in his own body to call out, "Cease, cease, for the love of Allah—I am dead, I am gone." Having said this, the poor man fell back nearly senseless. Yussuff was very much alarmed; he lifted up the man, poured warm water over him, wiped him dry, and laid him on the ottoman to repose, covering him up. The hadji fell into a sound slumber, and in half an hour awoke so refreshed and revived, that he declared himself quite a new man.

"It is only to hadjis," observed Yussuff, "that I give this great proof of my skill."

The man put his hand into his pocket, pulled out three dirhems, and presented them to Yussuff, who was astounded at such liberality, and again expressing his satisfaction, the hadji left the hummaum. Delighted with his success, Yussuff continued his occupation, and attended with alacrity every fresh candidate for his joint twisting skill. By the time that evening prayers commenced he had kneaded to mummies half-a-dozen more true believers, and had received his six dirhems, upon which he determined to leave off for that day.

Having left the bath, he dressed himself, went home, took his leathern pitcher, dish, and basket, and went to the bazaar, where he purchased a piece of mutton, and left it at the most noted kabob maker's in the district to be cooked; he then purchased his wine and rakee, wax tapers, and flowers, pistachio nuts, dried fruit, bread, and oil for his lamps. When he had completed his purchases he called at the cook's shop, where he

found his mutton nicely kabobed, and smoking in the dish. Paying the cook, and putting it into his basket, he hastened home over the bridge of boats, exulting in his good fortune. When he arrived, he swept out his room, dressed himself in better clothes, lighted his lamps, spread out his table, and then squatted himself down, with his legs twisted under him, and tossing off a bumper of wine, he exclaimed, "Well, I am lucky: nevertheless, here's confusion to all Moussul merchants, with their vile omens. Allah send their unlucky footsteps here to-night—that's all."

Here Menouni stopped, and made his salaam. "May it please your highness to permit your slave to retire for the night, for the tale of Yussuff, the water-carrier, cannot be imparted to your highness in one evening."

The Pasha, although much amused, was also a little tired. "Be it so, good Menouni, but recollect, Mustapha, that the caravan must not depart till I hear the end of this story."

"Be chesm, on my eyes be it," replied Mustapha; and they all retired for the night.

"What is the cause?" demanded the Pasha, hastily, as next day Mustapha listened with apparent patience to the long details of one of the petitioners for justice.

"It is, O lord of wisdom, a dispute between these men as to a sum of money, which they received as guides to a Frank, who journeyed into the interior. The one was hired for the journey, but not being well acquainted with the road, called in the assistance of the other; they now dispute about the division of the money, which lays at my feet in this bag."

"It appears that the one who was hired did not know the way?"

"Even so," replied Mustapha.

"Then he was no guide, and doth not deserve the money. And the other, it appears, was called in to assist?"

"Thy words are the words of wisdom," replied Mustapha.

"Then was he not a guide, but only an assistant; neither can he be entitled to the money, as guide. By the beard of the Prophet, justice must not be fooled thus, and the divan, held in our presence, be made foolish by such complaints. Let the money be distributed among the poor, and let them each have fifty bastinadoes on the soles of the feet. I have said it."

"Wallah Thaib—it is well said," replied Mustapha, as the two disputants were removed from the presence.

"Now call Menouni," said the Pasha, "for I am anxious to hear the story of Yussuff, and the future proceedings of the caliph; and a part of this bag of money will reward him for the honey which falls from his lips."

Menouni made his appearance, and his obeisance, the Pasha and Mustapha received their pipes from the Greek slave, and the Kesselgou then proceeded with his story.

The great caliph, Haroun Alraschid, had as usual held his afternoon audience; the court was dismissed. Haroun, whose whole thoughts were upon the bankrupt condition of Yussuff, and who was anxious to know how he had got on after the fetva had been promulgated, sent for his

vizier, Giaffar. "I wish to ascertain," said the caliph to the vizier, "if the unlucky Yussuff has managed to provide for his bacchanalian revels to-night?"

"There can be no doubt, O vice-regent of the prophet," replied Giaffar, "that the young man is seated in the dark, in a most dismal mood, without either wine, or kabob, or aught to comfort him."

"Send for Mesrour, then; we will again resume our disguises, and pay him a visit."

"Let the humblest of your slaves," interposed Giaffar, in a great fright, "represent at the footstool of your highness, a true picture of what we may anticipate. Doubtless this lion slayer of Shitan, being famished, will not forget our prophecy, and ascribing the fulfilment to our bad omens, will, in his mood, sacrifice us to his empty stomach."

"Your wisdom is great, Giaffar," replied the caliph; "the man is truly a savage, and doubtless will rage with hunger, nevertheless, we will go and see in what state he may be."

Giaffar trembled at the idea of being subjected to the wrath of such a fellow as Yussuff, but made no reply. He went for Mesrour and the dresses, and having put them on, they all three issued forth from the private gate of the seraglio. They had nearly reached the end of the narrow lane in which Yussuff's house was situated, when the strong reflection of the lights from the windows told them that at all events he was not lamenting his hard fate in darkness; and as they approached, the sound of his jovial voice proved also that it was neither in silence that he submitted to his destiny. As they came under the window, he ceased singing, and ejaculated a loud curse upon all Moussul merchants, wishing that he might only see them once again before the devil had them. The caliph laughed at this pious wish, and taking up a handful of pebbles, threw them at the jalousiers of Yussuff's windows.

"Who the devil is there?" roared the water-carrier; "it is you, ye bankrupt vagabonds, who have annoyed me. Begone; or by the sword of the prophet, I'll impale you all three on my broomstick."

"Dost thou not know us, Yussuff?" replied the caliph; "we are your friends, and once more request admission under thy hospitable roof."

Yussuff came out into the verandah. "Oh! it is you, then; now take my advice; go in peace. I am now in good humour, and peaceably disposed, but had I fallen in with you to-day, I would have twisted off your necks."

"Nay, good Yussuff," replied Giaffar, "we have heard of the unaccountable and mad decree of the caliph, and have called to know how thou hast fared, and if we can be of service to one so hospitable and kind?"

"You lie, I believe," replied Yussuff, "but I'm in good humour, so you shall come in, and see how well I fare. I am Yussuff, and my trust is in God." He then went down and admitted them, and they viewed with surprise the relics of the feast. "Now then," observed Yussuff, who was more than half drunk, "you know my conditions—there is my meat, there is my wine; there is my fruit—not a taste or a drop shall you have. Keep your confounded sharp eyes off my sweetmeats, you black-bearded rascal," continued Yussuff, addressing the caliph. "You have your share of them."

"Indeed, most hospitable sir, we covet not your delicacies: all we wish to know is the reason of this unheard-of decree, and how you have contrived to supply your usual merry table?"

"You shall hear," replied the water-carrier. "My name is Yussuff, and my trust is in God. When the decree of the caliph came to my ears this morning, I became as one deprived of sense, but wandering near the hummaum of Giaffar Bermuki, a friendly servant of the baths accosted

me." Yussuff then stated how he had gained his money, much to their amusement. "Now," continued he, "I will no longer be a water-carrier, but an attendant at the bath will I live and die. May all evil fall upon the cold blooded caliph; but, thanks to Allah, it never will enter his head to shut up the baths."

"But," observed Giaffar, "suppose the caliph were to-morrow morning to take it into his head to shut up the baths?"

"Now, may all the ghouls seize thee, when thou visitest thy father's tomb," cried Yussuff, jumping up in a fury, "thou bear-whiskered rascal! Did not I caution thee against evil predictions—and did not you swear that you would deal no more in surmises? The devil must attend you, and waft your supposes into the ear of the caliph, upon which to frame out his stupid fetvas."

"I heartily ask your forgiveness, and I am dumb," replied Giaffar.

"Then you are wise for once; prove yourself still wise, and hasten away before I reach my cudgel."

Perceiving that Yussuff's eyes twinkled with anger, they thought it right to follow his advice. "We shall see you again, good Yussuff," said the caliph, as they descended.

"To the devil with you all three, and never let me see your ugly faces again," replied the water-carrier, slamming the door after they were out. The caliph went away much amused, and with his attendants entered the private gate of the seraglio.

The next morning the caliph held a solemn divan, at which all the mollahs, as well as the chief officers, were present, and he issued a decree, that every bath throughout Bagdad should be shut for three days, on pain of impalement. The inhabitants of Bagdad were swallowed up with wonder and perplexity. "How," exclaimed they, "what can this mean? Yesterday we were ordered not to use the waters of the Tigris, to-day the baths are denied us. Perhaps to-morrow the mosques may be ordered to be shut up," and they shook their heads, as if to hint to each other that the caliph was not in his senses; but they only exclaimed, "In Allah only safety is to be found." Nevertheless, the decree was enforced by the proper officers, who went round to the different baths. First they closed the Hummaum Alrashchid, next that of Ziet Zobeide, then the bath of Giaffar Bermuki, at which Yussuf had found employment the day before. When it was closed, the master and attendants looked at the door, and they reproached the assistants, who had befriended Yussuf, saying he was a water-carrier, and the business was stopped by a decree. You have brought him to the baths, and now they are shut. In the mean time Yussuff was perceived striding towards the bath, muttering to himself, "I am Yussuff—my trust is in God. As an assistant at the hummaum will I live and die." Ignorant of the decree, he approached the door of the building, round which the servants were clustered, and accosted them. "How now, my friends, do you wait for the key? if any thing ails the lock, trust to the strength of Yussuff."

"Have you not heard that the caliph has ordered the baths to be shut for three days, on pain of impalement?"

Yussuff started back with astonishment. "Now, may the graves of their fathers be eternally defiled—those confounded Moussul merchants! Their supposes always come to pass. I will seek them out and be revenged." So saying, Yussuff, who had come prepared with his brushes, razors, and soap, turned off in a rage, and hastened through the streets for an hour or two, looking at every passenger, to ascertain if he could find those upon whom he would have wreaked his vengeance.

After a long walk, Yussuff sat down on a large stone. "Well," said he, "I am still Yussuff, and my trust is in God; but it would be better, instead of looking after these rascals, if I were to look out for some means

of providing myself with a supper to-night." So saying, he rose, went home, put on some clothes of better materials, and twisting up his red cotton sash for a turban, he took up his praying carpet, with a determination to go to the bazaar and sell it for what it would fetch. As he passed the mosque of Hosein, he observed several mollahs, reading and expounding the more abstruse passages of the Koran. Yussuff knelt and prayed awhile, and returning to the door of the mosque, he was accosted by a woman, who appeared to be waiting for some one. "Pious sir," said she, "I perceive by your goodly habit and appearance, that you are one of the *cadi's* law officers."

"I am as you please—I am Yussuff, and my trust is in God."

"Oh! my *hadji*, then become my protector. I have an unjust debtor, who refuses me my due."

"You cannot entrust a better person," replied Yussuff. "I am a strong arm of the law, and my interest at court is such, that I have already procured two decrees."

"Those are great words, O *hadji*."

"Tell me, then, who is this debtor, that I may seize him, and carry him before the *cadi*. Haste to tell me, and for a few *dirhems* I will gain your cause, right or wrong."

"My complaint is against my husband, who has divorced me, and notwithstanding, refuses me my dowry of five *dinars*, my clothes, and my ornaments."

"What is your husband's trade?"

"Pious sir, he is an embroiderer of *papouches*."

"Let us lose no time, my good woman; show me this miracle of injustice, and by Allah I will confound him."

Upon this the woman unbound the string of coins from her head, and cutting off three *dirhems*, presented them to Yussuff. Yussuff seized the money, and tucking up his sleeves that he might appear more like an officer, he bade her to lead to the delinquent. The woman led him to the great mosque, where her husband, a little, shrivelled-up man, was performing his duties with great devotion. Yussuff, without saying a word, took him up, carpet and all, and was about to carry him off.

"In the name of the prophet, to what class of madmen do you belong?" screamed the astonished devotee; "release me, do not crush my poor ribs within your grasp. Set me down, and I will walk with you, as soon as I have put on my slippers."

The people crowded round to know what was the matter. "Ho, ho, that will presently appear," replied Yussuff. "His wife is his creditor, and I am her law officer; my demand is, that you restore to her fifty *dinars*, besides all the gold jewels and ornaments she has had these last fifty years."

"How can that be," replied the little man, "seeing that I am not forty years old."

"That may be the case in fact," replied Yussuff; "but law is a very difficult thing, as you will find out. So come along with me to the *cadi*."

The party then proceeded on their way to the *cadi*, but they had not gone many yards, when the *papouche* maker whispered to Yussuff, "Most valiant and powerful sir, I quarrelled with my wife last night, on account of her unreasonable jealousy. I did pronounce the divorce, but there was no one to hear it. If we slept together once more, she would be pacified. Therefore, most humane sir, I entreat you to interfere."

"Was there no witness," inquired Yussuff.

"None, good sir," replied the man, slipping five *dirhems* into the hand of Yussuff.

"Then I decide that there is no divorce," replied Yussuff, pocketing the money; and therefore you are no debtor. Woman, come hither. It

appears that there was no divorce—so says your husband—and you have no witness to prove it. You are therefore no creditor. Go to your husband, and walk home with him; he is not much of a husband, to be sure, but still he must be cheap at the three dirhems which you have paid me. God be with you. Such is my decree.”

The woman, who had already repented of her divorce, was glad to return, and with many compliments, they took their leave of him. “By Allah!” exclaimed Yussuff, “but this is good. I will live and die an officer of the law.” So saying, he returned home for his basket, purchased his provisions and wine, and lighting up his house, passed the evening in carousing and singing as before.

While Yussuff was thus employed, the caliph was desirous of ascertaining the effect of the new decree, relative to the baths. “Giaffar,” said he, “I wonder whether I have succeeded in making that wine-bibber go to bed supperless? Come, let us pay him a visit.”

“For the sake of Islam, O caliph,” replied Giaffar, “let us forbear to trifle with that crack-brained drunkard any more. Already has Allah delivered us out of his hands. What may we not expect if he is hungry and desolate?”

“Your wisdom never grows less,” replied the caliph; “those are the words of truth: nevertheless, I must go and see the madman once more.”

Giaffar, not being able to prevail, prepared the dresses, and they, accompanied by Mesrour, again sallied forth by the private gate of the seraglio. Once more were they surprised at witnessing the same illumination of the house, and one of the jalousies having burst open with the wind, they perceived the shadow of Yussuff, reflected on the wall, his beard wagging over his kabobs, and a cup of wine in his hand.

“Who is there?” cried Yussuff, when Giaffar, at the command of the caliph, knocked at the door.

“Your friends, dear Yussuff—your friends, the Moussul merchants. Peace be with you.”

“But it’s neither peace nor welcome to you, you owls,” replied Yussuff, walking out into the verandah. “By Allah! if you do not walk away, and that quickly, I shall come down to you with my bone polisher.”

“Indeed, friend Yussuff,” replied Giaffar, “we have but two words to say to you.”

“Say them quickly, then, for you enter not my doors again, you wretched fellows, who have ruined all the water-carriers and all the bath people in Bagdad.”

“What is that you mean?” replied the caliph; “we are lost in mystery?”

“What!” replied Yussuff; “have you not heard the decree of this morning?”

“Gentle sir, we have been so busy sorting our wares, that we have not stepped out this day, and are ignorant of all that hath passed in Bagdad.”

“Then you shall come up and learn; but first swear by Moses, Esau, and the prophet, that you will not *suppose*, for all you have imagined has proved as true as if it had been engraven on the ruby seal of Solomon.”

These conditions were readily accepted by the caliph and his companions, and they were then admitted up stairs, where they found every thing disposed in the usual order, and the same profusion. When they had taken their seats in the corner of the room, Yussuff said, “Now, my guests, as you hope for pardon, tell me, do you know nothing of what has happened to me this day—and what the blockhead of a caliph has been about?” Haroun and the vizier could with difficulty restrain their laughter, as they shook their heads. “Yes,” continued Yussuff, “that vicegerent of a tattered beard, and more tattered understanding, has issued

a decree for closing the baths for three days, by which cruel ordinance, I was again cast adrift upon the sea of necessity. However, providence stood my friend, and threw a few dirhems in my way, and I have made my customary provision in spite of the wretch of a caliph, whom I fully believe is an atheist, and no true believer."

"Inshallah," said the caliph to himself, "but I'll be even with you some day, at least."

Yussuff then filled his cup several times, and was in high glee, as he narrated the events of the day, concluding with, "I am Yussuff—I put my trust in God. As an officer of the law I intend to live and die, and to-morrow I shall attend the hall of the cadì"

"But," said Giaffar, "suppose——"

"Suppose! by the beard of the prophet, if you dare to suppose again in my presence, I will pound your fat stomach into a jelly," cried Yussuff, seizing his cudgel.

"No, no, my friend merely wished to say——"

"Say nothing," roared Yussuff, "or you never speak again."

"Then we will only think, my friend."

"That I will allow, and I also think as well as you. My thoughts are, that it will be wise for you to quit as fast as you can, for I have the cudgel in my hand, and am not in the very best of humours." The caliph and his attendants were of the same opinion, and took their leave of their irritated host.

At the next morning's levee, Giaffar entered the divan at the head of the chief officers of the law, and viziers of the different departments, and prostrating himself before the throne, he called down increase of years, and prosperity on the caliph. "Giaffar," replied Haroun, "issue immediate orders under the imperial firmaum, that strict inquiries be made into those officers of justice who attend the halls of the cadis. All those who have been lawfully selected shall be retained, with a present, and increase of salary, while those who have assumed their name and office, without warranty or permission, shall be dismissed with the bastinado."

The orders of the caliph were immediately obeyed. In the mean time, Yussuff, who had fallen asleep over his wine, did not awaken till long after the sun was up. He immediately rose, dressed himself with care, and hastened to the hall of the cadì, and took his station among the officers of the law, who looked at him with surprise and displeasure. At this moment the caliph's firmaum was delivered to the cadì, who, lifting it up to his forehead, in token of respect and obedience, caused it to be read to him. He then cried with a loud voice, "Bring in purses of gold, and let also the fellah and rods for the bastinado be brought in. Close up the gates of the cutchery, that none escape; and ye officers of justice, be ready to answer as your names are called. Yussuff, whose eyes were wide open, as well as his ears, said to himself, "My God! what new event is now to come to pass?"

The orders of the cadì having been obeyed, the officers were severally called forward, and having proved themselves regularly appointed, received their rewards, and were dismissed. Yussuff's ideas were so confused by what appeared to him such an unmitigated destiny, that he did not perceive that he was left standing alone. It was not until the second time that the cadì called to him, that Yussuff moved towards him.

"Who are you?" inquired the cadì.

"I am Yussuff, and my trust is in God," replied he.

"What is your profession?"

"I am a water-carrier."

"Such being the case, why did you join the officers of the law?"

"I only entered upon the calling yesterday, O cadì; but nothing is difficult to me. Provided I gain but my six dirhems a day, I have no objection to become a mollah."

The *cadi* and bystanders were unable to restrain their mirth, nevertheless, his feet were secured to the pole; and when hoisted up, they commenced the *bastinado*, taking care, however, to strike the pole much oftener than his toes. Having finished, he was released, and turned out of the hall of justice, very much mortified and melancholy, but little hurt by the gentle infliction. "Well," thought Yussuff, "fate appears determined that I shall change my mode of gaining my livelihood every day. Had I not allowed those Moussul rascals to enter my house, this never would have happened."

As he said this, he perceived one of the *beeldars*, or officers of the caliph's household, pass by him. "That would be a nice office," thought Yussuff, "and the caliph does not count his people like the *cadi*. It requires but an impudent swagger, and you are taken upon your own representation." Accordingly, no wise disheartened, and determined to earn his six dirhems, he returned home, squeezed his waist into as narrow a compass as he could, gave his turban a smart cock, washed his hands, and took a peeled almond-wand in his hand. He was proceeding down stairs, when he recollected that it was necessary to have a sword, and he had only a scabbard, which he fixed in his belt, and cutting a piece of palm wood into the shape of a sword, he fixed it in, making the handle look smart with some coloured pieces of cotton and silk, which he sewed with packthread. Thus marched he out, swaggering down the streets, and swinging his twig of almond-tree in his hand. As he strutted along every one made way for him, imagining him to be one of those insolent retainers of office, who are supported by the great khans. Thus he continued a straight course, until he arrived at the market-place, where a multitude was assembled round two men, who were fighting desperately. Yussuff pressed forward, the crowd making way for him on both sides, either taking him for an officer of the household, or dreading the force of his nervous and muscular proportions. When he reached the combatants, they were covered with dirt and blood, and engaged so furiously, that no one dare separate them. Yussuff, perceiving the dread which he inspired, and that he was taken, as he wished to be, for a *beeldar*, first clapped his hand to the handle of his pretended sword, and then struck the combatants several sharp blows with his almond stick, and thus induced them to leave off fighting. The sheik, or head of the bazaar, then approached Yussuff, and making an obeisance, presented him with six dirhems, with a prayer that he would seize the culprits, and carry them before the caliph for punishment, as disturbers of the public peace.

Yussuff, securing the money in his girdle, seized up the two combatants, and carrying one under each arm, walked off with them. A great crowd followed, with many prayers for the release of the prisoners; but Yussuff turned a deaf ear, until another six dirhems were dropped into his vest, with a prayer for mercy. Upon this Yussuff consented to release them, and walked away, hardly able to contain his exultation. "I am Yussuff," cried he, "and I trust in God. As a *beeldar* will I live and die. By Allah! I will go to the palace, and see how it fares with my brother *beeldars*."

Now there were thirty *beeldars* in the service of the caliph, who attended the palace in rotation, ten each day. On reaching the court of the palace, Yussuff took his station where the ten *beeldars* on duty were collected together. He observed, however, that they were very different from himself, very slight young men, and dressed in a very superior style. He felt some contempt for their effeminate appearance, contrasted with his own muscular frame, but could not keep his eyes off their handsome and stylish dress. Meanwhile, the chief of the *beeldars* perceived him, and knowing that he did not belong to the palace, imagined from his appearance, and presenting himself among them, that he must be one in

the service of one of the great omrahs who were at Bagdad, who, having nothing to do at home, had come as a visitor to the palace. He remarked this to his brother beeldars, saying, "This fine built stranger ought to be considered as our guest. Let us show him all courtesy, for he is of our profession, and therefore we shall not do ourselves credit, if we do not prove that we have the power to serve him." The other beeldars agreeing with him, the chief went to the secretary of the treasury, and procured an order of notice upon a rich confectioner, to pay into the treasury the sum of five thousand dirhems, due by him upon several accounts therein specified. The vizier's seal having been attached to it, he went with it to where Yussuff was standing. "What, ho! brother beeldar," said the chief.

"I am Yussuff, and my trust is in God; I am ready to obey your commands," said the water-carrier, advancing with great humility.

"May I request, brother beeldar, that you will do us of the palace, the very great favour to carry this paper, bearing the vizier's seal, to Mallem Osman, the great confectioner, and request the immediate payment of five thousand dirhems. You know your profession; of course the money is not expected, but whatever he may offer for your affording him a respite, put down to the friendship and good will of the beeldars of the palace, and remember us when you feast in your own dwelling."

Yussuff, highly delighted, put the order into his cap, made a low salaam, and departed on his message. Deeming it beneath his new fledged dignity to walk, he mounted one of the asses ready for hire at the corner of the streets, ordering the driver to hasten before to clear the way, and ascertain which was the dwelling of the confectioner. The house of Mallem Osman was soon discovered, for he was the most celebrated of his trade, and had an immense business. Yussuff rode up on the beast, which was not half as large as himself, and stopped at the shop, where the confectioner was superintending his workpeople. "I am Yussuff, and my trust is in God," said Yussuff, looking at the confectioner. The confectioner heeded him not, when Yussuff strutted into the shop. "I merely wait upon you, good Mallem Osman, to request that you will immediately repair to the palace, carrying with you five bags, each containing one thousand dirhems, of which there appears at present to be no chance of receiving an asper. This paper, sealed by the vizier, contains the order; and as you have the honour of being the caliph's debtor, you will do well to rise and accompany me forthwith to the palace, not forgetting the needful."

At this speech Mallem started up from his seat, advanced most submissively to Yussuff, took the paper and raised it to his head, addressing Yussuff with the most abject servility. "O most excellent, most valiant, and most powerful beeldar, how well doth the caliph select his officers! How favoured am I by Allah with your happy presence! I am your slave!—honour me by refreshing yourself in my dwelling."

Yussuff then threw the driver of the beast half a dirhem, and dismissed him, breathed as if fatigued with his journey, and wiped his brow with his sleeve. The confectioner placed him in his own seat, and sent hastily to the bazaar for a large dishful of kabob, spread a napkin before Yussuff, and slicing a pomegranate, strewed it over with pounded sugar, and placed it before him, along with some sweet cakes and some honey. "O chief of beeldars!" said the confectioner, "it is my prayer that you deign to break your fast in the house of your servant. Will you amuse yourself with these trifles while something better is preparing?" Here one of the shopmen brought a bowl, into which he poured shirbet of the distilled juice of lotus flower, mingled with rose water. The master placed this also before Yussuff, and intreated him to eat; but Yussuff, affecting the great man, held his head up in the air and would not even look

that way. "Condescend to oblige me by tasting this shirbet, O chief!" continued the confectioner; "or I swear by Allah, that I will divorce my youngest and most favourite wife."

"Hold—hold, brother!" replied Yussuff; "rather than the innocent should suffer, I will comply with your request; although, to say the truth, I have no appetite, having taken my breakfast from the caliph's table in ten dishes, each dish containing three fowls dressed in a different fashion. I am so full, that I can scarce draw my breath."

"I fully comprehend that it is out of compassion to your slave that you comply with my request."

"Well," said Yussuff, "to oblige you;" and taking up the bowl of shirbet, which contained some pints, to the amazement of the confectioner, at one long draught he swallowed it all down. The kabob now made its appearance, wrapped up in thin cakes of fine wheaten flower. Yussuff swallowed this also with a rapidity which was astonishing to behold, nor did he cease eating till the whole table was cleared. The confectioner was amazed. "This fellow," thought he, "breakfasted upon ten dishes, each containing three fowls each. How fortunate for me! What would he have done had he come here fainting? Nothing less than an ox stuffed with pistachio nuts would have satisfied him. Would to heaven that I were well rid of him!"

In the mean time Yussuff stirred not, but resumed his consequence. The confectioner requested to know if his Highness would please to wait till a dinner was prepared for him. "Indeed, friend, that is a subject of small concern. My object here is, that you hasten with me to the treasury to pay in the five thousand dirhems which are due."

"Your indulgence, my aga," replied the confectioner; "I will return in one minute." Mallem Osman then filled a large bag with the choicest of his sweetmeats, and putting thirty dirhems in a paper, he approached Yussuff, saying, "My prince, I humbly beg your acceptance of this trifling present of sweetmeats, and these thirty dirhems for the expenses of the bath after your fatiguing journey hither. Deign also to favour me with your protection. Trade is scarce, and money does not come in. In a short time I will pay all."

Yussuff, who was aware that the order had only been given that he might squeeze a few dirhems out of the confectioner, then spoke with much civility. "My advice to you, Mallem," said he, "is, that you stir not out of your door to-day—there is no such hurry—nor to-morrow, nay, even a week, or a month, or a year. I may say, stir not at all, for you have my protection; and therefore be under no trouble of going to the palace at all."

It was near sunset when this affair was settled. Yussuff walked home with his hands full of presents, exclaiming as he went, "I am Yussuff, my provision is from God!" He reached his home, full of pleasing anticipations, and changing his dress, took out his basket and pitcher, returning loaded more than usual, for having gained forty-two dirhems, he resolved to indulge himself. "By Allah!" cried he, "I will double my allowance, to the confusion of those rascally Moussul merchants, who are such birds of ill omen." He accordingly expended double the money, doubling also his allowance of wax tapers and oil, so that his house was in a blaze of light when he sat down as usual to his feast, more happy than ever, drinking more, and singing twice as loud, as he had ever done before.

Leaving him to his solitary revels, we must observe, that the caliph had ascertained that Yussuff had received the bastinado; and now making sure that he would be without provisions or wine, he resolved to pay him another visit. "I think, Giaffar, that I have, at last, sent that rascal to bed supperless in return for his calling me an infidel; and I

must go and enjoy his wrath and indignation, increased of course by the pain of the blows he has received by the order of the *cadi*." In vain did Giaffar represent that it would be attacking an angry and wounded lion in his den; that his wrath would be such, and his strength was so enormous, that they could not expect less than annihilation, should they venture to his door. "All that may be true," replied the caliph; "but still I will go and see him, at all risk."

"I have my dagger, Commander of the Faithful," observed Mesrour, "and I fear him not."

"Use it not, Mesrour," replied the caliph. "Get ready the dresses, and let us depart."

"I venture to promise that we shall see no more lights this time, except it may be a solitary lamp to enable him to bathe his wounded feet."

They went forth, and on their arrival were astonished at the blaze of light which proceeded from Yussuff's apartments; his singing also was more clamorous, and he appeared to be much intoxicated, crying out between his staves, "I am Yussuff! confound all Moussul merchants—my trust is in God!"

"By the sword of the prophet!" exclaimed the caliph, "this fellow baffles me in every thing. Have I not made the whole city uncomfortable, and submit to decrees, which appeared to be promulgated by a madman, merely to chastise this wine-bibber, and behold he revels as before? I am weary of attempting to baffle him; however, let us find out, if possible, how he has provided for his table. What, ho! friend Yussuff, are you there? Here are your guests come again to rejoice in your good fortune," cried the caliph from the street.

"What, again?" roared Yussuff. "Well, now, you must take the consequence. Fly, or you are dead men. I have sworn by Allah, not only that you shall not come into my door, but that I would cudgel you whenever we met again."

"Nay, thou pearl among men, thou ocean of good temper, rise and receive us. It is our destiny, and who can prevent it?"

"Well, then," replied Yussuff, coming out to the verandah with his great cudgel, "if it is your destiny, it will not be my fault."

"But, good Yussuff," replied the caliph, "hear us. This is the last time that we request admittance. We swear it by the *three*. You rail at us as if we harmed you; whereas, you must acknowledge that every thing, however unfortunate at first appearance, has turned only to thy advantage."

"That is true," replied Yussuff; "but still it is through your pernicious omens that I am made to change my trade every day. What am I to be next?"

"Is not your trust in God?" replied Giaffar. "Besides, we promise thee faithfully that we will not say one word on the subject, and that this shall be the last time that we demand your hospitality."

"Well," replied Yussuff, who was very drunk, "I will open the door for the last time, as I must not war with destiny." So saying, he reeled down the stairs and let them in.

The caliph found every thing in extraordinary profusion. Yussuff sang for some time without noticing them; at last he said, "You Moussul rascals, why do you not ask me to narrate how I have had such good fortune? You are dying with envy, I presume; but now you shall hear it, and if you dare to go away till I have told all, I will shower down such a quantity of blows upon your carcasses, as shall leave you worse than a bastinado of five hundred."

"We are all obedience and humility, O prince of men!" replied the caliph.

Yussuff then narrated the events of the day, concluding with, "I am Yussuff, my trust is in God! A beeldar will I live, a beeldar will I die, in spite of the caliph and his grand vizier to boot. Here's confusion to them both!" He then drank off a cup of rakee, and rolling over in a state of stupid intoxication, fell fast asleep.

The caliph and Giaffar blew out the lights, and then let themselves out of the door, and, much amused with the adventures of Yussuff, they regained the private gate of the seraglio.

The next morning Yussuff awoke, and finding it late, hastened to dress himself in his best clothes, saying to himself, "I am a beeldar, and I will die a beeldar." He took care to comb out his beard, and twist it in a fiercer manner; and then putting on his sham sword, lost no time in going to the palace, where he took his station among the beeldars who were on duty, hoping that he would be dispatched by the chief on a similar message as that of the day before. The caliph soon afterwards made his appearance at the divan, and immediately recognised Yussuff in his partial disguise. He observed to Giaffar, "Do you see there our friend Yussuff? I have him at last, and now I will perplex him not a little before he escapes me." The chief of the beeldars being called, stepped forward and made his obeisance. "What is the number of your corps?" inquired the caliph.

"Thirty in all, Most High, of which ten are every day on duty."

"I will review those who are present," replied the caliph, "and examine each man particularly."

The chief of the beeldars bowing low, retired, and turning to his men, with a loud voice, said, "Beeldars, it is the pleasure of the Commander of the Faithful, that you appear before him."

This order was instantly obeyed, and Yussuff was compelled to walk with the rest into the immediate presence of the caliph; not, however, without alarm, and saying to himself, "What can all this be for? My usual luck. Yesterday I cast up my reckoning with the cadì, and paid the balance with my heels. If I have to account with the caliph, I am lucky if I come off clear with my head."

In the mean time the caliph asked a few questions of each beeldar, until he came to Yussuff, who had taken care to stand last. His manœuvres and embarrassment afforded much pleasure to the caliph and Giaffar, so much that they scarce could refrain from laughing outright. The last of the beeldars had now been examined, and had passed over to the right after the others, and Yussuff remained standing by himself. He shuffled from side to side, casting an eye now at the door, and then at the caliph, considered whether he should take to his heels, but he felt that it was useless. The caliph asked him who he was three times before Yussuff's confusion would allow him to answer; and the chief of the beeldars gave him a push in the ribs, and looking in his face, did not recognize him; he however supposed that he had been lately substituted by one of the other chiefs. "Answer the caliph, you great brute," said he to Yussuff, giving him another dig in the ribs with the handle of his poniard; but Yussuff's tongue was glued to his mouth with fear, and he stood trembling without giving any answer. The caliph again repeated, "What is your name, your father's name, and the amount of your salary as a beeldar? and how did you get your appointment?"

"Is it to me you speak, O hadji caliph?" at last stammered out Yussuff.

"Yes," replied the caliph gravely.

Giaffar, who stood near his master, then cried out, "Yes, you cowardly shred of a beeldar; and reply quickly, or a sword will be applied to your neck."

Yussuff, as if talking to himself, replied, "I hope it will be *my own*

then." He then replied to the question, "Yes, yes, it's all right—my father was a beeldar, and my *mother* also before him." At this extravagant answer the caliph and whole court could no longer restrain their mirth, which gave Yussuff a little more courage.

"So," replied Haroun, "it appears that you are a beeldar, the son of a beeldar, and that your allowance is ten dinars yearly, and five pounds of mutton daily."

"Yes, my Umeer," replied Yussuff, "I believe that is correct. My trust is in God!"

"It is well. Now, Yussuff, take with you three other beeldars to the dungeon of blood, and bring to me the four robbers who were condemned to death for their manifold crimes and enormities."

Here Giaffar interfered, and submitted to the caliph, whether it would not be better that the head-jailer should produce them, which being ordered, that officer presently made his appearance with the four criminals pinioned and bareheaded. The caliph ordered three of the beeldars each to seize and blindfold a prisoner, to open their upper garments ready, to unsheathe their swords, and wait for the word of command. The three beeldars made their obeisance, obeyed the command, placing the criminals in a kneeling position, resting on their hams, with their necks bare, and their eyes covered. While the three beeldars stood thus in readiness, Yussuff was in a dreadful state of confusion. "To escape now is impossible," said he to himself. "Confound these Moussul merchants. They did well to say they would come no more, for in a few minutes I shall be no more myself."

"You fellow there! you are one of the appointed beeldars, and do not know your duty," cried Giaffar. "Why do you not lead out the criminal as your companions have done?"

Yussuff, obliged to obey, now seized the fourth prisoner, covered his eyes, laid bare his neck, and took his stand behind him, but without drawing his sword. "I never shall be able to get over this," thought Yussuff. "In a few seconds it will prove to be but a piece of palm wood, and I shall lose my head among the jeers of the people. However, my trust is in God; and to Shitan with all Moussul merchants." He took, however, his sheath and sham sword from his belt, and raised it in the scabbard over his shoulder.

The caliph, who watched him narrowly, was highly diverted with this manœuvre. "You beeldar!" cried he, "why do you not unsheathe your sword?"

"My sword," replied Yussuff, "is of that temper that it must not too long glance in the eyes of the Commander of the Faithful."

The caliph appeared satisfied, and turning to the first beeldar, commanded him to strike. In a moment the head of the robber was lying on the ground. "Neatly and bravely done," said the caliph; "let him be rewarded." He then gave command to the second to execute his criminal. The sword whirled in the air, and at one stroke the head of the robber flew some distance from the shoulders. The third criminal was dispatched with equal dexterity. "Now," said the caliph to Yussuff, "you, my beeldar, cut off the criminal's head, and receive the like reward for your dexterity."

Yussuff had by this time, to a certain degree, recovered his presence of mind; he had not exactly arranged his ideas, but they floated indistinctly in his brain. "Well, your Highness, allow me to say a few words to the criminal," demanded Yussuff, to gain time.

"Be it so," replied the caliph, stuffing his robe in his mouth to prevent laughter.

"The caliph has commanded that your head be struck off. If you would pronounce the profession of the true faith, now is your time, robber, for you have but one short minute to live."

The criminal immediately cried out, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet!"

Yussuff then bared his muscular arm, and fiercely rolling his eyes, walked three times round his prisoner, "Declare now the justice of your fate," cried he aloud; (but at the same time saying to the man in a low tone, "Swear you are innocent.") "Say, is not your sentence just?"

"No—no," replied the man in a loud voice, "I am innocent."

The caliph, who was very attentive to all that passed, was much diverted by Yussuff's proceedings, and wondered what he would do next. Yussuff then walked up to the caliph, and prostrated himself. "O caliph! vicegerent of the Prophet! deign to listen to your faithful beeldar, while he narrates a strange adventure which hath befallen him within these few days."

"Speak, beeldar, we are all attention; remember that thy words are those of truth."

"It was on the evening before your Highness issued the decree that no water should be supplied to the bazaar from the Tigris, that as I was sitting in my house, performing my sacred duties, and studying the Koran, which I read in a loud voice, that three merchants of Moussul claimed and intreated my hospitality. The Koran has pointed out hospitality as a virtue necessary to every true believer, and I hastened to open my door and receive them."

"Indeed," replied the caliph, looking at Giaffar. "Tell me, beeldar, what sort of looking personages might these Moussul merchants be?"

"Ill favoured to a degree. One was a pot-bellied, rascally-looking fellow, with a great beard, who looked as if he had just come out of a jail. (The caliph winked at his vizier, as much as to say, There is your portrait.) Another was a black-bearded, beetle-browed, hang-dog looking rascal. (Giaffar bowed to the caliph.) And the third was a blubber-lipped, weazened-faced skeleton of a negro. (Mesrour clapped his hand to his dagger with impatience.) In short, your Highness, I may safely say, that the three criminals, whose heads have just been forfeited to justice, were, as far as appearances went, honest looking men compared to the three Moussul merchants. Nevertheless, as in duty bound, I received these three men, gave them shelter, and spread a table of the best before them. They indulged in kabaubs, and asking for wine and rakee, which, as forbidden by the law, I never taste, I went out and purchased it for them. They did eat and drink till the dawn broke, and then they departed."

"Indeed," said the caliph.

"The next night, to my great annoyance, they aroused me from my devotions as before. Again did my substance disappear in providing for their demands; and after having eaten and drank until they were intoxicated, they went away, and I hoped to see them no more, as they were not sparing in their observations upon the new decree of your highness, relative to the shutting up of the baths."

"Proceed, good Yussuff"

"The third night they again came, and having no more money to spare, and finding them still making my house a tavern, I hoped that they would come no more; but they came again, a fourth night, and then behaved most indecorously, singing lewd songs, and calling out for wine and rakee until I could bear it no more, and I then told them that I could no longer receive them. The fat-stomached one, whom I have before mentioned, then rose, and said, 'Yussuff, we have proved your hospitality, and we thank you. No one would have received three such ill-favoured persons, and have regaled them for the love of God, as you have done. We will now reward thee. Thou art a beeldar of the palace, and we will now present thee with the sword of justice, which has been lost since

the days of the great Solomon ; take this, and judge not by its outward appearance. When commanded to take off the head of a criminal, if he is guilty, the sword will flash like fire, and never fail ; but should he be innocent, it will become a harmless lath of wood.' I took the present, and was about to return thanks, when the three ill-favoured Moussul merchants gradually took the form of celestial beings, and vanished."

" Indeed ; this is a strange story—what, did the big-bellied fellow look like an angel ?"

" As an angel of light, O caliph."

" What, and the weazened-faced negro ?"

" Like a houri, O caliph."

" Well, then," replied the caliph, " you shall now, Yussuff, try the power of this wonderful sword. Strike off that criminal's head."

Yussuff returned to the robber, who remained kneeling, and walked round him, crying out with a loud voice, " O sword, if this man be guilty, do thy duty ; but if he be, as he has declared in his dying moments, innocent, then become thou harmless." With these words Yussuff drew his sword, and exhibited a lath of palm-wood. " He is innocent, O caliph ; this man, being unjustly condemned, ought to be set free."

" Most certainly," replied the caliph, delighted with the manœuvre of Yussuff, " let him be liberated. Chief of the beeldars, we cannot part with a man, who, like Yussuff, possesses so famous a weapon. Let there be ten more beeldars appointed, and let Yussuff have the command of them as chief, with the same perquisites and salary as the other chiefs."

Yussuff prostrated himself before the caliph, delighted with his good fortune, and as he retired, he exclaimed, " I am Yussuff, my trust is in God. Allah preserve the three Moussul merchants."

It was not long before the caliph, Giaffar, and Mesrour, appeared again as the merchants to Yussuff, and heartily enjoyed his discomfiture and confusion, when they discovered themselves. Still Yussuff enjoyed the favour of Haroun to the end of his life, and was more fortunate than Giaffar and others, who only once fell under the wrath and suspicion of the all-powerful caliph.

" Such, O Pasha, is the history of Yussuff, the water-carrier."

" Yes, and a very good story too. Have you not another, Menouni ?"

" Your Highness," replied Mustapha, " the caravan will depart at break of day, and Menouni has but three hours to prepare. It can no longer be detained, without the chief making a report to the authorities, which would not be well received."

" Be it so," replied the Pasha ; " let Menouni be rewarded, and we will try to find some other story teller, until his return from his pilgrimage."

MARINE SURVEYING.

A Treatise on Nautical Surveying. By Commander EDWARD BELCHER. Pelham Richardson, Cornhill.

A Treatise on Marine Surveying. By T. C. ROBSON, Hon. East India Company's Service. Longman and Co. Paternoster Row.

WE have received these two works, which will fill up an important hiatus in our nautical libraries. With the exception of the old treatise by Mackenzie, we have not one book that affords any assistance to the tyros in this necessary art; and Mackenzie's is, in our opinion, a most inefficient, and almost useless, production. A little reflection will, however, point out that we ought not to be surprised at this deficiency in our naval science. A long protracted war, in which England was compelled to throw her utmost power upon the ocean to support her colonies and her maritime pre-eminence, left not only little time for surveying, but made the employment itself one that could not very well be carried on, when we hourly expected collision with the enemy. Neither was it to be supposed that, allowing the government were anxious on this point, officers would turn their backs upon the honour and profit accruing from active warfare, to be employed on a service, productive, it is true, of great advantage to the maritime community at large, but to them of little more than monotonous hardship and fatigue. If the last war was the means of establishing our superiority as fighting men, it certainly introduced scientific errors, which it is now time should be remedied. We have no hesitation in asserting that, taking the navies of France, Spain, Russia, &c. together, or separately, that all or every one of the officers, who are employed in them, are much more scientific than our own. We do not say this in reproach. It was the natural consequence of a destructive warfare, in which, to man our navies, we were compelled to bring forward almost children without education into the navy, who certainly, from the activity of the service, soon behaved themselves as men; but at the same time had no leisure or opportunity to attend to the more abstruse parts of an officer's duty. If a sufficient knowledge of navigation was obtained to enable a lad to take charge of a prize and bring her safely into port, nothing further was required; this secured, his energies were demanded in a more practical sense; and it was by these means that we obtained those officers, who directing their whole attention to *discipline* and *manœuvring*, brought the English navy to that superiority which enabled us to defy the world.

A peace which threatens, in its duration, to break the hearts of all the old officers, who feel that time glides on much too fast; and of discouraging all the young ones, who find that servitude is no claim to promotion, and that after having spun out the six tedious years,

and proved their capability, they are recommended, like Jacob for Rachel, to serve their time again, and then find themselves about as near promotion as they were at first;—a peace which, it is evident, was never intended by Providence, or we should not have been so distressed with a superabundant population, nor would it have sent for the cholera from the East to help us a little in our difficulty;—a peace, in short, which, if d——g it can be of any avail, has certainly by this time been d——d to all eternity;—a peace of more than twenty years has enabled the government to direct its attention to those pursuits, which in peace are as laudable and as valuable as the more active energies called for during a war; and, by degrees, almost every part of the globe has been explored or surveyed. We have no longer any general engagements like Trafalgar or the Nile to stir up the patriotism of those who are afloat, or the gratitude of those who, relying upon the courage and talents of their defenders, repose in security at home; but we have had the exertions, the dangers, and the perseverance of a Parry and a Franklin, and the devotion and miraculous preservation of a Ross. We even now look with anxiety for the return of Back, and many are the prayers offered up for his safety by those who know no more of him than his arduous undertaking, and his love of enterprise and science. The spirit of our naval force will find vent in some way or the other; whether it is by a little non-intervention, like Charley Napier's, in Portugal; or employing itself on either side, as in South America, rather than not being employed at all. Much has been said about English officers accepting employment under other flags. We think, however, that this should not be visited too harshly. What can they do? they must do something. Accustomed to a life of activity, can it be expected that they can sit down quietly upon a half-pay, which will not support them, and *suck their thumbs*? Does any one believe, for a moment, that should a war break out, any of these officers would remain? Would they not immediately return home, and if on the list, solicit to defend their own country? It is not from mercenary motives that they have accepted office. It is only to *keep their hands in* till the country demands their services; and as for whether one side or the other be in the right, that is all stuff. If every military man were to argue the justice of his cause previous to taking up arms, there would be very few combatants to be found even for their own country. It is the principle of procreation, that unless there is some means of taking off the surplus, the world would be overpopulated; and those little trifles, such as plague, pestilence, and famine, cholera and cannon-balls, which we consider as scourges, are nothing but blessings, if we could perceive it, as they prevent our eating up each other. Many will not agree with us, but that is of no consequence; in one point they must coincide, which is, that captains in the English navy have lately played the part of Warwick, and have been king and constitution makers; more than one government having owed its present dynasty or consolidation to the (mercenary if you please) efforts of an English captain or admiral. But this naval survey of our own has not much to do with the question, so we return to our books.

Mr. Robson's work is elementary. It commences with plane trigonometry, and from thence carries on the uninitiated into mensuration of heights and distances, examples in nautical astronomy, finding of longitude, and variation of the compass. It then proceeds to find a meridian line, and ends with numerous surveying problems. We have run through its pages, and it is just such an elementary work as is required for the use of those who have all to learn. It is very clear in its problems and explanations, and will be found of the greatest assistance previous to taking up the work of Captain Belcher; indeed, it would be quite useless for any one to take up the latter, if they were not sufficiently grounded by having a perfect knowledge of the contents of the former. Mr. Robson has shown much zeal, perseverance, and judgment, in what he has written, and has conferred a benefit upon the maritime interest at large.

The work of Captain Belcher is of a much higher order. It is the work of one who evidently is not only master of his profession, whether we view him as an astronomer or a mathematician, but also of one who has skill and invention, which have, in many instances, been most admirably employed. We may here observe, that he avails himself, wherever he can, of the talents of Mr. Raper, one of the most scientific and ingenious officers in our service; and in so doing, invariably acknowledges the obligation. This is as it should be. We are proud of Mr. Raper, and like that his merits should be brought forward. Captain Belcher can afford to stand upon his own acquirements, and at the same time do that justice, which he appears most anxious should be done, to the merits of others.

Captain Belcher was one of the officers under Captain Beechey, in the voyage round the world, in which one part of his instructions was to attempt to meet Parry and Franklin by the expected outlet between Europe and America. He has since, for some years, been employed in surveying; and perhaps the surveys which have been made under Captain Owen, Captain Belcher, and others, have been the most valuable, certainly the most complete, which ever have been attempted. To the zeal and scientific acquirement of the present hydrographer, Captain Beaufort, we are indebted for these valuable additions to our maritime security; and we consider, that in the selection of Captain Belcher, the hydrographer showed great discernment and judgment. But, indeed, more has been done in the hydrographical department, since the appointment of that clever officer, than was ever done before from its first establishment.

Captain Belcher first commences with a description of the instruments, and directions as to their use; and we do not know whether this is not as valuable as any part of the whole work. His remarks are excellent, and prove how well he knows his business. He continues his preparations for survey, equipments of boats, notation of angles, &c.; and in these remarks he points out most sensibly, as well as most forcibly, that without *method* it is impossible to expect that the work can be efficiently carried on.

We then have an excellent chapter on a frigate's survey afloat, and he afterwards proceeds to river and harbour surveys. The remainder of the work is of a higher grade. Captain Belcher is here quite

novel and highly interesting; he proves what can be done by evolutionary surveys by squadrons and fleets; he points out how, in warfare, the greatest advantages may be obtained from the use of the sextant and other instruments, and winds up with general directions to travellers. We have not space to enter into the detail; but we must say, that in this work we have not only valuable data, but much invention and interest. At the same time it must be observed, that this is not a work to put into the hands of a neophyte. It is much too scientific; but we can safely assert, that there is not one good practical surveyor in the navy, who will not read it with pleasure and advantage. It is a work full of *resource*, and one which will, in all probability, be the forerunner of others, even more elaborate, and more scientific, for it is one which, when read by a clever, scientific man, will immediately set him to think. There are very, very few, indeed, hardly any who can compete with Captain Belcher. Beaufort or Raper might have written such a work, but we do not believe that there are two other men in the navy who could have done it.

Having offered our opinion on the work, we will now make a few remarks, which the perusal of it immediately suggested. That the surveying service is one of peculiar hardship and difficulty, must be acknowledged. Monotonous in itself, the officers employed in it are subject to the severest fatigue—toiling all day in open boats, perhaps under a tropical sun. And if the service is hard to the juniors it is still more so to the principal, who is responsible. They may return to their hammocks after they are worn out with fatigue—but the principal has no repose. Equally occupied as they have been during the day, he has now to sit up half the night, reducing the various works, and computing the progress. He has but barely time to snatch an hour or two of hasty sleep, and with the rising sun he rises again to his severe toil. A service like this is enough to tire the patience, and try the temper of any man—without the additional annoyance of refractory and contumelious officers, who, discontented with a service in which promotion is but slow, do not work with that zeal which hopes of future advancement would create. Now there is a great fault here, and the fault does not so much lie with either the officers or the captain, as it does with the government. Those who are employed as juniors in the surveying, cannot feel that zeal so necessary for its completion; they are seldom promoted, and their duty is most laborious. Is it then surprising that they should cavil, and take umbrage at zeal on the part of the principal, which may afford them little relaxation, when they feel, that, like the Israelites, they are worked by Egyptian taskmasters, making bricks without straw? Is it surprising that the principal in a survey, who may discover, that from inattention and want of zeal, on the part of the juniors, the work of a weary day and night has been useless, and must be repeated, should feel vexed and angry; and thus, feelings of irritability excited on both sides, that bickering and ill will should prevail? The disobedience of one officer may oblige the principal to repeat his work—he dare not have *a doubt* upon it—his reputation is at stake—this is therefore a service in which the junior has the power, not only to annoy, but to do serious injury to his superior; at the same time, that he cannot

well be arraigned for his misdemeanour. We mention this, because we feel, that in a service of such hardship, some more inducements must be held out than there are at present—either their pay should be increased, or their promotion secured to them; but, unfortunately, from long habit, the Admiralty would sooner grant promotion for the cutting out of a vessel from under the batteries, than for the survey of half the coast of Africa—sooner reward the most trifling act of bravery, than the most valuable effort of science—which last it must be acknowledged is at a sad discount in certain high quarters.

Would it not be advisable to have, as the army have in their engineers, a separate list of surveying officers, with higher pay. Let the captains and commanders receive, however small the vessels may be the pay and half pay according to what their supposed commands would be, were they employed in the regular service. Certainly, an officer who, like Captain Owen, has so long defied disease and death, if again employed, would be well entitled to the same pay as a fourth or fifth rate. Without such inducements are held out, the officers in our navy will never become scientific. Indeed, the very regulations take away from the captain, and throw upon the master, almost the whole responsibility, as far as navigation is concerned. This is a great error, and now is the time to correct it. The origin of this is rather singular. In our early naval engagements, the men-of-war were supplied with a master, and so many seamen, to work the vessel. The admirals were generals, and the fighting men were troops. Thus we read in history that the Earl of Sandwich, (we think it was,) his own ship being in a sinking state, went in a boat to hoist his flag on board of another, but a shot taking the boat, the earl was lost, the *weight of his armour* taking him to the bottom. This is the origin of the anomalous situation of master in our navy, who, supposed to be a thorough practical seaman only, and shipped for that service at first, has now the responsibility of the navigation, while the captain, supposed to be better educated, is relieved from it almost altogether. If once the responsibility was on the captain and officers, we should soon have a great change for the better in the service. That some of the *old school* would have to go to school again, is most certain, but it would be no fault of theirs, but of a system which it is time should be immediately abolished.

BY GONE YEARS.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

WHEN mem'ry weaves her chain o'er me,
And tells of other years,
Like some forgotten melody
The sound of home appears.

What happy days come trooping round
The spirit, as we muse !
Old Christmas with his hollies bound,
And gifts none might refuse.

The New-year's day still ushered in
With wishes dear to all,—
Gay bells without, and mirth within,
To cheer the ancient hall.

The blazing hearth, where oft we sate
In joyous circle round,
And parents, sisters, brothers met,
And songs were heard resound.

That holy hearth is dark and chill,
No sounds of mirth are there,
No mother's blessed form, to fill
The long disused chair.

Those matron eyes are veiled in death,
That wept and watched o'er me,
And silent her melodious breath,—
Dear nature's minstrelsy.

Oh ! where are all her nursling train,
And he, the sire of all ?
What links are broken ?—what remain,
The sleeping to recal ?

Like hardier flow'rs in winter time,
Some *scattered* ones are left,
To tell of youth's departed prime,
And home of friends hereft.

'T has past away the golden dream
Of youth, and youth's delight ;
A fairy ray, a misty beam,
Just dawns upon the sight.

And those who died in battle field,
Or wore with slow decay,
Come back to me, in dreams revealed
On some peculiar day.

Yet still the early lost, the loved,
 Are indistinct through years ;
 We see them, but as stars, removed,
 And dimly through our tears.

So wisely the Eternal's mind .
 Has fashioned human grief ;
 Earth still has treasures left behind,
 And moments sweet as brief.

And Christmas, though it bring along
 A thought of *other days*,
 Has still its merry jest and song,—
 Its hearths that nightly blaze.

And New-year's-day comes tripping in,
 With wishes as of yore ;
 Though we may *sigh for what has been*,
 We cannot shut the door.

Then heap the fire, and light the hall,
 And drink to living ties ;
 And if a tear in silence fall,
 For friends in holier skies—

'Twill sanctify the hours of mirth,
 And light our hearts above,
 To Him who gave the New Year birth,
 To sing His boundless love.

A N A C R E O N.

ODE XXXIV.

Μη με φυγῆς δρῶσα.

FLY not, because my hoary brow
 Is decked with age's livery now ;
 Fly not—although youth's flowery chain,
 Sheds o'er thy charms its richest dyes :
 Nor doom me still to love in vain,
 In vain to breathe impassioned sighs.
 For see, the lily brightly glows,
 When wreathed around the blooming rose.

T. ROBERT DUNBAR.

THE OXONIAN.¹—No. VII.

Qui color albus erat nunc est contrarius albo.

AFTER quitting Oxford for the vacation, and spending my Christmas day, according to old custom, round the family fire, I am now up in London, where I have been passing the last three days in the rooms of a first cousin of mine, who belongs to the Inner Temple. My readers will perceive from this, that, if it so pleased me, I might very easily fill up my paper with a recital of our Christmas festivities, and of the part which our old pastor took in them; but since I have thought fit to call myself the Oxonian, I cannot see that I have a right to wander so far from my subject, although, indeed, it must be confessed that my present form of writing is one which admits of no small range.

This purpose I am the better enabled to put into effect, without breaking up the order of events, by reason of an adventure, if I may so call it, which happened to me yesterday. It so chanced that on the morning of that day, my cousin was attacked by a very violent tooth-ache, which at last became so painful, that we determined on going to a certain famous dentist's, not very far distant. When we had got up stairs, the servant told us that his master would be with us presently, but was just then engaged with an old gentleman, who had a very awkward tooth in his head, which he wished to get rid of. After waiting about three quarters of an hour, at last we had the happiness of beholding the patient above mentioned get into his coach with his face muffled up very closely with shawls, and the next instant our dentist made his appearance at the door, with a polite bow, bearing a huge double tooth between his thumb and fore-finger; which he set down upon the chimney-piece, bidding us observe the great distance which the fangs were apart from one another. Whether it was the effect of this spectacle or not I cannot say, but a minute had not passed from this time, when my cousin informed the dentist that his pain was all gone. It may be supposed, however, that this declaration did not satisfy our host, who had no sooner got my cousin seated in his chair, than he discovered a number of flaws which required setting to rights. "Besides, my dear sir," said he with a particularly pleasing smile, "I much doubt whether we must not extract this ugly back-tooth after all, for it will be sure to pain you again, when you get out of my presence. However, we'll see about it." Upon this, observing that I was only come as a friend, he told me that I had better stay in the room we were in, whilst he took my cousin into another. "For," said he, "I like to be alone with my patient, since talking does harm, except now and then for a rest." Saying these words, he rang the bell for some wine and biscuits, and after telling me that I should find the last number of the "Metropo-

¹ Continued from vol. xi. p. 365.

litan" on the table by the fire, bowed my cousin out of the door, who seemed to go in a kind of passive obedience, and turned a very pitiful face upon me, as he went out. After the determined look which the dentist had put on, I bargained upon having at least three hours to myself; and, accordingly, drew the peculiar easy chair, which dentists make use of, close to the fire, and sate myself down in it, at an obtuse angle, with the old gentleman's tooth just in front of me.

I know not how it is, but it must be confessed that a fire has great power in sending one to sleep, especially if one be in a comfortable chair. Accordingly I soon fell into a kind of doze, or that state between sleeping and waking, which is so agreeable to your idle man. How long I continued in this way I cannot say, but of a sudden I was awoke, as it seemed by a shrill voice close in my ear, crying out "Help me out, Mr. Query," three times over. It may well be supposed that I was somewhat astonished at this summons, but my wonder was increased, when upon looking towards the mantel-piece, I beheld the old gentleman's tooth shaking violently of its own accord. Since, however, I did not yet take upon myself to get up, and approach, the voice continued as follows. "For God's sake, Mr. Query, come and help me out. I have been shut up for three weeks in that old gentleman's maw, and am half suffocated." These words put me into still greater doubt as to what could be the meaning of the voice, but since I am not naturally a coward, I got up, and took the tooth into my hand, putting it close to my ear. I had no sooner done this, than I was accosted by the same shrill voice, though somewhat lowered, in the following words: "I know you very well, Mr. Query, since I saw you at Oxford not four weeks ago. You must know I am a tooth-ache, who have been travelling about the world for some years, and enjoying myself after my own fashion, till I had the ill luck to get into a grinder of that odious old fellow, who had me shut up tight by a gold plug, without thinking at all how he should like to be so treated himself. However, since there was still a little air left for me, I did not cease to plague him till he had his tooth, my habitation, drawn up by the roots. The bad part of the job is, that in the last wrench, I was jammed in by that confounded dentist still tighter than before, and cannot get out, now that I wish. For you must be informed, that by the law of our nature, we have no sooner done with plaguing one person, than we transmigrate into the next nearest, who has a tooth in good condition enough for us, and if we cannot do this in a certain time, we perish for ever."

These last words were spoken so pathetically that they went to my heart; accordingly I engaged to let my little friend loose, if he would first give me his history; "for," thought I to myself, "this will do very well to amuse me whilst I am waiting, besides, I am inquisitive about him." I had no sooner made this agreement, to which the tooth-ache acceded very readily, than my gentleman began his story after the following manner.

"I first saw light in the year 1827, A. D., being born in a sugar-cane of Jamaica. How long I lived in this condition, I cannot well remember, since at that time I was too young to make observations.

At last, when my father was grown to a pretty good height, he was cut down with me in him, and after undergoing a certain number of strange processes, which I could by no means comprehend, I found myself at last living very comfortably in a large barrel, that was filled with a sweet substance. Here I made acquaintance with eight or nine others of my brethren; but I was not destined to be long with them, since one fine morning a negro took the opportunity of his master being out of sight, to swallow me in a handful of juice. The fellow's dishonesty, however, did not turn out well for him, since I had no sooner descended into his stomach, than, in obedience to my nature, I commenced ascending through the various pores of his body, till at length I lodged myself very safely in a snug little corner of his last wise tooth. I shall not describe to you what a beautiful little grotto I made for myself here, by my continual excavations, for that you may not be ignorant, I pride myself upon being a very diligent workman. Suffice it to say, that I lived for five weeks in great splendour, till at length the old man got rid of me, by the help of a poker and a piece of catgut.

"There happened to be, not very far distant at this moment, a young lady of forty-three, who was to start for England the next day. She had a very good set of teeth in front, but not being able to afford a whole set, was but ill-furnished in the back part of her head. Accordingly I took my station in one of her grinders, that was very much decayed, and set off with her on her journey, feeling very glad, you may be sure, at this opportunity of seeing the world, for I am a bit of a philosopher. I lived with this lady very happily till she reached London, for she was very fond of sweets, and always carried sugar candy about with her, for the sake, as she said, of keeping her little nieces quiet. At last, however, I became tired of her, since she kept me in a continual whirl by her fondness for talking, on which account, taking the first coach that offered, I entered, by the help of a cold breeze, into the mouth of a dentist, who was going down to a town near Oxford, with a view to settling in it.

"I lived with this gentleman only two weeks, but during that time contracted so intimate an acquaintance with him, that I have learnt to love the whole class ever since, and esteem them upon the whole to be the greatest benefactors that we have. From him I acquired all the surgical terms for the teeth, and became quite a proficient in the mysteries of his profession. At last he was fain to get rid of me, by sending me, in a bottle of camphorated spirits, to a young Oxonian, who was staying at his uncle's during the Easter vacation, and by him I was carried to Oxford, anno domini 1829, where I have remained ever since till a few weeks back.

"My new companion was a Magdalen Hall man, who was accustomed to drink his bishop every night, alternately with six friends, the week round, so that we got on very amicably together, till my habitation was well nigh struck out, by a blow from a coffee-pot. This caused me to look about for a new home, accordingly I made my way through the key-hole down stairs, and in a few minutes found myself comfortably lodged in one of the *dentes bicuspidés*, belonging to a hard reader, who was going up for a first class next day.

"This gentleman at the instant that I entered, was running over his ethics, but I need not say that I soon put a stop to this employment, and at last sent him to bed with a mouth half scorched to a cinder by pellitory of Spain. The next morning I accompanied him into his paper examination, cutting short his essay, and mauling his logic, till it became a heap of nonsense. This method I continued till his *viva voce* examination, when I redoubled my efforts, there being a slight draught from one of the windows. Nor did I cease till I had made sure of his coming in for a third, upon which I left him for the mouth of a young lady, who was looking on from the gallery.

"I soon made myself acquainted with this damsel's affairs, by help of a conversation which passed between her and her mother, as they returned to the Angel. Accordingly, when on the next morning, a certain Christchurch gentleman came as usual with his offer to lionize, I gave the lady such a twinge, that she got into the sulks, and in consequence the two lovers quarrelled for the whole day afterwards, which pleased me exceedingly, especially as the carriage was ordered for the young lady's departure on the next day, after breakfast.

"However it was not my intention so soon to quit a city, where I was likely to find such amusement, for which reason, just as they were entering the carriage, I contrived to make my way into the ostler's open mouth, where I had the good luck to meet with one of my old Jamaica friends, who was very snugly fixed in the tooth next door to myself. After exchanging compliments, he gave me his history since we parted, which was very similar to my own, excepting that he had not had the advantage of a dentist for a tutor. We both spent a very happy fortnight in our ostler's mouth, but at last quarrelled with him by reason of his fondness for onions, which were too vulgar for us. Accordingly we quitted him on the same instant, and whilst my friend entered the back tooth of a coachman, with a view to upset the coach on its way to Brighton, I, for my part, passed very quietly, under cover of a cheese-cake, into the grinder of a Brazenose man, who had been crossed for not attending chapel, and was taking his dinner in a room which looked into the yard.

"This gentleman was a great hand at the pastrycook's, whither he used to go every day at one o'clock, for which reason, we lived very happily together for some time. However, since I see you are beginning to yawn, I will not trouble you further, than to say that I left him at last for the tooth of a young shoemaker, where I lived for three weeks on a fourpenny-worth of lollipops.

"After this I passed through at least a hundred persons, before my present confinement. I was at one time in the tooth of an old fellow, making myself acquainted with all the secrets of tutorship; at another, in the mouth of a freshman, teaching him how to sham æger when he might be sleepy of a morning. More than once I have spoiled the dinner of a whole college, by entertaining myself with the cook, and not unfrequently have set a whole concert out of tune. In short, I have seen every degree of Oxford life; nor is there a cranny of it with which I am unacquainted. At last, after so regular a university education, I felt a strong wish to widen my knowledge of the world, by entering upon a new sphere. Accordingly, I took the benefit of a

visit to Oxford, made by that old gentleman whom you saw just now. He had come to pay the debts of a runaway son, and since I happened to be at the time in the mouth of a wine merchant, I made no more ado, but entered him immediately. There is no reason for me to make you acquainted with the rest of my story."

When my talkative companion had got thus far, he made a pause, with a deep sigh, and I was just on the point of picking out the piece of gold, when I felt a heavy slap upon my shoulder, and upon turning round, beheld my cousin behind me, asking me what I could have been dreaming about, that I held my hand up to my ear, after such a curious fashion.

Since I find that I have still some room left, I shall conclude this paper with the copy of a letter which I found at the post-office a few weeks ago, directed to the Oxonian. I am the more particular in introducing it here, because I have lately seen in print some malicious reports concerning myself, which I wish to answer; and it seems to me, that this letter will be a very good introduction to the observations which I am going to make.

MR. OXONIAN,—Although, as an undergraduate, I am very well pleased with your papers upon the whole, I must beg leave to inform you, that you have not introduced a single character which is not exaggerated in some way or other. It is not long since a young lady asked me, how I could acknowledge acquaintance with a gentleman commoner of Christ Church, when the Oxonian had described the whole class, in the character of Sir Anthony Lovelace, as such silly fellows? But what I most blame you for is that, in your character of Readwell, (or rather, I think, Readill,) you have made out the scholars of Trinity to be a heavy, moping, set of men, when we all know that they are famous, not so much for hard reading, as for engrossing all the honours of the University, without being necessitated to read hard at all. Besides this, you have four or five other smaller mistakes, which strike an Oxford ear, although they may be passed over in the country. For instance, you describe an Exeter man as walking over the grass-plot in *quad*. All this leads me to conclude, that you very much resemble those painters, who sit up in their London garret, taking original sketches of Switzerland, unless, indeed, you have served your apprenticeship amongst us as a scout, and are now setting off your ill-acquired knowledge, by some slight additions of your own fancy.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

SAMUEL TRUELOVE,

C. C. C.

When I had read this letter through, I determined upon reviewing strictly my former Numbers, and was surprised to find, in the doing so, certain errors of which before I was quite ignorant. This I can only account for upon the same principle, that a man will very often spend a week in a room, and afterwards will not be able to tell of what pattern the paper is. I would not, however, have my readers suppose, that when, as a young man, I confess myself to have been ex-

travagant in some things, especially in what I have said of the Oxford religious society, which I much regret, I on that account plead guilty to every thing people shall choose to say against me. As for each of my characters being taken to represent a class, it is no business of mine, for I introduced them at the beginning as individuals. However, since I am not willing it should be supposed, even for a moment, that the scholars of Trinity are a heavy, moping set, I give every one free leave to enter Readwell at any other College he shall please to fix upon; for so long as the character itself is not lost, I care not where it be placed. Since my correspondent has taken so violent a prejudice against this last-mentioned gentleman, I here inform him, that in my next Number I purpose to introduce another reading friend of mine, who perhaps will be more agreeable both to himself and the young lady of whom he makes mention.

S.

THY MAIDEN NAME.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Thy Maiden Name—oh! how that word recalls
 Thoughts of glad meetings and of happy faces,
 I see thee bounding in thy father's halls,
 Once more arrayed in girlhood's blooming graces:
 Loose float thy nut-brown locks, thy step is light,
 Thy harp is ever tuned to songs of gladness,
 Kindred and friends extol thee with delight,
 And none but lovers look on thee with sadness.

Thy Maiden Name—the scene is changed, and now
 I see thee standing at the sacred altar,
 Thy robes are spotless, gems are on thy brow,
 Bright are thy blushes, thy faint accents falter;
 Awhile thy hazel eyes with tears are dim,
 Leaving a home of kindness and protection,
 But soon they smile with trusting faith on him
 Who owns the treasure of thy young affection.

Thy Maiden Name—since thou that name resigned,
 Time, which has somewhat dimmed thy sportive beauty,
 Has strengthened the firm qualities of mind,
 Befitting the calm sphere of matron duty;
 Thy loved, thy chosen, estimates thy worth,
 Nor do thy hopes e'er dwell upon another,
 Save on the children who surround thy hearth,
 Hearing sweet words of wisdom from their mother.

Thy Maiden Name—though soft its flowing sound,
 Though high and pure its stainless reputation,
 I will not mourn its loss—since thou hast found
 A nobler duty, home, and designation:
 Never, I feel, can England's downfall be,
 Counting such wives and mothers in her pages,
 Whose lives displayed in their posterity,
 Perchance may cast a light o'er future ages.

THE STORY OF A CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

I hate all pain
 Given or received ; we have enough within us
 The meanest vassal as the loftiest monarch,
 Not to add to each other's natural burthen,
 Of mortal misery ; but rather lessen,
 By mild reciprocal alleviation,
 The fatal penalties imposed on life.

BYRON.

THIS is the age of luxury. At no period of the world's history, in no country, under no system whatsoever, have elegance and comfort been so generally diffused through a civilized community, as at the present time through every part of the British dominions. To witness the innumerable contrivances for the attainment of it, one might believe that personal convenience was the sole aim and end of existence. Human ingenuity, though taxed every day for this purpose, appears inexhaustible ; not only the various stores of creation, but the elements themselves lend their aid for the furtherance of the one great object. A self-adjusting couch receives the frame, exhausted perhaps by the pursuit of pleasure, and an air-cushion supports the gouty limb entailed by intemperance upon the victim of turbot, turtle, and champagne. A wealthy patient complains to her physician of the injurious pressure of her bed of down, and forthwith the bed of down, floating upon the limpid wave, yields to every movement of the sufferer, and converts that which had been a source of pain, into one of alleviation. To attempt a catalogue of inventions would, however, be a task far exceeding both my powers and limits. I would only call the attention of my readers to a few simple but important facts, of which, in the midst of luxury, refinement, and indulgence, we are all of us but too apt to lose sight.

We cannot take even a cursory view of the progress of civilization, without feeling a rational pride in the many triumphs of that superior intelligence with which we are endowed ; but let us not forget that some evil is ever attendant upon good, that these *agréments*, these conveniences so desirable, of a social state, involve a certain portion of misery and mischief which ought to lower the tone of our exultation. If in the height of prosperous ease, individuals or classes cease to regard the means by which it is achieved—the hands which labour that they may indulge in selfish indolence—the expenditure of health and strength, even of life itself—the toils and privations endured by the many for the benefit of the few—then does civilization become a curse instead of a blessing, and a temporary banishment to a savage state, wherein the basket-maker is exalted above the prince, would be a just punishment and a salutary lesson.

The burden of this world's sorrow falls, alas ! principally upon the poor operative : his labour is severe, and scanty his reward. The ox

truly is muzzled that treadeth out the corn ; the hand that weaves the web of silk to deck the children of affluence, is too often fain to draw over shivering nakedness the rags of niggard poverty. It is painful in the extreme, to a mind of any feeling, to reflect that comforts and luxuries must be purchased at such a price ; that the wheels of the mighty mechanism of social life cannot move without the risk, often the certainty, of crushing a multitude beneath their pressure. Let us take a glance at the number of avocations essential to our present state of civilization, which have been ascertained beyond a doubt to be not only deleterious, but deadly, and we shall see that such is the fact. Foremost in the list we may place those who working in the pernicious minerals, such as lead and quicksilver, become liable to paralysis, cholic, and distortion of the joints ; secondly, those employed in cutlery ; [Dr. Knight, in the North of England Medical Journal, states that out of eighty fork-grinders, exclusive of boys, there was not a single individual thirty-six years of age. They usually die at the ages of twenty-eight or thirty-two. The grinder's disease is a slow but fatal consumption ;] thirdly, all those whose employments are carried on in an atmosphere confined or impure, and suffer thereby more or less ; fourthly, those whose employments injure by acting upon the skin ; fifthly, those whose employments produce dust, odour, or gaseous exhalations ; sixthly, those whose occupations expose them to wet and steam, or who are obliged to bear great variations of temperature ; but when I add that about two hundred different employments have been enumerated, which have an influence upon human health, it will be sufficiently evident that I cannot attempt to describe one-tenth part of them.*

In these examples it will be urged, both the labour and the risk are voluntary, consequently neither individuals are, nor society at large is, censurable for the injury sustained ; and this, if we leave out of the question the hard law of necessity, is true : there are, however, other cases where the same plea cannot be advanced, where the labour is compelled before either mental or bodily powers are sufficiently matured to admit either of remonstrance or resistance ;—I mean in the instance of the factory-child and the infant chimney-sweeper ;—the former has obtained the protection of the law, but the latter, equally oppressed and yet more degraded, is still suffered to languish in a horrible, soul-debasing, life-destroying bondage.

When we consider the nature and magnitude of the evil, it is difficult to conceive how, in a country like our own, boasting superior enlightenment, and certainly in many instances distinguished by a spirit of liberality and humanity, two such foul blots, as the impressment of seamen and the use of climbing boys, can have been so long tolerated. As an act of barbarity, neither a Nero nor a Domitian, nor any other *amateur* in the art of torturing, whose name disgraces the pages of history, could have devised a cruelty more atrocious than that of compelling a helpless, naked infant, to ascend a dark, intricate funnel, filled with a suffocating atmosphere, and probably in a state of ignition, at the risk of life and limb, and at the sacrifice of every

* See Mr. Thackrah's work on the Effects of Arts, Trades, and Professions, and of Civil States and Habits of Living on Health and Longevity.

comfort, every decency, to which human beings have a natural right to lay claim. Let government enforce, and that promptly, that other means be resorted to for the cleansing of chimneys, and inflict a severe penalty on all who shall set such mandate at defiance. There are spies and informers sufficiently vigilant to find such delinquents, and give notice of the introduction of a climbing-boy into a dwelling-house, with equal precision as that evinced by them in the detection of smuggled silk or French brandy. If the total abolition of the system be found impossible, if the safety of the public requires that human hands should, on some occasions and in some places, be used instead of machinery, let it be under such restrictions as shall render the practice comparatively harmless. Better, far better, that every chimney in every town and city of the realm were levelled with the ground, and that, like the denizens of primeval wilds, we cooked our victuals upon embers whose smoke issued through some hole or crevice in the roof of a hut of the rudest construction, than that a repetition of miseries and enormities, such as I am about to narrate, should be incurred.

This subject, and I must think it an important one, both on the score of morals and humanity, must be again brought under the consideration of parliament; the following particulars will not therefore, I trust, be deemed ill timed. A daily attendance at the infirmary of one of the principal prisons of the metropolis formed, during several years of my life, the most painful portion of a rather extensive medical practice. It was in the winter of 18—, that I was requested to examine a patient in one of the wards appropriated to sick prisoners: my patient, who had been committed on a charge of robbery, was a young man, apparently about eighteen or nineteen years of age, and had been a chimney-sweeper. It needed but a few questions on my part, to ascertain the nature of the case; it was that malignant disease known to the faculty by the name of chimney-sweeper's cancer, and here it was exhibited in its most aggravated character, just admitting of a chance that immediate operation might save the life of the sufferer; but to this, when proposed to him, he offered an obstinate resistance, with the same spirit of resolute endurance which had prompted him to conceal all symptoms of the disease, until it had arisen to a height all but incurable. Neither threats nor entreaties could overcome his sullen refusal. Approaching dissolution had no terrors for him, and he seemed to take a pleasure in baffling every effort of those who wished to save him, as if rejoicing in the only species of freewill it was in his power to exercise. He uttered no complaint; the attenuated state to which he was reduced, alone betrayed the horrible progress of disease. There was something in his very stubbornness which, contrary to its usual effect upon me, commanded my respect, while the aspect of so much misery, garbed though it was in debasement and crime, called forth the deepest compassion. I soon became convinced that nothing could be done but by gentle measures. If the poor wretch had any of the better feelings pertaining to our nature, lurking beneath the mass of vice with which I supposed his soul encrusted, it must be through that alone that we should obtain any influence over him. The event proved that I was

right. I requested that he might be given over entirely to my management, and my representations at length drew from him an assent; not given direct to myself, but reluctantly, and, as it were, with the shame of the vanquished, imparted to the nurse who had charge of that ward. If the doctor had set his mind upon it, he might e'en do as he liked, he was a good gemman, and did not think any shame in talking to a poor sweep; for himself, it mattered not whether he lived or died, nor did he care the value of a brass farthing about pain; it was not that—by G—— it was not!

No time was to be lost; on the following day the operation was performed. My patient evinced throughout, the same unshrinking courage with which he had previously borne the ravages of the disease. I had entertained many fears as to the result, so malignant was the state the malady, from neglect, or rather concealment, had attained; but in due process of time the symptoms were so favourable, that a perfect cure might reasonably be expected. During my attendance upon this unhappy prisoner I learned—and the lesson might be an useful one to any man—that human nature may occasionally be found not all depraved, even where the aspect of things is the most unpromising. The poor creature was sensible of kindness—probably the first he had ever experienced from a fellow being—and so far as he could show gratitude, circumstanced as he was, it was manifested. Of a mood dejected, even gloomy, his haggard features would lighten up with a gleam of satisfaction when I approached his bed, and a tear would sometimes glitter in his sunken, melancholy eye. Docile and unrepining, he now strictly conformed to every thing required of him, only still spending the long dull hours without speaking, apparently in a sort of apathetic dream; but it was not so, there was more of thought, of mind, in his reverie than a common observer would have given him credit for. He had received during his illness, some visits from a clergyman, whose exemplary life is a sufficient guarantee for his good intentions, but whose zeal rather outstripped his judgment. I saw my patient a few minutes after one of these visitations.

“Mr. —— is a good man, sir,” he said to me; “and talks very nicely. I know that I am a great sinner, or I should not have been here. I have been thinking over many bad things I have done in my life; but Lord bless you, if Mr. —— knew all, he would not lay so much blame to me. How could I have godliness like to *he*, that has *book-larnen*? Let him be a sweep, and me a parson; let him have my hardships, and me his house, with a warm bed to lie in, and a good dinner every day of the week, and nothing to do but to *larn vartue*, and see who'd be the sinner then. Ah, sir, if Mr. —— knew what a life I have had of it, and what lives the like of us lead!”

This was uttered with a deep sigh, and followed by a profound pause, as if the poor man felt the impossibility of expressing by words the extent of his misery, and that of his unfortunate caste. This silence I afterwards succeeded in breaking, and drew from him, not always in the language in which I shall give it, but in a slang vocabulary, of which I have introduced only occasional characteristic samples, the following particulars of his dismal history.

“ The first thing I can recollect, perhaps I was about from four to five, but I have nothing certain to go by, was walking with my mother in a narrow street, somewhere near a big church—I have often thought it must have been St. Martin’s. The weather was cold, and the lamps in the streets and shops were lighting up. My mother was crying, and I cried too, because I was cold and hungry, and because she cried. Well, presently, she bid me sit down on a door step, and gave me an apple to eat, and told me to be a good boy, and not cry; that she was going a little farther on, and would come back again soon with some bread she was going to buy in a shop. I recollect it well; how should I forget the last words I ever heard my mother speak, almost the last kind words I was to hear in my life! So I sat quiet, and left off crying, and was still eating my apple, when a man with an empty sack across his shoulder, came up to the step where I was a-sitting. He was all over soot from head to foot, but as I was used to see the like of *he*, so he did not fright me. He asked me what I sat there for, and when I said I was waiting for my mammy, he said if I would go with him, I should have as many apples as I could eat, and bread and butter with sugar on it, and that mammy knew where he lived, and would come for me. He took me by the hand, and away we went. To a little chap like me, a small bit of road might seem vast, so the distance we went might be no great matters; but our way that night was not up the same street I had been used to go with my mother, which made it seem still longer, and I was tired before we reached the man’s home, which was up a court. How many times since have I walked up that court with legs far more weary, and a sadder heart than I carried there on that first night! In the house where he took me, I saw a set of little fellows, some of them not much bigger than myself, and all black like the man, who I soon found was their master; some were eating their bit of supper, others, who had done theirs, were out in a slip of a yard at the back, sifting soot, which I then thought a nasty sort of play, far worse than making dust pies in the streets, which my mother had often scolded me for. I was not long of learning, that what they were about was anything but pastime.

“ It began to grow late, my mother did not come for me, as the man had promised, nor had I any apples, or sugar-bread and butter given me, only a little dry bun, so I cried again more bitterly than ever, and made for the door, that I might go home, but the cruel man who had enticed me, whisked me back into the room, and fetching me a cuff on the side of the head, said I was a d——d ill-conditioned whelp, and bade me leave off howling. I crept, sobbing, into a corner, and durst not move again till a great fat woman, who was the master’s wife, took me down into a cellar, where some of the lesser boys were stretched out asleep, and showing me a bundle of dirty sacks upon the floor, told me I must lay there till morning, and mind not to make a noise and a crying in the night, or the man would come and whip me. Hungry and weary, I did as I was bid; I laid my head on the soot-bags, and for many years after, sir, *them* was my only bed.

“ I was waked in the morning by something stirring near me. I

opened my eyes, and was frightened to find all strange about me, and to see two little boys a-pulling at the sacks I was lying on ; all but them two had gone away long afore. Again I fell to crying for my mammy, which brought the fat woman down stairs to scold me, and drive me up into daylight. She told me I was so naughty, my mammy would have nothing more to do with me, so I need not cry for her ; but if I would promise to be good, she would give me some breakfast. Ah, sir ! it was but too true, I never heard of my mother again. I have often, when I grew older, thought of this, and wondered if indeed my parent did give me up to so much misery, or if she went back to the door step on that unlucky night, thinking to find me there. I have heard of parents selling their children to the trade for a few shillings ; my mother was indeed ill to do in the world, but though she would beat me sometimes, and call me names, she used at others to set me on her knee, and stroke my head, and kiss me. I do not like to think that she was so *unnat'ral*.

“ By degrees I got used to the people I was to live with and their ways ; I went with the boys in the yard, and rolled in the soot ; and when, on the third day, the master told me he would make a man of me, and teach me to climb like Bill and Tom and the rest of them, poor witless child that I was, I thought it would be a fine thing, and was as pleased as if I had been told I should ride in a coach. He dressed me in a little flannel jacket, a pair of leather breeches, and let me keep on my own old shoes ; then I and another of us not much bigger followed the master to a house hard by, where I was to try climbing for the first time.

“ I was keen enough of beginning ; I crept in as well as another at the mouth of the chimney, but when they told me I must scramble up, holding by my hands and knees, to the top, and when the soot began to shower down into my eyes and almost choked me, I hollaed out that I could not go up no further. I recollect the master damned me, and said it was the way with all at first, but he'd soon cure me, and make as good a hand of me as the best on 'em. ‘ Hark ye, Sam,’ says he, ‘ my little lad, if you get up to the top, there's a plum bun and a crown-piece in the chimney-pot for *he* as gets it ; if you don't, Jem will.’ To have a whole crown-piece of my own, to buy apples, or what I liked with, and a plum-cake too, besides the fear of Jem's getting them, for he was close behind me, made me do what nothing else would, so I got up somehow or other, and all of a hurry to get the bun and the money, I shoved the chimney-pot, which I warrant was loose and rotten, as I've seen a many since, down into the yard. I set up a loud cry, for I thought my cake and crown-piece had gone, and the master and the rest of 'em below, fancied that I had fallen with it, a thing no ways uncommon, since the very jacket I had upon my back had belonged to a boy, called Dick Struthers, who was smashed to pieces, with a rotten chimney-pot he was a-sweeping, which fell with him in Bateman's Buildings. I often heard Jem, who was *partikilar* kind with him, tell of it, but I was too young to mind it then. The master cried out, with a great oath, ‘ Why Dick's jacket has the luck n't ’

“ When I came down I ran into the yard, thinking to find my cake

and money, but there was nothing but the broken pieces of the pot; so they all set up a great laugh at my expense; and the master kicked me and cuffed me, for the mischief I had done, and I tumbled over the broken pot, which cut me on the brow till the blood ran down into my eye, but nobody cared for that, they only laughed the more; and when I cried and rubbed, with my black fingers, my eyes, which were smarting with the soot that had got into them, and when I felt at my poor sore knees and elbows, which were all grazed and bleeding, they said I must go home to my mammy; but I had no home, no mother, which they knew well enough, so they jeered me. Ah, sir! it ayn't no use to tire you with the like o' this, it was only the beginning of the hard life I have led, for we poor sweeps have no pleasure and no holiday like other children, barring the May week, which makes Tom-noodles of the most of us: howsomever, I got used to it, and went on so till I was grown too big to climb, and, bad as it was, I will say this, I've seen them as has fared worse."

It may be well here to mention, that most of the details which follow were given by the prisoner in answer to various interrogations put to him by myself, which are all omitted, in order that the chimney-sweeper's narrative may proceed uninterruptedly.

"The soreness of my knees was long a great trouble to me. I never went up a chimney for many a day, that I did not come down with the blood streaming down my legs and arms, and not only with the skin off, but pieces of the flesh knocked out; I have the scars yet, but still up I must go with the sores all open, and running like an ulcer. The master would not hear of our using pads, which some of the trade allow; he said that a boy was never fit for nothing until the places got hardened with practice, and though I could have hollaed with the pain, I durst not for my life, for fear of the *hiding* I should get from him. I'm crippled, and *knapped-kneed*: did you never notice, sir, there's scarce a sweep to be seen, who is not stiff o' the knee joint, owing to the soreness which never goes off, till the knee becomes in a manner hard and stiffened; then we get lamed often with *parging*, sitting o' this way all a-twist, stopping up holes to keep the smoke from coming out, with our legs bent under us. I've *parged* many a time till I couldn't straighten myself properly for hours after, and had cramps at night that were like as if a body was braying my legs with a mallet. A many little fellows, *partic'lar* if they're weakly children in the back or joints, grow lame and crooked, from carrying loads of soot, that would break the back of a jack-ass.

"The master was a hard man with his boys; he worked us early and late, and nothing would satisfy him. Often and often have I gone out by four or five o'clock of a cold winter's morning, aye earlier than that, when the fog was so thick, I could not see my way, or the pavement all *slipping* with ice, and my chilblains, which the main of us always had in cold weather, paining me so I could scarce walk. I recollect once, it was *partic'lar* hard on me—master had an order for one of his boys to go and sweep a chimney in ——— square. It was to be done early, between four and five, they said, that the servants might have time after to get their work out of hand before the family was up, and because there was to be a grand dinner that day.

Well, master sent me; he was bidden go himself to see all rightly done, but as it was the Christmas week,* when the trade is always the busiest, he would not go, but charged me to be *partic'lar*, so I was, and you'll hear the upshot on't. It struck the half hour by ——— clock just after I rang at the door-bell the first time; so I waited, thinking as they had given us such strict orders to be early, that I should soon be let in. I never *feel'd* a rawer morning; the icicles were hanging every where, and my feet froze to the step as I stood, for my shoes were so bad they were almost the same as nothing. As nobody answered I rang again, something harder, and then continued to wait, shivering, and so numb I could hardly keep myself from falling. The 'cold frosty fog hurt my eyes dreadfully, for they were all along, from the very first, as sore as anything could be, with the soot getting in, and had a constant running at the corners. It was so dim, and the fog so thick, I could not see the figures on the clock-face, but I'm sure it was full ten minutes that I kept ringing, till I began to think everybody in the house must be dead. I sat down upon the door-step, for I couldn't stand no longer, my feet had no feeling in them, and tried to wrap myself in the bit of cloth we carry with us, and twisted my sack about my naked legs, and so I went on, sometimes giving a pull at the bell, though I thought it was to no purpose, till the clock struck five. Well, then, I rang the last time, and presently the bolts were drawn, and the lock turned, and the door opened, but I did not think to have been d—d to hell, as I was, for a good-for-nothing lazy scamp, and threatened with my master's being told of my insolence for not coming as I was ordered; but this was what I got from the footman, who *ought* to have been up to let me in, but who slept through all my ringing, and now laid the blame on me, because he knew that folks would be readier to blame the poor friendless sweep than the saucy *sarving*-man. I told him that I had been ringing there for the last half hour, till I was nearly froze to death. He said it was a swinging lie, and it was a pity I had not been quite froze, for what mattered the likes of me. Well, I said nothing, for I saw that it wouldn't be of no use, since my gentleman was in such a towering passion, and determined that the fault should fall on me. When I got into the kitchen matters did not mend, nothing was ready for me to begin on, so another quarter of an hour full was lost. At last I got done, but, before all was finished and the soot cleaned away and me paid, the gentleman of the house, who was, they said, an uneasy body, and uncommon strict that them as *did* for him should be punctual to a minute, came down stairs in his dressing-gown, and much as the footman had *jawed* it, he beat

* The Christmas week, that season of general festivity and indulgence, especially to the young, who, returning to the homes of their fond parents, revel in all the luxuries and privileges of holiday-time, augments tenfold the misery and toil of the hapless chimney-sweeper. It is the custom in the metropolis to leave all chimneys unswept until the Christmas week, that they may be the better prepared, after so recent a cleansing, for the hard duty they are to perform during that time of feasting and blazing hearths. Who troubles his head with the thought that this unreasonable practice inflicts the cruellest suffering upon so degraded a being as a sooty-faced, blear-eyed, deformed climbing-boy? Selfish gratification must be obtained at whatever cost to others.

him, giving it to them right and left, and sure enough Mr. *varlet*, or whatever he called himself, spoke smooth as could be then, for he knew his swagger would not go down with his master. He said that him and the maids had all been up full an hour a-waiting for the lazy monkey of a sweep, and that it would only be a just punishment to let the master chimney-sweeper know what an idle vagabond was eating his bread and ruining his custom. So the gentleman's anger all turned upon me; he wouldn't hear me speak a word in my own defence, but refused to pay me, telling me that my master should hear of my misconduct, and that he would pay *him*. Well, I took up my brush and sack in silence, and thought, as I walked off with them, how hard it was to be abused as I had been for other folks' ill-doings; and somehow or other it came all of a sudden into my head to wonder why I had ever been born, and I wished that my life was over.

"I had that morning as many as twenty jobs on hand, so that I did not get home till near ten o'clock, and then as soon as I had eaten something I went out again with the journeyman, and *did* for him till between four and five in the evening. Before I had got through all, and we set out home, I was so tired out, I could scarcely crawl under the load I had to carry, and I had a misgiving of what was a-brewing for me when I did get home. The *gemman* had been as good as his word; my master had been sent to and told of my insolence and neglect, as they were pleased to call it. He was in one of his worst humours, but I was almost too much worn out to mind anything that might happen. 'So,' says he, 'you've been *slying* this morning, you—[we forbear to insert the epithet,] have you?' I told him the plain truth, how I had been there in proper time, but could not get in. He knew them sort of gentry well enough, but I believe it was all along of his ill-humour—he snatched my brush from my hand, and beat me about the head all round the yard, kicking me at the same time, till I was so spent with trying to get out of his way, and so stunned and dizzy with the blows, that I sunk down among the bags of soot the boys was sifting, and them screening me, he gave over.

"That was a *black* day with us. Master had scarce turned his back on me, when Jacob Noaks, one of our journeymen, came home all of a flurry with the news about Jem. Poor Jem! he was as sharp a lad as ever took brush in hand; nothing could match him for climbing, and as merry a fellow as is to be found in the *profession*. Poor Jem! I think I see him now, dressed out as a lady, as he always liked to be, in the May week, with a fine lace cap on his head and a fan in his hand. Well, it happened o' this manner. He had been sent about eleven in the morning to ——— street, in the Strand, where there was a foul vent wanted sweeping. About two in the afternoon, Jem not coming back afore, as Jacob had expected, to go out with him, upon his, Jacob's, account, he goes to the house in the Strand. This ay'n't Jacob's story mind ye, but came out afterwards by them as was present; so when he gets to the house he finds a bricklayer there, just a-going to make a hole in the wall right into that chimney. So says he, 'What are you *a'ter*?' And the people of the house tells him,

‘Why there’s your boy went up between eleven and twelve this morning, and he ayn’t come down yet, so we think he has stuck; we hear a noise, but we can’t rightly make out what he says, only he seems to be in pain and trouble; so the mason’s here going to set him at liberty.’ ‘Oh d—— him,’ says Jacob, ‘I suppose he’s taken a lazy fit. I’ve seen scores of them that would lie sulking in the flues all day long if one would let ’em, and many’s the boy I’ve haul’d down by the heels that wouldn’t have stirred an inch, either up or down if I hadn’t made him, and many’s the pail of water I’ve heaved down from the top right upon them. Leave it to me, and I’ll have him down in no time. Why it would be all over the town that our boys can’t sweep a foul vent without a bricklayer at their heels.’ ‘Nay,’ said the bricklayer, ‘but it a’n’t likely that *ere* lad would lie there sulking, as you say, more than two hours, if he could come down. We’d better just move a brick or so, and set him at liberty; one does not know what may come of it; my life on’t the poor chap’s sticking, and can’t come out.’ ‘O yes, to be sure, Mr. ——,’ says the woman of the house, who just then came to them, ‘*you* will be for taking him out that way of course, not caring a fig about spoiling my walls. Humph! it’s more than the obstinate monkey’s worth, that it is; but I say let the man have his own way, they know best how to manage their own boys.’ ‘Ay, ay, ma’am,’ says Jacob, ‘I’ll have him out in a jiffy. Holla, you there, what’s keeping you?’ shouts he to poor Jem, who they all heard groaning in the chimney;—‘what are you about, I say?’ ‘I’m stuck—I can’t come down,’ Jem answers. ‘What you’ve got your arms down alongside of you, ha’n’t you, and be d—d to you. It’s all the boy’s carelessness, ma’am,’ says he to the mistress; ‘he’s got himself jammed with his arms alongside of him, but he knows how to right himself if he will.’ He then called to Jem again, bidding him come down, sometimes with threats and swearing, sometimes persuading like, but it would not do; so says he, ‘I’ll lay a brass farthing to a crown-piece the young scamp’s sulking after all.’ So he hollows to him again at the top of his throat, ‘If you don’t come down, I’ll get a barrel of gunpowder, and blow you and the vent to the devil.’ ‘I’ll tell you what,’ says the bricklayer, ‘It’s no use my stopping here, since we a’n’t to break into the flue, but you’d better get another of your boys to go up *a’ter* him, for it’s my opinion something more than sulking’s a-keeping him.’

“Jacob’s an obstinate fellow, never liking to do no man’s bidding but his own; but they all cried out, master and mistress and all, to get another boy to go up after Jem; so he got one and a set of ropes, and he took one on ’em and gave an end to the boy, and says he, ‘Go you up the chimney, and when you get at him, fasten the rope round his foot.’ So he did, and Bill came down, and they both pulled as strong as they could, till the rope broke. Well, Bill went up again with another rope, and fastened it round both ankles, and the other end they knotted fast to an iron bar, the bricklayer had brought with him, and used it as a lever, but after about ten minutes that rope broke too. While they were a-pulling at it, poor Jem was heard to cry out, ‘Oh God! oh God!’ as if the very life were being pulled out of him; so the master of the house and the bricklayer both said it

was high time to fall to work, and they broke through into the chimney a largish hole, and Jacob put his head in, and called again to Jem, ‘Do you hear, sir?’ but got no answer, so then he began to be frightened, and sure enough he had cause, for poor Jem was got out, (after having been up in all near four hours,) quite dead! His shirt was torn to tatters, one arm and hand was all crushed and bloody, and his right hip dislocated. All this, you mind, came out before the coroner, just as I have told it.

“Poor Jem! he was long missed amongst us. I was never sorrier for nobody, except the little lass that died, it might be, a year after *he*, and she and me drew together from the first. She was a desolate *creatur*, for her stepmother, our master’s wife, treated her worse than a *nigger*. Little Nan, or as she was mostly called by the boys, Jacky, was a child of her first husband by his first wife, so belonged, as one might say, to nobody. The mistress she could never please, and the master swore that she should not eat the bread of idleness in his house; so, *famale* as she was, he taught her to climb. She was uncommon little of her age, which made her handy for small flues, such as ovens and coppers, and the like, which is often less than nine inches square, and she had far more wit and sense than the boys that was her size. Often and often have Nan and I lain side by side at night upon the soot we had gathered in the day, with our sacks over us to cover us from the cold, for she was a shivery *creatur* still; and many’s the time I’ve sifted her share of the soot, when she was tired with her day’s work. She had always a bad cough when the cold set in; and I used to think the soot getting down her throat made it worse. They’d say it was a hard word to use, but I always shall fancy that climbing, which was little fit for *she*, was the death of her. She fell into a waste as they called it, and before she died was nothing but skin and bone. She used to creep into a nook when they’d let her be quiet, and lie there; and if any thing would please her, it was when I went slily up to her with an orange in my hand, or an apple, which I used to buy with the few pence that were given me, instead of playing at chuck-farthing with the boys. Poor thing! she had a constant dryness, and them things did her the most good. ‘Sam,’ she used to say, ‘when I get well again, you and me’ll run away, and hide in some place a great way off, where nobody sha’n’t find us, for I cant climb no more, and daddy’ll beat me if I don’t.’ She gave me a half-penny with a hole in it to keep for her sake, and that very night she died.”

Here the prisoner paused—the recollection of this companion in toil and privation, this young sister in affliction, called up emotions far more powerful than I had yet seen him exhibit. He turned away his head to hide a starting tear, which he stealthily wiped with the back of his emaciated hand.

“It was about that time,” continued he, “I got the worst burned that ever I did while I was in the trade, though I have been up scores of chimneys, where I have been burnt more or less. Master was sent for one day, it might be five, or half after, to send a journeyman and one of his boys to the —— tavern, because a chimney had took fire, and they were a-cooking a great dinner, and every thing was at

sixes and sevens, and the kitchen folk half crazy. Master went himself, and took me with him, much against my will, for I know'd what it was to go up a chimney all a-blaze, and if I did not get my arms and legs burnt, to have a bucket of water heaved down upon me from the top, which is the way they often take to keep the flames down, and I almost choked with the steam and smother. When we got there I never saw such a taking as the folk was in; there was a kettle of soup standing in one place, a fish-pan in another, a joint of meat in another, and fine sauces and *vegables* all covered thick with the soot that had fallen into them, and a great lord or parliament man expected, and all the other quality that was a-giving him the dinner, and nothing like to be ready. Master put his head up, and says he, 'I think it'll do. Sam can go up fast enough.' 'Yes,' cried the cook, a big fellow, that could scarce walk across the floor for fat, 'why I'd go up myself for five shillings, which you'll get for the job, you know,' turning to the master. 'Would ye?' says he; 'then by God I'd like to give ye five shillings out of my own pocket. No, no, I a'n't such a born idiot as to let my boys stand fire for a matter of five shillings. Why didn't ye have it done in proper time, when it wanted sweeping? It's your own fault that it's on fire at all—all along of your stinginess; but I've a great mind to give information at the fire-office. Come, Sam, I a'n't a-going to stand *argufying* here. I wouldn't have such a sin on my conscience as to let one of my boys go up a burning chimney for a beggarly crown-piece; why it's against the law of the land.* Half a guinea, *gemmen*, or we budge.'

"Well, they agreed as to terms; but I refused to go up. I saw what it was like to turn out: never was a fouler chimney, or one worse a-fire. Then they all fell on me, and master dragged me and kicked me, and almost thrust me up, though a deal of fire, far too much, was in the grate; and I said so, but they told me there had been trouble enough already. The very first step I took burned me, but up I went, while the red hot flakes kept falling quite thick, and the heat of the chimney was scorching; I never felt nothing so dreadful. Look, sir, (here the prisoner showed several scars upon his legs,) these I got there, and I shall carry them with me to the grave. I roared out with the pain, and told them I couldn't go no farther, and

* There is a positive prohibition of this practice, and an enactment of penalties in one of the acts of parliament, but that it is continually infringed, the fact, that master chimney-sweepers are in the habit of detaining one or more of their boys at home on Sundays to be in readiness in case of a chimney being on fire, sufficiently proves. The subjoined paragraph, taken from the Evening Mail of Jan. 20, 1834, also corroborates the charge.

"*Death by Burning.*—Last week one of those melancholy cases occurred which have been unfortunately too common in the history of chimney-sweeping. A little boy had ascended a chimney, though the fire was not removed from the grate below, but merely covered with a girdle, which it was supposed would be a sufficient protection to the poor child. The soot fell down in great quantities on the girdle, and in a little time it ignited. In spite of every effort the blaze communicated to the chimney, which was soon in one mass of flame, whilst the poor child was pent up in the midst of it. After a considerable time he succeeded in getting down, but when he did so, he was in a frightful condition, *the flesh being literally roasted on his bones*, though he was still living. He was speedily conveyed to the hospital, where he lingered some time in a state of excruciating agony."—*Belfast News Letter*.

just then a great shower of soot fell down into the grate, and the fire that was in it soon set it all in a blaze, so then they were forced to let me come down, and other means was taken to get it extinguished; I a'n't sure but the people of one of the fire-offices got a notion of it, and so came. My burns were so bad I minded nothing else. They put rags dipped in oil upon them, and I limped home, but they was shocking painful for more than a fortnight, and when the fire was out they turned into open sores.

“I went on in this way month after month, and year after year, till I was fifteen—so at least I supposed. I had stuck so often, and given so much trouble during the last year, that the master said I mustn't climb no more, except upon a pinch, so I became what is called in the trade a master-boy; that is, I used to go out with a younger boy, and help him what I could, and see that he did his work clean. I was stunted, and little of my years, or I should have given over climbing sooner. This was a change for the better; but I say it with shame, I sometimes abused it. Knowing what I had done myself, and what I had borne, I did not see why others should fare better, and I was spiteful and harsh with them as was under me—I say it with shame and sorrow—too often. Well, I got out of favour with master; he would have it that I cheated him of some money I had to receive for him, but if it is the last word I have to speak, I never took a farthing that was his, and I know he wanted to rid himself of me, for he had more than enough of hands about that time; so after I had served him as master-boy about a year and a half, he cursed me for a thief, bade me go about my business, and never darken his doors again.

“What was I to do? I was turned out into the streets with only six shillings and sixpence in my pocket: all I had in the world, all I had been able to save out of the money got at chance times at houses we swept for. I used to have an odd sixpence given now and then, when I had been climbing—for gentry, tender of heart, often pities the poor little sweep—but the journeyman always took from us what they chose, and used to win the rest from us at gambling, when they cheated, but we durst not complain; and sometimes we gave them halfpence to bribe them not to tell the master when we did amiss, or neglected to sift the soot. Then for some months past, sir, I know it was a bad thing, but I had taken too much to liquor. I felt the cancer a-coming on, and had done earlier than that, though I did not know what it was; and a dram always dulled the pain, I thought. Well, there was I, turned into the streets with them few shillings, and the poor rags I had upon my back. Of any other trade I knew no more than the babe unborn. It was in the summer time, and I did better than if it had been winter, lying out at some street-end where there was new building going on, and where there was no pavement, and I might sleep upon the rubbish unmolested; but my six shillings and sixpence did not last long. I tried in many ways to earn an honest penny: but my sooty clothes, and my unhandiness, and every thing, was against me, and wherever I applied for a job they were full of hands still, and did not want an interloper like me. So I says to

myself, I must either starve, or beg, or steal, no matter which, for I'd better rot in a jail than die like a mangy dog in the streets.

"Often have I stood longing at the shop-doors of the baker's, or at the windows of the cooks-shops, with hunger eating away my very heart; but though hundreds went away with full hands and full bellies, no morsel came to me, and I have many a time picked up a mouldy crust, or a bone, or a small matter of cold *vegables*, that had been thrown into the kennel, and eaten it as greedily as a dog. I sometimes asked charity, but few people gave *me* their pence, for neither my way of asking, nor my look was taking, like beggars. I heard the same answer from them all, 'Go and work.' Ah, sir, they did not know that the very sweepers of the crossings would not let me come amongst them. I belonged to none but my own trade, and they had thrust me out.

"I recollect one day that I was on the look out for any thing that might turn up for me, in Covent Garden market, a lady was buying something at one of the stalls. She was talking very angrily, and beating about the bush to get something of the *vegable*-woman lower than was asked, and so she dropped by chance something out of her purse amongst the litter. I saw it fall, but she did not. It was a sovereign. I waited till she and the woman had done squabbling, and she had paid, and was putting her purse into her pocket. 'Ma'am,' says I, 'you've lost something out of your purse, ha'n't ye?' and I held the sovereign *a-tween* my thumb and finger. 'Yes,' says she, that *ere* sovereign's mine, you've just picked up,' and then she fell to counting her money in a flurry, looking at me all the while, as if she thought I'd gotten more than that. So says I, 'Ma'am, if I'd been the rogue you're taking me for, you would not have got your sovereign back at all, but I hope you'll consider, and give a trifle.' 'Give you a trifle, indeed!' says she, 'for being commonly honest! I wonder you ay'n't ashamed to ask it.' 'Well, ma'am,' says I; 'if you was in want like me, mayhap you'd not be ashamed to ask a trifle from them as has plenty.' 'Go and work,' says she. 'If I *had* been at work,' says I, 'you'd have lost your sovereign; but I can't get no work.' 'That's an old story,' says she; 'nobody can't get no work that's too lazy to do it. You've no business to be lounging about the streets in this way; it's for no good, I'll warrant.' 'Nor you neither, ma'am,' says I, for I was ill vexed. 'What an insolent fellow!' she cried, in a passion. 'I've a great mind to give information of him at Bow Street.' Well, thinks I, as I turned on my heel, if this is all I get for being honest, I might as well turn rogue. That bit of gold might have been in my pocket now, and nobody no wiser; but I must starve, while the likes of *she* has more than enough.

"Times did not mend with me, sir, but grew worse and worse, and the very clothes on my back were getting so ragged I could scarce keep them together. I was a disgrace to be seen in a decent street. I often turned it in my mind, if I should not try to get into a hospital, on account of my complaint; but I had a dislike from the first to the operation, so I fought on as well as I could, picking up a few pence here and there in charity. I never shall forget one as relieved me

about that time. I was stopping a few minutes near a coach-stand, in Oxford Road, when one of 'em was called, and presently an old lady came out of a shop, very feeble like, and leaning on a young miss's arm, who helped her as tenderly as if she had been an infant. So I goes up to the coach just as the waterman was putting up the step, and asked a trifle of them as was inside. 'Be off,' says the waterman, 'is that your manners, to trouble quality?' 'O grandmamma!' says the sweet young miss, 'I must give that poor man something, he seems very poor.' 'Do, my dear,' says the old 'un; 'but remember, he may be a common beggar.' So she puts the beautifullest hand into a little purse, and pulls out a shilling, and gives it me. 'Stay,' says she, 'you *do* look *very* poor, here's another.' May God Almighty bless her for ever, and for evermore!

"And now, sir," proceeded the prisoner, after having given a few moments to a silent but grateful remembrance of the fair and benevolent creature who had relieved his necessities, "I am going to tell you the whole truth; yes, all as it happened about the great sin I committed; I will not hide nothing, if it be the last word I have to speak—it will be the truth. My poor rags had got so bad I was ashamed even to beg, for I couldn't look nobody in the face; so one evening when it was beginning to be dusk, I was walking up Drury Lane; two gentlemen was meeting, both with umbrellas up, which made them jostle, and one of the umbrellas caught in something that was hanging outside of a saleman's door, and pulled it down; it was all the work of the moment. Well, it was a blue cloth jacket that fell, and I saw it, and the devil surely tempted me; for what did I do but click it up and off with it before anybody saw, except a boy standing at the shop-door, who was so surprised at what I did, that he stood stock still and stared at me; and then when he did come to his senses he runs in and gives the alarm, but I was off by that time clean out of sight. I felt very ill troubled in my mind, and fancied, as I hurried along the streets, that every body behind was a-coming after me; and if a body looked hard at me, I was sure they knew more than I liked, and I did not feel easy till I got into the fields quite out, Paddington way, and then I sat down in a nook and began to look at the jacket I had stolen. It was not very much worn, only in places, and soiled and greasy in spots, and was trimmed round the collar and down the fronts with black silk braid. This made it too noticeable for me to wear, so I set myself to work to rip it all off as fast as I could. While I was a-doing this I felt a tap on my shoulder from behind. I started, and a cold shiver ran through me just as if I had felt the hangman's rope put about my neck. I turned my head, and there were two men standing close beside me, 'What!' says he as tapped me, 'don't ye know me, Sam?' I then looked full at him, and sure enough it was Joe Pringle, who had been a master-boy a little afore myself, but who had been turned off as I had been, but had not gone quite so empty handed, having carried some of the mistress's money with him. 'Who'd have thought of finding you here, Sam?' He told me he saw that times had gone against me, he saw it in my face; but says he, with a nod and a laugh, pointing to what I was about, 'you've *larned* the way I see to mend your fortune.'

‘You’re out there,’ says I, with a wicked lie in my mouth to cover a still greater sin, ‘this here jacket was given me by a *gemman*, so I’m ripping off the braid, which is unfit for the likes of me.’ ‘Oh!’ says he with a wink at the other chap, ‘I’m glad to hear that the quality are grown so generous all of a sudden, ar’n’t you, Bob?’ and they both laughed; ‘but, Sam, you want a pair of pantaloons to match the jacket, and then I guess you’d be a proper *swell*.’

“It’s useless to tell over again to you, sir, their bad talk. By degrees they let me into a little of their goings on, said I was a pigeon-livered fellow to be starving as I told them I was, while there were ways and means for a man’s helping himself. They were both of them well fed and well dressed; I could not but compare them with myself; I had never heard much talked about sinfulness and the like, and I began to think that to take a small matter from them as had more than enough, was, as they said, quite *nat’ral*. We all three went and got something to drink together, and then they persuaded me, making me first swear not to ‘peach, to go with them to a place where some more of their *kiddies* was used to meet. Well, sir, I went; they plied me with liquor, but drunk as I was, my flesh *creeped* on my bones to hear what they and them said, as I found there was a-plotting. It was nothing less than housebreaking, and was to be done on the next night. Joe had joined their gang a matter of two years afore, with Bob Hockley, another of our trade. They were now both of them old stagers, quite hardened, and boasted of their cleverness in thievery. Well, it was too late for me now to be off; I had gone too far for that. I did not set much by my life, how should I? still the thought of what I was a-doing, and the job we were in hand with, made me mortal sick when I took the oath to be one of them.

“It was beginning to be morning before we broke up, and I reeled out into the street, for I was by that time main drunk. Well, I didn’t get on far when the curb-stone at the corner tripped me up, and I fell. How long I had lain I can’t justly say, when I heard somebody cry out, for I was beginning to come to myself, ‘My eye, father, if there ay’n’t the very chap as *nabbed* the gentleman’s jacket, and if he bayn’t lying in it in the kennel.’ So I looked about me, and there stood two Jews, an old and a young un, with bags across their shoulders, both a-staring at me; and as I attempted to get up and make off, they seized hold of me, and called to a watch who was just a-going off his beat, and afore I well knew what had happened, or what was like to happen, they had hauled me through the streets and we were at the door of the police office. I was bewildered, but still I kept a sort of notion clear through it all that the stealing of an old jacket from a salesman’s door was not a hanging matter, and that I could but go to prison. Think then, sir, what I felt when I found that the charge was far more serious?

“The magistrate began to put questions to me about the jacket, and how I came by it. I answered with the same story I had told Joe Pringle, and swore that I never saw the Jews before in my life, though I began to remember too well the face of the youngster. Then he asked me if I knew of any money in the pocket of the jacket. I

said there was none, for I forgot at the moment that Joe had lent me a sovereign to get some decenter clothes with, and that I had put it into the pocket of the jacket, because my breeches pocket was too worn and ragged to hold it. I said it hesitating, for the stern manner of the justice dashed me. They fell to examining the pockets closely, and found the sovereign; but this did not satisfy them, the pockets was both turned inside out one after another, and what, sir, do you think they found slipped through a small hole in the lining, right down from the pocket on the right side, so as to be out of sight? Never was the like seen before; what, sir, but a ten pound Bank of England note all worn round the edges where it had been folded. If I had been knocked down with a butcher's axe I could not have been more done up than I was at that moment, and just then comes another slap. Somebody cries out—it was one of the runners who had been handling the sovereign for some time—'It's a bad un! clear enough.' So thinks I it's all up with me now; and I hardened myself all at once, and wouldn't give no answer when they put it to me where I got it; I thought it would be a dirty trick to 'peach, though Joe had used me so shabbily, for it now came across me how he had advised me not to break the sovereign, or buy the things till about evening, when I was to give him back the change I got out of it. They made nothing out of me, but I stuck to it that I knew nothing of the note.

"Well, while this was a going-on, up drives a hackney-coach, and out jumps a gentleman, followed by a servant girl. They had been fetched, I found, to swear to the note and jacket. The *gemman* claimed the jacket as soon as he *seed* it, and pointed out at once that the braid had been all ripped off, for there was the mark where it had been sewn; and the note he also claimed, for he said he recollected well having written his name in small at one corner on the back, when he received that and some others. This was his story. He had lodged for some months at No. —, Marchmont Street, Brunswick Square: he recollected breaking a fifty pound Bank of England note into tens, which he put, as he always did, into his waistcoat pocket. Well, he went that day to make some purchase for a friend in the country, and having bought the article, he takes out one of the tens to pay the bill, when all at once he changed his mind; and as it was for a friend that he was a-buying the things, he says to the shopman, 'I'll pay the bill when the articles are sent home.' So the man said it was quite right, and he put, as he believed, the note back again into the waistcoat pocket; and when the bill and the things comes home, he pays the man, as he thinks, out of the very same ten he had taken out afore, and thinks no more of the matter. Nor does he for weeks and weeks. So the jacket, he said, began to be the worse for the wear he gave it, for he liked rowing upon the river in a boat he and some other young chaps had got; and to make it worse, a fellow spills a lot of oil over it, but as he was about to cast it, he said he didn't so much care. So he gives it to the *sarvant* maid of the house to give to any poor body she had a fancy to relieve. Well, it might be a matter of two months in all since he broke the note, the fifty I mean, he began to cast up how the five tens had gone, and he couldn't clearly make out, for he

had been paid some money since, which had gone too ; but he began to think that one of those tens was a-missing, and had never been spent by him. So he turned it in his mind, and all of a sudden it comes across him that he had not put that note back into his waistcoat pocket as he should have done, in the shop, but by mistake, or not thinking what he was about, had put it into the pocket of the jacket, for he then recollected having pulled at a large knot in the lining at the bottom, while his hand had hold of the note, and kept working at it till at last he pulled it quite out, so it was you see plain that the note had made its way, bit by bit, through the hole he had then picked. He looks to the waistcoats he used to wear with that jacket, but there was no hole in none of their pockets, so this made all clear that it was the jacket : but what was gone with it, that was next to be thought of. The *servant* girl was asked, and she confessed having made a penny of it by selling it to the clothes-man. So both of them goes to *he*, and then the whole comes out ; it was the jacket as had been stolen that evening, barely an hour before they came. Sir, all this went hard against me," continued the prisoner, "still the bad sovereign, and the set I had leagued with that gave it me to pass, was the worst part of it, and I could say nothing about that. So I was *reg'larly* committed ; and now, if it please God I live to get well, and stand my trial, it's like enough I may swing for that as I never was guilty of, or get sent out of the country, but barring the gallows, nothing can be worse than the time I've had on it here, in no country whatever."

Thus did my poor patient conclude his melancholy narrative. It would be difficult, indeed, to imagine a lot more hopelessly wretched. From the cradle until the age of manhood not one solitary gleam of this world's prosperity had fallen across his path. In every sense, the victim of circumstances, guilt in him was not the precursor of misery, bringing with it a just punishment, but its natural result. Misery had driven him to the commission of crime. This was a case for the interposition of mercy, and with pleasure I record that mercy was not withheld. Upon a representation being made of the peculiar circumstances attending it, in the proper quarter, punishment was rendered as light as it was consistent with justice, and when the poor penitent was finally released from prison, some humane persons stepped forward to rescue him, by a timely aid, from a repetition of the evils he had endured, and while administering pecuniary assistance, endeavoured to purify his mind from the moral taint long habits of degradation and neglect had engendered.

This, alas ! is but one instance among many. With little variation, the story of this individual is the history of the fraternity to which he belonged, for it is a well-known fact, that the bands of pick-pockets and housebreakers infesting our populous cities, are constantly recruited from the ranks of chimney-sweepers out of employment. Outcasts unfit for every occupation, excepting that which at a certain age invariably discards them—thrown, in a state of utter destitution, upon society to rob and steal, and finally to become the victims of those laws necessity has compelled them to violate.

ON THE PARAMOUNT DUTIES OF MANKIND.

THE social compact is held together by the performance of duties one towards another, and by man towards himself; and the aggregate of human happiness will be in the exact ratio as this obligation is strictly or loosely performed. This is a truth too little understood; and when understood, too often unhappily overlooked. In this disquisition that we propose to ourselves, we shall omit to descant upon our duty towards the Creator, as that is so obvious, so universal, so beautiful, and so necessary, that to those who will not at once acknowledge it, it would be in vain to address ourselves, as the heart must be either hopelessly hardened, or the understanding irretrievably clouded. We shall only make use of this, our duty towards God, as containing an injunction, that we shall faithfully acquaint ourselves of our other duties, the performance of which we will here endeavour to inculcate.

Many good and talented men have fallen into irredeemable misery, by taking upon themselves the discharge of duties excellent in themselves, but which ought not to have been paramount with them; they have vainly, and perhaps impiously, endeavoured to control the tempest, instead of directing their energies to the steering of the vessel; they have cared for the good of the many that were remote, and neglected the few that were near; they have undertaken too much, and they have performed nothing; they have exhausted their strength in intentions, and when realities were called for from them, they have sunk down, lost, overwhelmed; and found themselves a cipher in the estimation of others, and a positive evil in their own. They have not known, or practised, their paramount duties.

It is, therefore, the office of every right-minded individual to fix his attention earnestly on three things:—

Firstly—Not unnecessarily to create to himself too many duties;

Secondly—To ascertain those duties that are the most important; and,

Thirdly—When he has ascertained which they be, to apply all his energies to perform them zealously and efficiently.

Let us now consider the first division of our subject. Let us look around and mark the confusion, the wild disarray, that every where disorganize social order, by the officious taking upon themselves duties, uncalled for by the voice of others, by necessity, and totally uncongenial with their talents, if they have any, and certainly unsuited to their education and their habits of life. In this class we must comprise agitators of all kinds; pestilent nuisances floating on the surface of society, that can cause no sensation, will excite no notice, or never be lifted from the dead level, unless the winds rage and the waves rise. They are the empty bubbles created by the agitation of society; one or two of such beings would only be seen to be despised; yet their numbers make them offensive, even sometimes

noxious. But let us take an individual of this species, and in him hold up the whole class for the derision of others, and we hope, for the amendment of themselves. If he be of the higher walks of society, we shall find him with faction on his right hand, and impudence as his herald, presiding over every meeting that would encourage disaffection, helping to pass resolutions that it would be charity to hope that he does not understand, clogging to the best of his humble abilities the wheels of that government, the complex machinery of which is above his comprehension; and doing every where a little mischief, because he is able to do nowhere a great good.* Let the reader bear in mind, that in stating all this, we do so generally, without reference to Whig, or Tory, or Radical; we speak only of the disturbers of all governments—the mistakers of their paramount duties. But to proceed: this unquiet character, when there is no political arena in which to display his officiousness, resorts to the higher paths of domestic life: he founds charities that are not charitable—gets up institutions that can never stand—organizes societies that, if carried out to their consequences, would be destructive of all social order—in fact, he becomes a sublime busy body; and every hour of the day he lays his hand upon his breast and talks of the weight of his duties—his duties! Ah! there is the fatality of his mistake; his duties lie not in all these enumerated absurdities. Does he ask himself, Am I a good subject? Do I honour my king? Have I endeavoured to perpetuate, as well as to improve, the institutions of my country? Am I a good friend? a tender husband? a judicious parent? a kind landlord? and, above all, do I give the most attention to what I ought most to attend to—*my paramount duties*? Alas! alas! there are too many now making a remarkable figure on the stage of public life, who could answer none of these serious questions in the affirmative with an unflinching conscience.

But let us now descend to the middle classes, whose incessant occupations can afford them less time, uncalled for to multiply their positive duties; and with whom there can be no sin of omission, without creating ten others of commission more deadly. But before we proceed, we must put in another disclaimer that we write for political purposes. The aim and end of our essay is purely moral. Our remarks would apply with equal force under a republic as under a despotism. We wish but to correct a prevailing and a besetting vice that is fast gaining ground every where; and to call the attention of our fellow-subjects a little more to their own especial and individual duties, and to detract them a little from those of others.

The creator of self-imposed duties among the middle ranks is a still more obnoxious animal than the aristocratic agitator above him. He is the jackall to the other; he finds the prey, and disposes of the garbage. He is the pest of his parish; the churchwardens scowl at him as he passes, and the overseers invite him not to their feasts. He is the Tom Thumb of his circle, but in a still smaller way; he makes the grievances first, and then he slays them. He generally belongs to a debating society; and he is omnipotent at the getting up

* Let Dr. Lushington read this.

of petitions. He is also a great patron of the complaining. His time, his eloquence, his influence, every thing he has, is at the service of the injured, save his purse. He will get up a dinner in behalf of the poor, and forward a ball and supper in aid of the destitute. He, too, tells you how onerous are his duties—how he has slaved and exhausted himself for an ungrateful public; but look at his home, and most probably you will find a declining business, insolent shopmen, idle servants, a neglected wife, and ragged children. Poor man! with his heart an unfathomable well of philanthropy, he spreads misery around him far and near—but nearest the worst—he does not understand which are his *paramount duties*.

To go still lower, the evil becomes much worse. The labouring classes, and most of the mechanics—and we deplore it whilst we say it—have their paramount duties still more circumscribed; indeed, if they travel but for a day beyond their domestic cares, beyond the means of subsistence for themselves and their families, and beyond the humble charities of life, with those few immediately around them, they are inevitably lost; destitution, crime, and a prison, are the only views that lie before them. Yet the spirit of officiousness has extended even to the cottage. The peasant is no longer content with the able performance of his own duties; but he sits in judgment upon the manner in which those so far above him perform theirs. He forgets the innate dignity of his own character, in cavilling at the character of others; and instead of labouring contentedly, he too agitates upon a small scale.

We think that we have shown, what we proposed to do in the first division of our argument, the impolicy of imposing upon ourselves too many duties; it is now our province to show the necessity of ascertaining which are our most important ones—to show that it is wrong to be courageous at the moment we ought to be prudent—to be generous when we ought to be economical—or to be thinking of the government of a nation, when we ought to be studying for the prosperity of our own families. Let us not be misunderstood as denying the utility of courage, the beauty of generosity, or the virtue of patriotism:—to have all these things in our possession is a duty, but seldom do they constitute the paramount one. We should take a calm survey of our station in life: the prosecuting of our private fortunes, and the cultivating of our domestic affections, will be found to be our first duties; or at least, those of the generality of our readers. It is incumbent on us to increase our means of subsistence both on public and on private grounds: on public, because many items of individual felicity make the national prosperity; on private, because we cannot make those around us happy, or be charitable to others, without a competence; nay, all this will be still the better for a superfluity.

But if the individual be a soldier, the duties that are paramount to him may often become widely different from those of the rest of the community; he has to cultivate more the heroic than the private virtues, without, however, disregarding the latter. Self-preservation, which is the law of the civilian, when in actual service no longer can be his; alacrity, energy, and blind obedience to authority, are the staples that make up the beauty of his character.

The statesman, also, seems to have paramount duties of another complexion from those of the generality of the community. He must sacrifice self for the general good; in order to promote that which others best promote, by cultivating their own prosperity. With the statesman, not only is patriotism a virtue, but the very first of virtues. Every interest, every feeling, every faculty of his soul, should be sacrificed for the prosperity of the common weal. Though his duties are many, urgent, and widely operative, he too ought to be careful, in order to perform them efficiently, not to create for himself unnecessary ones. It would seem that he should be careful not too much to increase private affections—to multiply the ties of private friendship—to exercise benevolence too much in the detail; he should look upon himself as the guardian of his country at large, and never make it hateful to himself to perform a duty, lest he should injure a friend, disoblige a connexion, or disgust a party. Let him remember, that though the exercise of many virtues may be both graceful and grateful to him to perform, that he too—*exalted* as he is—still has his paramount duties.

The sovereign—the source of all power—how awful and how isolated does his official character appear! and if he uphold that character well and kingly, how great ought to be our reverence—how great our love! We will not presume to say what are the paramount duties of him who holds in his hands the sceptre of rule, and in his breast the fountain of mercy: let us but know and do our duties, and we may feel assured that his are well known and faithfully performed.

We now come to the third and the last clause of our subject, the necessity of arduously performing those duties that our experience and our reason convince us should be paramount. It may be reasonably supposed, that after all the sermons that have been preached, and all the moral essays that have been printed, but little now can be said on a matter so self-evident. We acknowledge the fact; but still we may say with all humility, that the voice of warning can never be too often repeated; for as the number of wanderers seem to be infinite, the number of the guides cannot be too many; and the straggler from the right path, that may push forward heedless of the thunder from heaven, or contumelious even if an angel should brandish an avenging sword before him on the high road of sin, may haply turn aside at the words of one sinful as himself, and he may yield that conviction to the entreaty of a companion, that he would have refused to the voice of authority.

We believe that there scarcely exists that man who neglects a duty, in order, in the first instance, to commit a positive sin. He first of all begins by neglecting some important, and perhaps painful, virtue, in order to practise a less necessary and more pleasing one. In fact, he commences by putting good words to a bad use; till, in time, he puts bad deeds into the livery of, and calls them, virtues. Let us take an instance. Just now it is the paramount duty of Mercator to attend to his private concerns. His affairs are at a peculiar crisis; yet, no doubt, the issue will be fortunate, provided that his attendance be regular, and his care unremitting. He finds this rather

irksome. He is a fluent speaker. There is a little political excitement going forward, and he thinks it would be more pleasant to be receiving the applauses of a public meeting than to be buried in the dulness and obscurity of his counting-house. He wants a little dissipation; he attends the meeting, harangues, and calls it patriotism. Here we have, at once, a virtue enlisted in the ranks and doing the office of many vices. It was Mercator's duty to love his country, but it was not his duty to be at that time at that meeting; and will he deserve much commiseration, if his affairs go wrong, and he finds himself a bankrupt?

No; let us first of all ascertain what are our principal duties; let us look to ourselves first—then to our families—and after that abroad and around us. Let us understand, not only our own business, but our position. After all, we are all parts, though minute ones, of the body politic; and let each man well regulate that small part, and the whole will go on beautifully.

Do we, in this paper, advocate the cause of tyranny? No. Do we inculcate the slavish doctrine of passive obedience? No, no. Do we wish the nation to proclaim itself at large an assemblage of slaves that are eager to wear their chains in silence? We repeat disdainfully—No, no, no. The moment that bad government makes private prosperity difficult, social freedom limited, or domestic happiness precarious, that moment the whole drift of our reasonings are hurried in the opposite current, the paramount duty lies in an opposite direction: we must then act vigorously without, in order that we may have all right within. Then will be the time to throw aside the domestic for public duties—then will be the time for every man to become a public character—to speak, to act, to agitate—not till then; but long as we have lived, and great as have been the commotions we have witnessed, we never yet saw the crisis even *approached*, at which the nation at large would have been justified in so doing; and we hope to God that we never shall. Morality and political economy are so intimately connected, that it is impossible to treat of the one upon an extended scale without involving, in a degree, the other; yet do we mean this to be regarded as any thing but a political paper, for such it is not. We only insist upon general truths without reference to party; and we cannot conclude better, than by giving this wholesome advice, to be found in our excellent catechism, that every man, instead of disturbing his own mind, and harassing his neighbour's, “should do his duty in that state to which it has pleased God to call him.”

THE LIFE OF A SUB-EDITOR.¹

BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

IF we may judge from the expressed sentiments of the first general of any age, the feelings and retrospections after a splendid victory are any thing but exhilarating. Indeed, our hero has not only fought many good battles, but said a few good things. When after the achievement of Waterloo, he exclaimed that the victory was only less to be deplored than the defeat, he spoke at once with the sublimity of the Christian and the depth of the philosopher. If, then, seeing it involves so many distressing contingencies, even a victory gives but little satisfaction, a drawn battle must consequently give much less. We will not say one single word of a defeat. We of the academy would never acknowledge so much shame as that word expresses. It was a drawn battle in every sense. Had we not drawn the magisterial blood of Mr. Root? Had not, in return, Mr. Root drawn off all the disposable water on his premises? Had we not at the end of the affray, drawn off our forces, unmolested? Neither party occupied the field of battle, that incontestable proof of victory. Certainly, it was a drawn battle.

The fastidious may call all this a mere quibbling upon words—but unjustly: did they ever read the despatches of two contending powers, neither of which has much to boast of, excepting honourable blows—it will then be perceived that they make out their case, in no manner more effectually than I have done mine. There is much virtue in the artful construction of words.

When the boys came down stairs there was as comfortless a scene displayed before them, as the most retributive justice could have wished to visit the rebellious. The morning raw and cold, the floor saturated with water, and covered with cases of exploded fireworks; the school-room in horrible confusion, scarcely a pane of glass unshattered—the walls blackened, the books torn—and then the masters and ushers stole in, looking both suspicious and discomfited. Well, we went to prayers, and very lugubriously indeed did we sing the hymn,

“Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run.”

Now, that morning, no one could tell whether the sun had waked or not, at least, he kept his bed-curtains of fog closely drawn, and about twenty-five of the scholars gave a new reading to “thy daily course of duty run,” as, immediately after they had paid the doleful orisons, they took the course of running their duty by running away. There were no classes that day. Mr. Root did not make his appearance—and we had a constrained holiday.

¹ Continued from vol. xi. p. 398.

On the 7th, to use a nautical expression, we had repaired damages, and we began to fall into the usual routine of scholastic business—but it was full a week before our master made his appearance in the school-room, and he did so then with a green shade over his eyes, to conceal the green shades under them. He came in at the usual hour of noon—the black list was handed up to him—and I expected, in the usual order of things, an assiduous flogging. But in this world we are the martyrs of disappointment. The awful man folded up the paper very melancholily, and thrust it into his waistcoat pocket, and thus saved me the expense of some very excellent magnanimity, which I had determined to display, had he proceeded to flagellation. It was my intention, very intrepidly, to have told him, that if he punished me, I also would run away. On the veracity of a schoolboy, I was disappointed at not receiving my three or four dozen.

I had now fairly commenced my enthusiastic epoch. I was somebody. I still slept in the haunted room. I had struck the first blow in the barring out—St. Albans had openly commended me for my bravery—I could no longer despise myself, and the natural consequence was, that others dared not. I formed friendships, evanescent certainly, but very sweet, and very sincere. Several of the young gentlemen promised to prevail upon their parents to invite me to their homes, during the approaching holidays; but either their memories were weak, or their fathers obdurate. Well, the winter holidays came at last, and I was left sole inhabitant of that vast and lonely school-room, with one fire for my solace, and one tenpenny dip for my enlightenment. How awful and supernatural seemed every passing sound that beat upon my anxious ears! Every thing round me seemed magnified—the massive shadows were as the wombs teeming with unearthly phantoms—the whistle of the wintry blasts against the windows, voiced the half unseen beings that my fears acknowledged in the deep darknesses of the vast chamber. And then that lonely orchestra,—often did I think that I heard low music from the organ, as if touched by ghostly fingers—how gladly I would have slunk down from my solitude to the vulgarity of the servants' hall—but that was now carefully interdicted. The consequences of all this seclusion to a highly imaginative, and, totally unregulated mind, must have been much worse than putting me to sleep in the haunted room, for in that I had my counter spell—and long use had almost endeared me to it, and to its grotesque carvings—but this dismally large school-room, generally so instinct with life, so superabounding in animation, was painfully fearful, even from the contrast. Twenty times in the evening, when the cold blast came creeping along the floor, and wound round my ankles, did I imagine it was the chill hand of some corpse, thrust up from beneath, that was seizing me, in order to drag me downwards—and a hundred times, as the long flame from the candle flared up tremulously, and shook the deep shadows that encompassed me around, did I fancy that there were very hideous faces indeed, mouthing at me amidst the gloom—and my own gigantic shadow. It was, of itself, a vast horror personified! It was a cruel thing, éven in Mr. Root, to leave me alone so many hours to that stupendous gloom, but his wife—fie upon her!

Considering how my imagination had been before worked upon, even from my earliest childhood, and the great nervous excitability of my temperament, it is a wonder that my mind did not reel, if not succumb—but I now began to combat the approaches of one sort of insanity with the actual presence of another—I wrote verses. That “was tempering the wind to the shorn lamb,” as Sterne would have expressed it, after the prettiest fashion imaginable.

Had I not the reader so completely at my mercy—did I not think him or her, not only the gentlest but also the most deserving of all the progeny of Japhet—did I not think that it would be the very acmé of ingratitude to impose upon him or her, I would certainly transcribe a centaine, or so, of these juvenile poems. It is true they are very bad—but then that is a proof that they are undeniably genuine. I really have, in some things, a greatness of soul. I will refrain—but in order that these effusions may not be lost to the world, I offer them to the *Annals* for 1836; not so much for the sake of pecuniary compensation, but in order to improve the reading of some of that very unreadable class of books.

Well, during these dismal holidays, I wrote verses, and began to take, or to make, my madness methodical. The boys came back, and having left me a very Bobadil, they now found me a juvenile Bavius; not quite so bad as a juvenile whig, however, for I could boast, of being able to rhyme ghost, with twelve words at most. Oh! but I became a lad of great consideration.

I wish much to hurry over this part of my life, but I should not be using those philosophical geniuses well, who love to study all the vagaries of the human mind, did I omit to describe a very peculiar hallucination that held the most despotic sway over me for more than a month. This phase of mental associations was so singular and so perfect, and will be viewed in such different lights by persons as they are biassed by education or by prejudice, that I shall merely confine myself to the fact, and leave others to pronounce an opinion upon it. I only beg leave most solemnly to asseverate that what I am going to state is unexaggerated truth. I was at this period nearly in my twelfth year, and, what with my rhyming, and my fistical prowess—my character for bravery, and the peculiarity of my situation, as it regarded its mystery—I became that absurd thing that the French call “*une tête montée*.” When persons act much they soon find it necessary to reason. I was thus forced, in order to preserve my position, to become irrationally rational. Root had ceased to flog me. I could discover that he even began to fear me—and just in proportion as he seemed to avoid all occasion to punish me, I became towards him mild, observant, and respectful. The consequence was, that, as I was no longer frightened out of my wits at church, from very weariness, and for the sake of variety, I began to attend to the sermons. What a lesson ought not this to be to instructors! One Sunday, I returned from church in a state of almost spiritual intoxication. The rector was a pale, attenuated man, with a hollow, yet flashing eye—a man who seemed to have done with every thing in this world, excepting to urge on his brethren to that better one, to which himself was fast hastening; and, on this memorable day, that I fancied myself a

convert, he had been descanting on the life of the young Samuel. Of course he very appropriately often turned to the juvenile part of his congregation, and as I was seated on the front row, I felt as if I were alone in the church—as if every word was individually addressed to myself; his imploring yet empassioned glances seemed to irradiate my breast with a sweet glory. I felt at once that, since the goodness of the Creator was inexhaustible, the fault must rest with man, if there were no more Samuels, so I determined to be one—to devote myself entirely to divine abstraction, to heavenly glory, and to incessant worship—and, stupendous as the assertion may seem, for six weeks I did so. This resolution became a passion—a madness—I was as one walking in a sweet trance—I revelled in secret bliss, as if I had found a glorious and inexhaustible treasure. I spoke to none of my new state of mind—absorbed, as I was, I yet dreaded ridicule—but I wrote hymns, I composed sermons. If I found my attention moving from heavenly matters, I grew angry with myself, and I renovated my flagging attention with inward ejaculation. I had all the madness of the anchorite upon me in the midst of youthful society, yet without his ascetism, and certainly without his vanity. My studies, of course, were nearly totally neglected, under this complete alienation of spirit, and Mr. Root, lenient as he had lately become towards me, began to flog again; and—shall I be believed when I say it?—I have been examining my memory most severely, and I am sure that she has delivered up her record faithfully; but yet I hardly dare give it to the world—but, despite of ridicule, I find myself compelled to say, that those floggings I scarcely felt. I looked upon them as something received for the sake of an inscrutable and unfathomable love, and I courted them—they were pleasurable. I now can well understand the enthusiasm and the raptures of that ridiculous class of exploded visionaries, called flagellators. I certainly was in a state of complete oblivion to every thing but a dreamy fanaticism, and yet that term is too harsh—and it would be impiety to call it holiness, seeing that it was a state of inutility—and yet, many well-meaning persons will think, no doubt, that my infant, and almost sinless hand, had hold of a blessed link of that chain of ineffable love, which terminates in the breast of that awful Being, who sits at the right hand of the throne of the Eternal. I give, myself, no opinion. I only state facts. But I cannot help hazarding a conjecture of what I might have been, had I then possessed a friend in any one of my instructors, who could have pointed out to me what were the precincts of true piety, what those of incipient insanity. At that time I had the courage to achieve any thing. Let the cold-hearted and the old say what they will, youth is the time for moral bravery. The withered and the aged mistake their failing forces for calmness and resignation, and an apathy, the drear anticipator of death, for presence of mind.

However, this state of exalted feeling had a very ludicrous termination. I ceased fighting, I was humble, seeking whom I might serve, reproving no one, but striving hard to love all, giving, assisting, and actually panting for an opportunity of receiving a slap on one side of the face that I might offer the other for the same infliction. The reader may be sure that I had the Bible almost constantly

before me, when not employed in what I conceived some more active office, of what I thought sanctification. But, though the spirit may be strong, at times the body will be weak. I believe I dozed for a few minutes over the sacred book, when a wag stole it away, and substituted for it the "renowned and veracious history of the Seven Champions of Christendom." There was the frontispiece, the gallant St. George, in green and gold armour, thrusting his spear into the throat of the dragon, in green and gold scales. What a temptation! I ogled the book coyly at first. I asked for my Bible. "Read that, Ned," said the purloiner; and oh! recreant as I was, I read it!

I was cured in three hours of being a saint, of despising flogging, and of aping Samuel.

It is the nature of man and boys to run into extremes. I have carried the reader with me through my desponding and my enthusiastic epochs. I now come to the most miserable of all, my mendacious one. An avowed poet is entitled, *de jure*, to a good latitude of fiction, but I abused this privilege most woefully. I became a confirmed and intrepid liar—and this, too, was the natural course of my education, or the want of it. I began to read all manner of romances. There was a military and chivalrous spirit strong in the school—the mania for volunteering was general, and our numerous school were almost all trained to arms. The government itself supplied us with a half dozen drill serjeants to complete us in our manual and platoon exercise. We had a very pretty uniform, and our equipments as infantry were complete in all things, save and excepting, that all the muskets of the junior boys had no touch-holes. Mine was delivered to me in this innocent state. Oh, that was a great mortification on field days, when we were allowed to incorporate with the united ——— and ——— volunteers, whilst all the big lads actually fired off real powder, in line with real men, to be obliged to snap a wooden flint against a sparkless hammer. A mortification I could not, I would not, endure.

There was a regular contention between Mr. Root, my musket, and myself, and at last, by giving my serjeant a shilling, I conquered. Every day that our muskets were examined on parade, mine would be found with a touch-hole drilled in it; as certainly as it was found, so certainly was it spiked, and so certainly was I hoisted. In that fever of patriotism, I of all the school, though denied powder and shot, was the only one that bled for my country. However, I at length had the supreme felicity of blowing powder in the face of vacancy, in high defiance of Buonaparte and his assembled legions on the coasts of Boulogne. Thus I had military ardour added to my other ardencies. Moreover, I had learned to swim in the New River, and, altogether, began to fancy myself a hero.

I began now to appreciate and to avail myself of the mystery of my birth. I did not read romances and novels for nothing. So I began my mendacious career. Oh! the improbable and impossible lies that I told, and that were retold, and all believed! I was a prince incognito; my father had coined money—and I gave my deluded listeners glimpses at pocket-pieces as proofs; if I was doubted, I fought. The elder boys shook their heads, and could make nothing of it. The

ushers made what inquiries they dared, and found nothing which they could contradict positively, but much upon which to found conjecture. Still, notwithstanding my success, my life began to grow burdensome. The lies became too manifold, too palpable, and to me too onerous. They had been extremely inconsistent—ridicule began to raise her hissing head. Shame became my constant companion—yet I lied on. I think I may safely say, that I would, at the time that I was giving myself out as a future king, have scorned the least violation of the truth, to have saved myself from the most bitter punishment, or to injure, in the least, my worst enemy; my lies were only those of a most inordinate vanity; begun in order to make a grand impression of myself, and persevered in, through obstinacy and pride. But I was crushed beneath the stupendous magnificence of my own creations. I had been so circumstantial—described palaces, reviews, battles, my own chargers, and now—oh! how sick all these fabrications made me! It was time I left the school, or that life left me, for it had become intolerable. And yet this state of misery, the misery of the convicted, yet obstinately persevering liar, lasted nearly a year. Let me hurry over it; but, at the same time, let me hold it up as a picture to youth, upon the same principle as the Spartans showed drunken slaves to their children. Could the young but conceive a tithe of the misery I endured, they would never after swerve from truth.

I have not time to expatiate on several droll mishaps that occurred to Mr. Root; how he was once bumped in all the glowing panoply of equine war; how, when one night, with his head well powdered, he crept upon all fours, as was his wont, into one of the boys' bedrooms, to listen to their nightly conversations; and how such visit being expected, as his head lay on the side of the bedstead, it was there immovably fixed, by the application of a half-pound of warm cobbler's wax, and release could only be given by the Jason-like operation of shearing the fleecy locks. We must rapidly pass on. I was eager to get away from this school, and my desire was accomplished in the following very singular manner.

One fine sunshiny Sunday morning, as we were all ranged in goodly fashion, two by two, round the play-ground, preparatory to issuing through the house to go to church, the unusual cry was heard, of "Master Percy wanted," which was always understood to be the joyful signal that some parent or friend had arrived as a visitor. I was immediately hurried into the house, a whispering took place between Mr. and Mrs. Root, and the consequence was, that I was bustled up into the bedroom, and my second best clothes, which I then had on, were changed for the best, and, with a supererogatory dab with a wet towel over my face, I was brought down, and, my little heart playing like a pair of castanets against my ribs, I was delivered into the tender keeping of the pedagogue.

Having taken me by the hand, whilst he was practising all the amenities with his countenance, he opened the parlour-door, where the supposititious visitor was expected to be found, and lo! the room was empty. Mrs. Root and the servants were summoned, and they all positively declared, and were willing to swear to the fact, that a gentleman had gone into the room, who had never gone out. It was a

front parlour, on the ground floor, and from the window he could not have emerged, as the area intervened between that and the foot pavement; and to see a gentleman scrambling through by that orifice into the principal street of —, and from one of the principal houses of the town, whilst all the people were going to church, was a little too preposterous even for Mr. Root's matter-of-fact imagination. However, they all peeped up the chimney one after the other, as if an elderly, military-looking gentleman, encumbered with a surtout, for thus he was described, would have been so generous as to save my schoolmaster a shilling, by bustling up his chimney, and bringing down the soot. The person was not to be found; Root began to grow alarmed—a constable was sent for, and the house was searched from the attics to the cellar. The dwelling was not, however, robbed, nor any of its inmates murdered, notwithstanding the absconder could not be found.

Now, Mr. Root was a man wise in his own generation, yet was he, notwithstanding, a great fool. He was one of that class who can sometimes overreach a neighbour, yet, in doing so, inevitably loses his own balance, and tumbles into the mire. A sagacious ninny, who had an "*I told you so*," for every possible event after it had happened. Indeed, he was so much in the habit of applying this favourite phrase upon all unhappy occasions, that he could not help using it to an unfortunate housemaid of his, one morning, who had delivered herself secretly of twins the previous night. Mrs. Root did not like the application of the sentence at all. Instead of taking the common sense view of the affair, and supposing that the footman had been bribed to let the gentleman quietly out at the street-door, who, perhaps, had found his feelings too little under his control to go through the interview with me that he sought; he set about making a miracle of the matter. It was astounding—nay, superhuman! It boded some misfortune to him; and so it really did, by the manner in which he treated it. I verily believe, that had the servants or Mrs. Root, who had seen the gentleman, averred to a cloven foot as peeping out from beneath his military surtout, he would have given the assertion not only unlimited credence, but unlimited circulation also. However, as it was, he made himself most egregiously busy; there were his brother churchwardens, and the curate, summoned to assist him in a court of inquiry; evidence was taken in form, and a sort of *proces verbal* drawn out, and duly attested. Mr. Root was a miracle-monger, and gloried in being able to make himself the hero of his own miracles.

Well, after he had solaced himself by going about to all his neighbours with this surprising paper in hand, for about the space of a fortnight, he thought to put the climax to his policy and his vain glory, by taking it and himself up to the banker's in town, where he always got the full amount of his bills for my board and education paid without either examination or hesitation. The worthy money-changer looked grimly polite at the long and wonderful account of the schoolmaster, received a copy of the account of the mysterious visitor with most emphatic silence, and then bowed the communicant out of his private room with all imaginable etiquette.

Mr. Root came home on excellent terms with himself; he imposed

silence upon his good lady, his attentive masters and ushers, and then wiping the perspiration from his brow, proceeded to tell his admiring audience of his great, his very great exertions, and, how manfully through the whole awful business he had done his duty. Alas! he soon found to his cost that he had done something more. In cockney language, he had done himself out of a good pupil. A fortnight after I was again "wanted." There was a glass coach at the door. A very reserved sort of gentleman alighted, paid all demands up to the end of the ensuing half year, answered no questions, but merely producing a document, handed me and all my worldly wealth into his vehicle, and off we drove.

To the best of my recollection, all the conversation that I heard from this taciturn person, was that sentence, so much the more remarkable for verity than for originality, "Ask no questions, and I shall tell you no stories." Having nothing else to do in this my enforced *tête-à-tête*, I began to conjecture what next was going to become of me. At first I built no castles in the air; I had got quite sick of doing that aloud with my late school-fellows, and passing them all off as facts. Still it must be confessed, that my feelings were altogether pleasurable. It was a soul-cheering relief to have escaped from out of that vast labyrinth of lies that I had planted around me, and no longer to dread the rod-bearing Root; even novelty, under whatever form it may present itself, is always grateful to the young.

In the midst of these agitations I again found myself in town; and I began to hope that I should once more see my foster-parents. I began to rally up my "little Latin and less Greek," in order to surprise the worthy sawyer and his wife; and I had fully determined to work out for him what the amount of his daily wages came to in a week, firstly by simple arithmetic, secondly by fractions, thirdly by decimals, and fourthly by duodecimals; and then to prove the whole correct by an algebraical equation. But all those triumphs of learning were not destined for me. I found at length, that the glass coach drove up the inn-yard of some large coachmaster; but few words were said, and I was consigned to the coachman of one of the country stages, with as little remorse and as little ceremony as if I had been an ugly, blear-eyed pug, forwarded in a basket, labelled, "this side uppermost," to an old maiden aunt, or a superannuated grandmother.

This was certainly unhandsome treatment to one who had been lately seriously telling his companions that he was a disguised prince of the blood, forced, for state reasons, to keep a strict incognito. It is true, that I travelled with four horses, and was attended by a guard; nay, that a flourish of music preceded my arrival at various points of my journey; but all these little less than royal honours I shared with a plebeian butcher, a wheezing and attenuated plumber and glazier, and others of his lieges, all very useful, but hardly deemed ornamental members of the body politic.

But let me now pause at this point of my life; and sum up in a few words, what I was at twelve years of age; what I might have been, it is both useless and painful to conjecture. At that age it is certain that the outlines of the character are traced in, unerasably so. If the youth's bursts of passion have not been counteracted, all his life he will be

passionate ; if his vindictive feelings have not been corrected, all his life he will be revengeful ; if religious principles have not been cultivated, he will be either lukewarm in faith, or a sinner, or a sceptic ; if habits of industry have not been formed, he will for ever after think labour to be ignoble, and exertion only laudable when its immediate aim is pleasure. Now, what was I at twelve, the child of desertion or neglect ; by turn, the footstool of oppression, or the shuttlecock of caprice ; alternately kicked, cajoled, and flattered ? I will tell the reader what I was. I was superstitious, with a degree of superstition that would have borne me within the drear realms of fatuity, had not a healthful temperament, and an indomitable pride, made me, whilst I believed in all absurd horrors, brave them. I owed this to the Methodist preachers. I hated public worship ; and all that associated with it, and for this feeling, I was indebted to the church-observing disciplinarian, Mr. Root. I was idle, extravagant, and as inconstant as the summer wind ; though I could, when the whim seized me, wander amongst the flowers of literature, unwearied, for successive hours. This was the consequence of the neglect I experienced at school. I was obdurate, obstinate, and cruel—the undoubted effects of my repeated floggings ; and, above all, I was a monstrous liar. But mine was not the lying of profit, or of fear, but of ambition. I could not carve out for myself, young as I was, glory by my sword, so I vainly thought to create it to myself by my tongue. The consolation that I have in looking back upon this the shameful part of my character, was, that I did it heroically. If the axiom be true, that one murder makes a felon, a thousand a hero, surely I may say, one falsehood makes a grovelling liar, a thousand a magnificent inventor. But sound morality sees through and condemns the one and the other. There is nothing really great that is not true, even in those things that seem to take fiction for their basis. Let me earnestly advise every high-spirited, imaginative youth, to be aware of romancing at school, or elsewhere. If he possess genius, he will not be able to stop himself, and the first pause that he will make will be, when he finds himself brought up suddenly, the standing-mark for the derision of fools whom he despises, but whose superiority he cannot dispute, because *they* have not lied.

My friends will perceive, that at the time of which I am speaking, the stage coach contained, if not actually a bad character, a person on the very verge of being one—that I was that graceless, yet tolerated being, a scamp, was very certain—yet my gentle demeanour, my smooth, bright countenance, and never-ceasing, placid smile, would have given a very different impression of my qualities. I have been thus liberal in my confessions, in order that parents may see that their duties do not terminate where those of the schoolmaster begin ; that the schoolmaster himself must be taken to task, and the watcher, watched. I had been placed in one of the first boarding-schools near town ; a most liberal stipend had been paid with me ; I had every description of master ; yet after all this outlay of money, which is not dross—and waste of time, which is beyond price precious, what was I at leaving this academy ? Let the good folks withinside of the Stickenham stage testify ; by one trick or another I had con-

trived to make them all tolerably uncomfortable before the journey was half over.

But where am I going? Cæsar and his fortunes are embarked in a stage coach. An hour and a half had elapsed, when I perceived that the horses were dragging the vehicle slowly up a steep hill. The full-leaved trees were arching for us over head a verdant canopy; the air becomes more bracing and elastic; and even I feel its invigorating influence, and cease to drop sily the gravelly dirt I had collected from my shoes, down the neck and back of a very pretty girl, who sat blushing furiously on my left. Now the summit is gained, and, in another moment, the coach thunders down the other side of the hill. But what a beautiful view is spread before my fascinated eyes! And then rose up in my young heart the long sleeping emotions of love, and kindred affection. Into whose arms was I to be received; whose were to be the beautiful lips that were now longing to kiss me with parental, perhaps fraternal rapture? Had I a sister? Could I doubt it at that ecstatic moment? How I would love her! The fatted calf was not only killed, but cooked, to welcome the long lost. Nor Latin, nor French, nor Greek, nor mathematics, should embitter the passing moments. This young summer, that breathed such aromatic joy around me, had put on its best smile to welcome me to my paternal abode. "No doubt," said I, to myself—"no doubt, but that some one of the strange stories that I told of myself at Root's, is going to be realized."

In the midst of these rapturous anticipations, each later one becoming more wild and more glorious than the previous one that begot it, it wanting still an hour of sun down, all at once the coach stopped before a house, upon a gentle elevation—stopped with a jerk too, as if it were going to usher in some glorious event. I looked out, and behold! in hated gold letters, upon the hated blue board, the bitterly hated word "academy," met my agonized sight.

I burst into tears. I needed no voice to tell me that I was the person to alight. I knew my doom. Farewell to all my glorious visions! I could have hurled back into the face of the laughing sun, my hate, and called him deceiver, and traitor, for had he not, with other causes, conspired to smile me, five minutes ago, into a fool's paradise?

"Master Percy, won't you please to alight?" said one of those under-toned, gerund-singing voices, that my instinct told me to be an usher's.

"No, thank'ee, sir," said I, amidst my sobbings, "I want to go home."

"But you are to get down here, however," said my evil-omened inviter. "Your boxes are all off the coach, and the coachman wants to go forward."

"So do I."

"It's excessively droll this—hi, hi, hi! As sure as my name's Saltseller, it is excessively droll. So you want to get forward, Master Percy? why come to school then, that's the way—droll isn't it? Why you've been riding backwards all the way too—time to change—droll that—hi, hi!"

"It's no change," said I, getting out sulkily, "from one school to another—and do you call this a school?" I continued, looking round contemptuously, for I found about twenty little boys playing on a green knoll before the house, and over which we were compelled to walk to reach it, as the road did not come near the habitation. "Do you call this a school? Well, if you catch me being flogged here, I'm a sop, that's all—a school! And I suppose you're the usher—I don't think those little boys bumped you last half year."

"I don't think they did," said Mr. Saltseller, which was actually the wretch's name, and with whom I fell desperately in hate at first sight. "Bump me!" he exclaimed, soliloquizing—and with that air of astonishment, as if he had heard the most monstrous impossibility spoken of imaginable. "Bump me! droll, isn't it—excessively? Where have you been brought up, Master Percy?"

"Where they bar out tyrannical masters, and bump sneaking ushers," said I. "That's where I was brought up."

"Then that's what I call very bad bringing-up."

"Not so bad as being brought down here, any how."

His next "excessively droll, isn't it?" brought us to the door of the academy; but, in passing over the play-ground, I could see at once that I was with quite another class of beings, than those who composed my late schoolfellows. They were evidently more delicately nurtured; they had not the air of school-boy daring, to which I had been so much accustomed; and they called each other "Master." Everything, too, seemed to be upon a miniature scale. The house was much smaller, yet was there an air of comfort and of health around, that at first I did not appreciate, though I could not help remarking it.

No sooner was I conducted into the passage, than I heard a voice which I thought I remembered, exclaim, "Show Master Percy in here, and shut the door."

I entered; and the next moment I was in the arms of the mysterious and very beautiful lady that had called to see me the few times that I have recorded; and who I conceived was intimately connected with my existence. I think that I have before said, that she never avowed herself either to my nurse or to myself, as more than my godmother. She evinced a brief, but violent emotion; and then controlled her features to a very staid and matronly expression. For myself, I wept most bitterly, from many mingled emotions; but, to the shame of human nature, and of my own, wounded pride was the most intolerable pang that I felt. In all my day dreams I had made this lady the presiding genius. I gave her, in my inmost heart, all the reverence and the filial affection of a son; but it was the implied understanding between my love and my vanity, that in joining herself to me as a mother, she was to bestow upon me a duchess at least; though I should not have thought myself over-well used, had it not been a princess. And here were all these glorious anticipations merged, sunk, destroyed, in the person of a boarding-school mistress of about twenty boys, myself the biggest. It was no use that I said to myself over and over again, she is not less lovely—her voice less musical, her manner less endearing, or her apparel less rich. The

startling truth was ever in my ear—she “keeps a school ;” and, consequently, she cannot be my mother.

She could not know what was passing in my mind ; but it was evident that my grief was of that intensity that nearly approached to misery. She took me by the hand, showed me my nice little bed, the large garden, the river that ran at the bottom of it, and placed before me fruit and cakes ; I would not be consoled ; what business had she to be a schoolmistress ? I had a thousand times rather have had Mrs. Brandon for a mother again—she had never deceived me. But I was soon aware that this lady, whom I now, for the first time, heard named, as Mrs. Cherfeuil, was as little disposed to grant me the honour of calling her mother, as I was to bestow it. I was introduced to her husband as the son of a female friend of hers of early life ; that she had stood godmother to me, that my parentage was respectable ; and, as he had before had sufficient references to satisfy him from the agent, who had called a week before my arrival, the good man thought that there was nothing singular in the affair.

But let us describe this good man, my new pedagogue. In all things he was the very antithesis of Mr. Root. The latter was large, florid, and decidedly handsome—Mr. Cherfeuil was little, sallow, and more than decidedly ugly. Mr. Root was worldly wise, and very ignorant ; Mr. Cherfeuil, a fool in the world, and very learned. The mind of Mr. Root was so empty, that he found no trouble in arranging his one idea and a half ; Mr. Cherfeuil’s was so full, that there was no room for any arrangement at all. Mr. Root would have thought himself a fool if he condescended to write poetry ; but he supposed he could, for he never tried. Mr. Cherfeuil would have thought any man a fool that did not perceive at once that he, Cherfeuil, was born a great poet. Shall I carry, after the manner of Plutarch, the comparison any farther ? No ; let us bring it to an abrupt conclusion, by saying in a few words, that Mr. Root was English, Mr. Cherfeuil French ; that the one had a large school, and the other a little one ; and, that both were immeasurably great men in their own estimation—though not universally so in that of others.

Mr. Cherfeuil was ambitious to be thought five feet high ; his attitude, therefore, was always erect ; and, to give himself an air of consequence, he bridled and strutted like a full breasted-pigeon, with his head thrown back, and was continually in the act of wriggling his long chin into his ample neckerchief. He could not ask you how you do, or say in answer to that question, “I thank you, sare, very well,” without stamping prettily with his foot, as if cracking a snail, and tossing his chin into the air as if he were going to balance a ladder upon it. Then, though his features were compressed into a small, monkeyfied compass, they were themselves individually upon a magnificent scale. It was as if there had been crowdèd half a dozen gigantic specimens of human ugliness into my lady’s china closet, all of which were elbowing each other for room. The eyes would have been called large, had it not been for the vast proportions of the nose, and the nose would have been thought preposterous, had it not been for the horrible dimensions of the mouth. Yet the expression of all these anomalies, though very grotesque, was not unpleasing. You

smiled with satisfaction when you saw how great the improvement was that baboonery had made toward manhood. You might call him in a word, a queer, little, ugly-looking box of yellow mortality, that contained some amiable qualities, and a great many valuable attainments. Of good sense, or of common sense, he was never known to show, during the whole period of his life, but one instance; and that was a most important one—a complete deference in all things to his stately, and beautiful wife. Her domination was undivided, complete, and unremitting. How she came to marry him was one of those human riddles that will never be satisfactorily resolved. He had been a French *émigré*, had had a most superior education—played on several instruments without taste—understood every thing connected with the classics but their beauty, and was deeply versed in the mathematics, without comprehending their utility.

At this school my progress was rapid. All the care and attention that the most maternal of hearts could bestow upon me were mine; yet there was no approach to any thing like familiarity on the part of Mrs. Cherfeuil. There lay a large wild common before the house—there was a noble collection of deep water in the vicinity, in which I perfected my natatory studies, (affected phraseology is the fashion,) and my body strengthened, my mind improved, and I began to taste of real happiness.

It would be an amusing work, to write a biography of some of the most remarkable ushers. They seem to be the bats of the social scheme. Gentlemen will not own them, and the classes beneath reject them. They are generally self-sufficient; the dependency of their situation makes them mean, and the exercise of delegated power tyrannical. If they have either spirit or talent, they lift themselves above their situation; but when they cannot do this, they are, in my estimation, the most abject of all classes—gipseys and beggars not excepted. Mr. Cherfeuil was in himself a mine of learning, but he delivered it out from the dark cavities of his mind, encumbered with so much ore, and in such mishaped masses, that it required another person to arrange for use what he was so lavish of producing. A good usher or assistant was therefore necessary; but I do not recollect having more than one, out of the thirty or forty that came and went during the three years I was at the school.

This class of people are, alas! fatally susceptible of the tender impulses. They always find the rosy cheeks of the housemaid, or the *en bon point* of the cook irresistible. And they have themselves such delicate soft hands, so white, and so ashy. On Sundays, too, their linen is generally clean; so altogether, the maid-servants find them killing.

Mr. Saltseller, who found every thing droll, and who used to paint his cheeks, lost his situation just at the precise moment that the housemaid lost her character. The two losses together were not of very great moment; then we had another, and another, and another; and more characters were lost—till at last there did come a man,

“ ———— take him for all in all,
I ne’er shall look upon his like again.”

He was very tall, stout; of a pompous carriage, *un homme magnifique*. He wore a green coat, false hair, a black patch over his left eye; and was fifty, or rather, fifty-five. His face was large, round, and the least in the world bloated. This Adonis of matured ushers, after school hours, would hang a guitar from his broad neck, by means of a pale, pink ribbon, and walk up and down on the green before the house, thrum, thrum, thrumming, the admiration of all the little boys and the coveted of all old tabbies in the village. O, he was the *beau idéal* of a *vieux garçon*! We recommend all school-assistants to learn the guitar, and grow fat—if they can; and then, perhaps, they may prosper, like Mr. Sigismund Pontifex. He contrived to elope with a maiden lady, of good property, just ten years older than himself; the sweet, innocent, indiscreet ones, went off by stealth one morning before daylight, in a chaise and four, and, returned a week after, Mr. and Mrs. Pontifex. The gentleman hung up his guitar, and for ever, and every fine day, he was found, pipe in mouth, and tankard in hand, presiding at the bowling-green of the Black Lion, the acknowledged and revered umpire—cherished by mine host, and referred to by the players. I write this life for instruction. Gentlemen ushers look to it—be ambitious—learn the guitar, and make your mouths water with ideas of prospective tankards of ale, and odoriferous pipes.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LAST NIGHT OF OTHO, THE PRODIGAL.

LIGHT thickens—yonder sun is sinking fast
Beneath the mountains in the boundless sea,
And thus the sun of mine own life hath past,
Thus darkness of the soul remains with me.

Oh! let me pause and think; what have I been? .
What have I wished to be? What am I now?
Yet why reflect—since the last closing scene
Of all is near, and death sits on my brow.

Ambition was my idol—Fool! I thought
Glory was bliss—but, ah! too late I find
It like all bliss on earth—a shadow—bought
By broken ties and agony of mind.

While 'mid the noblest of the youth of Rome,
Careless I strayed, admiring and admir'd;
I loath'd the peaceful stillness of my home,
And long'd for manhood—by bright fame inspir'd.

I wish'd that youth were past—for love was pain,
Oh! greater far, than I have found it joy;
And, as with aching heart I broke its chain,
I sighed to think that I was still a boy.

As man—aye, more, as emperor of the earth,
 Am I then happy?—Ah! one hour with thee,
 Belov'd and loving, lost Poppœa, were worth¹
 All that the regal purple is to me.

But thou, my heart's adored, my fairest flower,
 Didst perish 'neath the tiger's grasp—'twas well
 It should be thus—death freed thee from his power,
 And from the earth, his crimes had made a hell.

His crimes, thy fate, have but directed mine;
 Of life I'm weary, and unheeded how
 The imperial pomp—the lictor's fasces shine,
Thou canst not see the laurel on my brow.

The part I play is irksome—life is love,
 And all I love are gone—then why remain?
 Ere 'tis too late with honour let me move
 My soul from its dull prison and from pain.

If *I* live—thousands perish—then shall I²
 Secure by civil war my life and fame?
 Ah, no! I would not have one Roman die
 For him, who scarce deserves a Roman's name.

Though long, old Galba, didst thou thirst for power,
 Short was thy reign, as cruel and severe;—
 No heart sigh'd pity at thy dying hour,
 None greet thy mem'ry with the silent tear.

Like thee, I have not lived, nor would I die;
 To life, this night I'll add; then yield my breath,³
 And ere to-morrow's sun illumines the sky,
 The eyes of Otho shall be closed in death.

O Rome! my country! may a happier race
 Of Romans serve thee, free from civil strife,
 And, O! let Otho by his death efface
 The faults and errors of a mispent life.⁴

¹ Poppœa Sabina, the most beautiful woman of her time in Rome, was married to Otho, when a private citizen, and taken from him by the Emperor Nero, who sent Otho as legate into Lusitania—a kind of honourable exile. This gave rise to the following epigram:—

“Cur Otho mentito sit quæritis exul honore
 Uxoris mœchus cœperat esse suæ.”

Poppœa was afterwards killed by a violent kick from Nero, during her pregnancy.

² “Othonem etiam privatum usque adeo detestatum civilia arma, ut memorante quodam inter epulas, de Cassii Brutique exitu, cohorrerit: nec concursum cum Galbâ fuisse, nisi confideret sine bello rem transigi posse.”—*Suetonius*.

³ His own words:—“Adjiciamus, inquit, vitæ et hanc noctem, his ipsis totidemque verbis.”—*Ibid*.

⁴ “Magna pars hominum incolumen gravissime detestata, mortuum laudibus tulit: ut vulgo jactatum sit etiam, Galbam ab eo non tam dominandi causâ, quam Reipublicæ ac libertatis restituendæ interemptum.”—*Ibid*.

SICILIAN FACTS.¹—No. XXXII.

THE VOW.

THE following anecdote, which may perhaps find difficult credence with the phlegmatic natives of the north, ignorant of the peculiar character of the Sicilians, may easily be verified by any traveller whom business or pleasure may conduct to Catania, and will serve as an excellent specimen of the whimsical superstition of even the higher classes among that eccentric people.

The heir of one of the first houses of the above-mentioned city being seized with a violent fit of illness, his life was despaired of by the faculty. The Marchesa R——, his afflicted mother, finding no hope in the doctors, had recourse to the saints, and addressing herself to Saint Antonio, for whom she entertained an especial devotion, and whose name was borne by the invalid, implored his interposition, vowing, that if he recovered, she would marry him to the first maiden young woman of whatever rank or station she might find, offering her prayers before his altar.

It turned out that the health of the young man began immediately after the vow to improve. The mother was not slack in acknowledging her obligation for this intercession, and religiously prepared to fulfil her engagement with the saint. When she arrived at the shrine in search of the bride provided by Saint Antonio, she found a young beggar girl, the only devotee at the altar. Nothing disappointed, having only ascertained that she was unmarried and unengaged, she did not presume to look the gift horse in the mouth; but to the wonder of the mendicant, saluted her as her daughter-in-law, and conducting her by the hand to her carriage, which was waiting, without any regard to her person or apparel, which were naturally none of the cleanest, placed the ragged girl in the vehicle, and drove off with her to the palace, of which she was destined to become the future mistress. The son, equally devout with his mother, gratefully received the precious godsend, which Saint Antonio, no doubt, to put to the test, had taken care should be as little blest with the gifts of person as those of fortune, being, in addition to her other qualifications, as ill-favoured a young person as any in the city of Catania.

The careful marchesa, knowing how prone youth is to change, having submitted her daughter-in-law to the necessary operations of the bath and the toilette, and the helping hands of the friseur and dress-maker, had the marriage duly celebrated on the morrow. The young bride scarcely knew what to think of the new element in which she found herself, and felt at first rather awkward, making many remarks on the troublesome and unnatural restraints imposed on themselves by the rich. For instance, she could not, for her life, see the propriety of taking our food with a fork, when Providence

¹ Continued from vol. xi. p. 427.

had so liberally provided us with fingers, or indulging, in warm weather, in the superfluous luxury of shoes and stockings.

But all these little *gaucheries* wore off by degrees, and under the tuition of her mother-in-law, she promised to turn out as fine a lady as her quondam betters. There was, however, one of her peculiarities which excited the curiosity of the family, and occasioned the sagacious marchesa no little anxiety. Every day after dinner she retired to her apartment, and carefully locking the door after her, remained invisible for several hours; as low voices were heard within, the mother-in-law began to entertain suspicions that all was not right. She therefore resolved to keep a vigilant watch on her motions, and in order to ascertain the nature of her after-dinner occupations, had a hole privately bored in one of the pannels of the chamber door. Next day following her softly up stairs, and applying her eye to the aperture, she saw, to her astonishment, her daughter-in-law produce fruit, pieces of bread, and other fragments, which she had secreted at table, and placing a portion on each of the chairs in the room, she began with the first, and extending her hand, with the usual doleful cant of the mendicant fraternity, supplicated for "a little charity for the love of heaven." After continuing her entreaties for some time, she took what was lying on the chair, and whining a benediction on the supposed donor, passed on to the next, until she had made a tour of the whole, when she sat down in a corner and devoured the fragments with greater zest and appetite than she ever displayed at table. Thus verifying the old adage, "that custom is second nature."

No. XXXIII.

THE INHUMAN MOTHER.

A WOMAN residing at Mascaluccia, whose husband, a labourer, was employed at some distance during the week, and who only came home on Saturday evening, leaving it again on Monday morning, was in the habit, during the absence of her husband, of receiving the visits of a young man. The female had a child of about eight years of age, who used to inform his father when this person had been in the house, and who had, in this manner, procured many a sound beating for his mother; so that, in a short time, natural affection gave way to a deadly hatred, and she resolved to remove her innocent offspring, whose presence was a continual restraint on her depraved inclinations.

One morning the smell of burnt flesh was perceived to proceed from the house, so strong as to be offensive to the neighbours, who inquired the cause of this disagreeable odour. The woman said she had heated her oven, and that the faggots which she used for the purpose being kept in an outhouse, had become wet and dirty. As she did not seem in any way disconcerted by their questions, but con-

tinued singing to herself as she appeared busied in her household affairs, nothing was suspected. On Saturday, the father came back as usual, and his first inquiry was for the boy; the wife feigning surprise, asked if he had not gone with him, for so she had believed, not having seen him since Sunday evening, and instantly began to express the most violent grief, beating her breast and tearing her hair, so that even the husband was deceived, and the child was supposed to have wandered and lost itself in the woods.

The successful commission of one crime led, as it usually does, to the perpetration of another. She determined to destroy her husband and marry the young man, whose visits had carried her to the fiend-like extremity of murdering her own child. With the assistance of this person she dispatched the poor man in bed, enveloped his body in a sheet, and buried it in a cavern at a short distance from the village. In a few days the foetid odour of the corpse attracted the dogs of the neighbourhood to the spot, who tearing and scratching up the earth, laid bare part of the body, which being discovered, inquiries were put on foot. The husband had not returned, according to custom, for several Saturdays. The corpse was examined, but though the features could no longer be traced, the sheet in which it was wrapped, was recognized as belonging to the female; it was also proved that she had given linen and a mattress, both steeped in blood, to a washerwoman, who revealed the circumstance. The widow and the young man were both arrested and condemned, the latter to be executed; the former, whose confession had assisted the conviction of the other, to perpetual imprisonment. The murder of the child still remained undiscovered. The man, perhaps hoping for a reprieve to the last moment, did not wish to aggravate his case, by confessing his knowledge of a murder still more horrible than that for which he was condemned. But it happened most extraordinarily, that after undergoing the sentence of the law, and his body had been consigned to his family for burial, it was perceived that life was not wholly extinct. His friends immediately called in a surgeon, whose care finally restored him. A circumstance so surprizing could not long be concealed, and before he recovered sufficiently to effect his escape from the neighbourhood, the police became aware of the fact. Reference was made to the judges, and they gave it as their opinion, that having already suffered the final sentence of the court, he was not amenable to its jurisdiction again for the same offence.

Fearful of not escaping so well on a second experiment of the gallows, and irritated at having been already carried there by the deposition of the woman, he revealed, on a promise of pardon, the murder of the child, in which it did not appear that he had participated. The poor boy had been taken from his bed whilst asleep by his unnatural mother, who put him into the oven, and heaping brushwood and faggots over him, set them on fire and closed the oven door; but the fumes of the burnt flesh escaping, had occasioned the offensive odour which had been remarked by her neighbours.

Notwithstanding the perpetration of two crimes so atrocious, the infamous creature, though condemned, did not suffer the death appointed by the law. There prevailed at the time in Sicily, an

invincible repugnance to consign females into the hands of the executioner. She was removed into one of those horrid dungeons, called *daneuse*, excavated in the rock many feet below the surface of the earth; low, narrow, and so damp, that the floor is often under water; a lingering and protracted punishment, by which the sufferers perish piecemeal, in a manner far more horrible than by the executioner.

No. XXXIV.

THE UNFORTUNATE CITY; OR, SUCCESSIVE DESTRUCTIONS OF CATANIA.

CATANIA appears, from the earliest ages, to have been entirely built of lava, as at present. The most ancient remains, now many feet below the surface are of that material; and so plainly does its site seem marked for the course of these destructive streams, that strata of lava are found to a vast depth beneath the foundations of the old city. War, pestilence, famine, earthquakes, and Mount *Ætna*, have done their work on this devoted town.

Times innumerable have irruptions devastated its territory with their fiery torrents, changing cultivation into a desert, annihilating the fruits of its fields, and leaving its wretched inhabitants deprived of their expected sustenance, to suffer under all the accumulated horrors of famine. Often has that destructive scourge, the plague, visited and nearly exterminated its population. Repeatedly, after obstinate, and bloody sieges, have hostile armies passed in triumph through its gates, putting this unhappy people to the edge of the sword, or selling them into slavery. Yet, as if these disasters were partial and insufficient, twice has the entire body of its citizens been expelled in mass from its walls, leaving their desolate hearths a prey to the enemy and the stranger; twice has the city been razed to its foundations by the hand of war; twice shaken to the ground by earthquakes, and twice buried beneath the burning lavas of Mount *Ætna*.

1. B.C. 474.—Hiero 1st, King of Syracuse, expelled the Catanenians in a body from their city, obliging them to migrate to Leontium. In their place he peopled Catania with five thousand Peloponnesians, and as many Syracusans, changing the name of the town to *Ætna*. Fifteen years after, on the death of Hiero, the ancient inhabitants recovered the city, and restored its name, Catana, which it then bore.

2. B.C. 403.—Dionysius the Elder again ejected them from their homes, bestowing the vacant town on his Campanian mercenaries, whom, seven years afterwards, he persuaded to remove to Leontium, which he was desirous of strengthening. On this occasion it is probable that the former population returned to their habitations.

3. B.C. 121.—Catania was ruined by the ninth recorded eruption of Mount *Ætna*. The roofs of the houses fell in under the weight of

the ashes and stones ejected by the mountain ; and the whole town was buried to the depth of many feet. So great was the desolation, that the Romans granted it a respite from all imposts for the space of ten years.

4. B.C. 39.—The city was taken and levelled to the earth by Sextus Pompeius, but it was soon restored, with increased magnificence, and its dispersed inhabitants re-established, by the gratitude of Augustus, in whose cause it had suffered.

5. A.D. 1144.—The lava which burst from *Ætna* in this year, passed in its course to the sea, through Catania, and destroyed a great part of the town. The same stream so completely filled up the port of Ulysses, that it would be difficult, were it not otherwise well attested, to believe that the existence of a harbour in that place was not a dream of the poets.

6. A.D. 1169.—Catania was overthrown on the 4th of February by a tremendous earthquake, which took place during a violent irruption of Mount *Ætna*. This visitation happened in the reign of William. The shocks were so incessant and severe, that the town appeared to roll from one side to the other, like a ship at sea. The bishop, with forty-four Benedictine monks, accompanied by a vast crowd of the populace, was preparing to conduct in procession from the cathedral of St. Agatha, the image of that saint, with the celebrated veil which the Catanese believe to have often miraculously preserved them on similar occasions, when the roof of the church fell in and buried them all beneath the ruins. Soon after, almost every house in the town was thrown to the earth at once, filling the streets with the materials, and overwhelming the affrighted inhabitants as they hurried to and fro, vainly endeavouring to shield themselves from the impending danger. More than fifteen thousand persons perished. Many places in the neighbourhood were in like manner destroyed. *Ætna* was observed to sink in considerably on the side towards Taormina. Ancient rivers disappeared, and others burst forth in spots before arid. The spring of Arethusa in Syracuse, the waters of which were till that period renowned for their purity and sweetness, became discoloured and brackish. The fountain of Tavi, one of the sources of the Giarretta, after remaining dry for the space of two hours, threw out for a third, waters of the colour of blood.

7. A.D. 1234.—Catania was destroyed and razed to the ground by order of the Emperor Frederic II. The soldiery committed the most frightful excesses, sparing neither age nor sex, and butchering so many thousands of the citizens, that the smoking ruins of the town may be said to have been quenched in the blood of its inhabitants ; so severe was the blow, that it remained almost entirely deserted, until the reign of Charles V., who restored it to its former splendour.

8. A.D. 1669.—Exactly five centuries after its destruction by the dreadful earthquake of 1169, Catania was afflicted by another terrible visitation. The vast river of lava ejected from the newly-created Monte Risso was in the beginning of June, rapidly advancing on the ill-fated city, setting fire to, and involving the whole country as it passed in a red cloud of smoke and flame: its devastations had already

plunged hundreds of families in irremediable ruin : a roof in the town to cover them was all that remained ; and the unrelenting lava having already deprived them of their sustenance, was on the point of expelling them from their habitations. With a progress gradual, but certain and irresistible, it rolled onward on the dismayed and helpless city. Whilst the distance was yet considerable, whilst a chance yet remained of its course being arrested or diverted, hope and fear predominated by turns on the countenances of those who hurried to and fro in the public streets and squares to collect the tidings, or crowded on the house-tops to observe the progress of the lava, varying in their expression as its appearances seemed favourable or discouraging : processions were made to every church, vows were offered at every shrine, and the sacred veil of St. Agatha, which, borne by the bishop, at the head of all the clergy of Catania, still hung suspended from the walls. But when the burning torrent, four miles in width, and sixty feet in height, closed upon the town, and overhung the ramparts, casting its frightful shade far into the place, incessantly detaching its enormous scorix, and rapidly filling up the small interval remaining, unqualified horror sat on every face, the consecrated veil was withdrawn in despair, processions dispersed in disorder, prayers gave way to lamentations, and every one capable of removing prepared for immediate flight. The shrieks of women, the wailing of children, the cries of men grown desperate with their misfortunes arose on every side. Mothers with their infants in their arms, dutiful sons with their aged parents on their shoulders, fathers of families carrying their little remaining all, hurried to the gates in promiscuous confusion ; whilst the helpless and bed-ridden, whom no filial or friendly hand had assisted to remove, abandoned to inevitable fate, were heard in many of the houses with feeble cries, vainly imploring succour. Such is but a weak description of the scene presented by Catania, when a little before mid-day on the 11th of June, the fiery torrent entered the town at an angle, near the Benedictine convent. By far the greatest part of the place was buried beneath the burning mass ; and so great were the vapours and smoke of the conflagration, that for fifty-four successive days, the few remaining inhabitants of Catania, could discern neither sun nor stars. After traversing the city, and destroying where it passed, every vestige of human habitation or presence, it at length, with a noise that stunned and terrified the hearer to a vast distance, precipitated itself into the sea, the waves of which, exalted into steam by the heat, spread themselves in an impenetrable mist for miles around. The waters were discoloured and heated far and wide, and the fish perished in such numbers, as not only to afford for some days, sufficient sustenance to the homeless and destitute thousands deprived of other resource, but for months afterwards their remains were brought up by fishermen in their nets.

9. A.D. 1693.—Whilst yet labouring under the effects of the last-mentioned disaster, this afflicted city was doomed to suffer a calamity still more dreadful from an earthquake. Antonio Serravita, an eye witness, relates that he was travelling towards Catania, when the day became gradually overcast, and at the distance of a few miles he was surprised at the sight of a black and heavy cloud, which hung like

night over the city: the sea near which lay his road, began to rise and overflow the beach, sending forth an unusual and terrific sound: at the same time *Ætna* threw up flames to an amazing height, and a tremendous explosion was heard, which appeared to Serravita louder than if all the artillery in the world had been discharged at once. The birds flew about in evident consternation, and the cattle ran bellowing through the fields. The horses of Serravita and his companions stopped short, and refused, in despite of whip and spur to proceed, rearing and plunging in a frightful manner when urged on; they were obliged to dismount, but no sooner had they alighted, than they were at first thrown down, and then again, by the heaving motion of the earth, cast up at least a foot and a half from the ground. When Serravita arose, and turned his eyes towards Catania, he was amazed at not seeing a vestige of the town remaining, and in its place nothing but a dense cloud of dust rising in the air. It was the token of destruction—the superb and populous Catania was levelled to the earth, and eighteen thousand of its inhabitants buried in its ruins.

During the shocks, no one could keep his footing; and those who lay on the ground were tossed from side to side by the undulating motion of the earth, as if on the billows at sea: high walls were lifted from their foundations, and thrown into the air. Fifty-four cities, with villages and castles innumerable, were overthrown by this frightful visitation.

10. A.D. 1819.—Catania has been of late years the scene of a melancholy occurrence. In the spring of 1819 a violent earthquake took place during the celebration of the festival of San Salvatore, by which the church was shaken to such a degree, that the walls fell in upon the crowds which had flocked there to behold the service, burying the whole congregation in the ruins. Upwards of two thousand persons perished on this dreadful occasion.

BURNT ALMONDS.

LETTER III.

TO CORNELIUS CROWQUILL, ESQ.

*" Pilot ground, Mouth of the Ugly,
" Est Indy.*

" WEL, deer sir, hear we ar at last, sirounded by crokadiles, halligaiters, hellefants, sallymanders, and al that sort of things, and so hot as nothink but rite down thorowgoin hotintots can annyways stand it. But dont let us put the cart befour the orses, like sum do, stem ingins for instantas, but begin at onst, and leav our commence til the end.

" Sir, in my last I left you at Cape of Good Hope, from wich we was to start the day folowin, but dident get away til the day after. The reson was oing to sum ladys and gentelmen as jined from Cape town bean delaid by their talers and manty makers not sendin their close ome in time; tho the master men and wimmen declared they had implide a grate number of xtry anda, and in 1 shop I sea myself no les then 4 and 20 talers al in a row. It was verry unfortunat in 1 respect, but lucky in

FOUR-AND-TWENTY TAILORS ALL IN A ROW.

a nother, for it gev us oppertunitys of seaing a ship as was bean tranceported to Bottany Bay. She cum into arber that verry mornin, and Ben Boltrope and me obtaned leaf of the capten to go on bord. O mister Crowquill! was you evver on bord of a convick ship! it wood teech you to be honnest al your life after. Poor creturs! beside bean tranceported, they had bean noht allmost to peaces with a storm—and pleas, mister Crowquill, to ask Mister M. P. Oconil, or Mister Cobit, or sum of them blowin up chaps, weather government can stand by letting foax be noht about by storms and sich like, in adition to their legle punishment. For if that's the case, a man had beter be hung at onst than rekomended to the mercy of the waves, and liabl to hav his abeas corpus shut up for ever in Nepshun's spungein ous. I dont think its legle for my part, and ope sum of the honorabl members wil take up the cuggils wen they make their parlimentary returns. Poor creturs! they was both male and female, and had al had their trials I asure you. Nay, wen we seed

em, they was stil under jury masts. Frend Ben Boltrope laffably sed the ship was as bad a karecter as the crew, for says he, wen I was quite a yungstir I remember seain it in the stoks, and from wat I've ear sins

PUT HIM IN THE STOCKS—PUT HIM IN THE STOCKS!

then, I no it's offen bean in a dok. They was menny suspishus karecters among em, for instants I ast 1 chap, as had bean brort in deth recorded, weather he wasent verry much fritend durein the storm, but he sed he shoold decline to anser that kestin. I afterwoods ast him wat he shoold hav sed to Jak Kech, if he had been axually led to the altar, but the only anser he gev was by umming a tune, the words of wich was, 'If you cast me off you blast me,' wich realy wood hav bean a verry gud answer to hav gev in sich a okasion—much beter then the last dyin speech I onst herd at the Noo Drop, wich we al thort the man wood never drop it: for instid of sayin sumthink short and swete as he orts to hav dun, he kep us as long as a charatty sirman, til we was allmost quite out of patiense with the felow, as if we had got nothink else to do but stand there seain him angd al day. And it was al to no purpus nayther, for me and a lot more chaps bean a gud way of, and him verry nervus on the okasion, we coodent make out but only the very fust words of his discoarse, wich I well remember was as followin, 'Ladys and gentelmen, unaccustumd as I am to public speking.'

"To return—the female was best of, and realy sum of them lukt so hansum in their swel mob caps, that you coodent elp wundring at anny 12 jury men bean found so ungalant as to bring em in guilty. But Ile be bound for it they was 12 old marrid frumps, as wanted to get ome to their wives and 1 a klok diners. On the hole we was verry much affected by our visit, and had scacely desired the men in the bote to give way before we gev way to our fealings, and melted to tears; in doing wich, bean druv to our poket hanky-chers, we had the unsattisfaction to find em both mising. And 1 thing leding to another, soon diskovered Ben Boltrope's poktt cumpas, bakky box, and likenes of Poll Pumkin, of Plimmoth, tuk in 15 secunds, was al gon 2; and allso my unting wach, solid silver pencil case, and gold brest pin, consisting of a fox and a cupple of ounds and a gentelman jumpin over a 5 bar gate. Am sorry to say we cood get no law agen em, and when we told our tails to our own crew, only got

laft at for our panes. I shal take cair ow I go a bord of a convik ship agen.

"Next morning we weighd our ankers, wich 1 as I elpt to weigh, by kindnes of Ben Boltrope, is uppards of 16 underd pound. Ben sed this was calld a Grate Bore, wich I think it is a verry proper name, and Ile take care ow they cach me turning the scales agen. I was verry much amewsd, bean an old sailer myself, at seaing our new mess mates, as frend Ben very appropo calld em, bean tuk sick. They went as pale as hashs, al but 2 ladys as kept their countynancys remarkably wel, wich sum suspected it was threw brandy, but afterwards found it was nothink but rooge.

"Kept the sicknes, evrythink went verry smooth, til we cum to the topic of Capsicum, wen it becum quite contrary—namely, a ded carm. But the kernel had providensialy pervided for the okasion by a tragicle play wich was got up with the hole strenth of the ship's company. It was Mac Beth, and had bean lung prommist, but oing to severel mistakes, nevver bean abel to perform till now. 1 was threw yung reverant Mister Blak, who was goin out chaplain to the Bishop of Calcutta, and had to hact yung Malcum. Bean his 1st apearance on anny stage, he lernt his part from Mallone's Shakespeer, but unfortunatly got the notes and al, so that he was foast to go it all over agen, and found it a gud deal more trubblsum, forgetin, then rememberin, but in coarse was obleege to stik to his text. Another was threw the yung lady as was to play Lady Mac Beth, but objected to apearin in her nite cap and bed gownd, and hair in bobs, but at last was pervailed upon by the yung men prommising to shut their eyes dureing the slepeing seans. Am sory to ad, owever, sevral times at rehersal cacht sum of em winkin there eyes at her. The kernel tuk the part of Mac Beth, wich I rather wunder at it, as he had 1st chuse, and might hav bean King Duncan, if he had likt. Owever, I must do him the creddit to say, he plaid bewtiful, tho Andru Mac Intosh, 1 of the salers, object to him not havein got the tru Scotch accent. 1 of the Griffins hacted Mac Duf, and verry wel 2 I thort, tho objected to by the same Scotch man, as not bean hold anuf. The witches was characterized by 3 Lankysheer lases, of the name of Mis Bobbinses, 3 twins, and as like as 2 PPs, so that wen they was drest up you coodent tel witch was witch. Mis Seleana Simkins actuated Lady Mac Beth, and Mis Matilbury Gibbs, Lady Mac Duf. Indeed al the yung ladys behavd theirselves xtreemly wel, only xept Mis Susannah Sly, who bean of a serius turn of mind, objected to so much as luk at us, and considder plays uncomon wikked things. We had sum difficulty at fust, oing to disputes about stage direxions, sum mentaneing that O. P. stud for Starbord Side, and others for Larbord; and at 1 time it was carried to sich a pich, as allmost to lead to a pitch batel, but the kernel pat em al into gud humer agen, by observeing he oped they shoodent cum for to hav a secondary O. P. riot. Allso a funy thing ocured, wich was the sirjin's mate comein in with Shakespeer in his and, ware it was rote 'Exit Omnis,' and wanting to no who was to hact Omnis, at wich we al burst out laffing reddy to bust—tho I confes I laft more for cumpny then anythink els.

"Anotner awkwoodnes was about the dreses and dekorasions, as Shakespeer says—not havein no Scoch plods on bord. Ass for the witches we fited em out wel anuf, with 3 of our stabl besoms, wich, aded to there own leghorn ats and fethers, maid em luk quite bewitchin. The gentelman as hacted King Duncan, (who Ben Boltrope says, was like his present madjisty, onst a sailer, and nown by the name of Admiral Duncan,) was drest in my new skarlit cote with blew collar,* wites and tops, and lookt as like a king as ever I sea. But wat puzzeld us most was Burnham wud, not haveins no bows on bord, and the capten objekting to tuchin at

* The uniform of the Calcutta hunt.—C. C.

the ile of Borebun, to get sum. At last we was so completely pazed as to be perposed to leav it out altogether, but fortynatly the kernel hit on a skeme jist in the nik of time, wick was to al cum on with humberel-lows, and a verry gud immitason it was, I asure you. Our sean was

A SKETCH UPON CANVAES.

an old sale wick reppresented on 1 side a vew of Eddinburrow, from Carlton ill, copied from one of the annuals, and on the other thunder and litening, both wick was beutifully panted by Dick Daub, the carpinter's mate. Wen we cum to hact serius, deer sir, I wish you had been their, you wood hav bean realy much amewsd.

"The 3 Mis Bobbinses, who plaid in masks, coodent keep their coun-tynancys at 1st, but after titering threw thunder, litening, and rain, bust out at 'I cum Grimaldi,' and was dun so bad, as to be obleege to cal for an ancore. 2nd time went cappitle, only xept Mac Duf, who singd away his unfortynat eye brows and eye lasha, in letin of the litenin, and Hecat bean verry bad urt on the shins threw Duncan bowlin a 50 pound shot agen em by way of thunder. Xept this the sean went of verry wel, partickler the litening, wick I dont tel a word of a story, wen I say it drew down thunders of applaws, and continude so lung as King Duncan was obleege to cum forwood and make his obedience, wen 1 of the ladys as jined from Cape toun, tuk a mossy rose out of her cap and threw it on the stage, wick Duncan gracefule pickt it up and stuk it in his buton ole, and then bowd hisself out, without anny axidant, xept tumblin bakwood over the witches cawldrun, wick had forgot to be tuk away in the hurry. Am sory to ad, the cawldrun bean performd by 1 of the ship's porige pots, my bit o pink and blew is completely dun for, not to mension my unmmensionable, wick I dont think they wil evver cum clene agen.

"I didnt tel you befour that the kernel, seaing that Ide a turn for the drammer, kindly consented to giv me a part, wick was to delivver a leter, but am sory to say, bean my fust apearance on anny stage, xept the York and Doncaster, found myself verry nervus, and mistakeing myself, (tho we had been particklar told to mind our Ps and Qs,) delivered it to 1 of the Lankysheer witches, insted of Lady Mac Beth, for oom it was diredted. Mis Seleana Simkins, who is verry musicle, sir-prizd us verry much by interducing a Scoch song into her part of Lady Mac Beth, namely, 'John Andersun my Joe,' accompanid on the arp,

wich went of uncommon wel, and was lowdly ancord by the comon sailors. This set em al at the same game. Lady Mac Duf, determined not to be cut out by Mis Simkins, interducing Mogy Lawder, but without anny musick; and al the gentelmen at the diner sean jining in 'None nobis dommino,' and afterwoods singin round in reglar turn and turn about; al but the kernel, who objected to its not bean legittimat drammer, but had no objections to givin em 'A sutherly wind and a clowdy ski,' betwene the ax. Verry od, the kernel had scace began with his sutherly wind, wen a breez from the sow sprung upp, and al the ands bean obleege to set of as fast as their legs cood cary em, put an end to our performances, wich was verry awkwood, particklar for Mis Susanna Sly, who haveing objected to take part in our tragicle procedins, was found in a verry commicle sitiwasion with 1 of the gentelman as jined at Cape town. Another day we wasent more fortunat, havein got as far as the woundy sargent, wen the man in the crow's nest talliod a wale, wich after a hard run of 4 ours and 50 minnits turnt out nothink but a water spout. Owever, it quite put an end to our spouting, for the same nite Lady Mac Beth and Lady Mac Duf had a violent quarril over 1 of the griffins, and objected to play anny moor in the same peace.

"But, sir, to cum to the dogs—both them and the orses is quite out of wind with bean so lung on the water: but the men ar al wel, and the orses wil be beter after a bit. Ass for the kernel, I must say he is as kind as kind can be, and never says miss you do. But ome's ome, mister Crowquill, after als sed and dun, and offen and offen I do nothink but set and think of my distant relations, namely, father and mother, and poor sister Sukey, as live ouse made in Bedford Ro—I ope you go and sea her now and then, deer sir. Poor gell the last time I parted with her down that dark airy, I thort ow ard it was for her as had bean ust al her life to runing at gras, as I may say, to be obleeg to liv in sich a airy sittiwasion.

"Deer sir, these words wil cum to you derect from the Mouth of the Ugly, wear we ar cast anker in the Pilot Grownd, as they cal it, wich is no grownd at al, but nothink but water. The ship as is to cary this orrid skrawl is goin to sale imediatly, so dont think me hasty, if I subscribe myself,

"Your dutyfull,

"BILL BULLFINCH.

"P. S. Sir, xcuse part of this leter bean rote on the derexion, as I am quite full inside."

Please, Sir, have you got two insides?—

No, Marm, I havn't not got only one, and that's quite full.

REMARKS ON MR. E. L. BULWER'S LETTER TO A LATE CABINET MINISTER.

MR. BULWER'S pamphlet is built on an assumption of principles of such ultra-reform, as amount to revolution. By those principles he tries the merits of the dismissed and the appointed ministry. Old governments, in a course of time, contract corruptions which require amendment; and such has been the case in England: the sooner remedies are applied the better. But this does not justify an overturn, and a new creation. The government of England has, for six centuries, consisted of three estates—King, Lords, and Commons—each independent in its own functions, and balanced against the others. No one has a right, because he thinks he can invent or choose something better, to try things by his own theory.

It has been assumed, of late, that the House of Commons ought to have the sole political rule, and that the two other branches are bound to follow its resolves. They, who embrace this assumption, will, of course, deem the ministry who incline to this theory more proper than those who oppose it. They get a democratic House of Commons, and then say that that House ought to have the predominance and direction. If a monarch is convinced that his ministry are inclined to encroach on the two other branches, he has a right, and it is his duty, to get rid of them. And their supporters have no right to appeal to the inflammatory passions of the populace.

That in the late cabinet the doctrines of some of the most active members led to democratic dominion, cannot be doubted. The king is bound to protect the supremacy of the Protestant church, which in Ireland, at least, those members proposed to overthrow.

Many of the most sincere advocates of a rational reform—who were zealous in their approval of the great parliamentary measure for that purpose—have been grievously disappointed at the turn things have taken; and have been obliged to confess that they miscalculated the tendencies of that measure. The fact is, that it took a turn in its progress, which violently changed its character. We cannot help yet thinking that some of the parts of this change, as first proposed, were good. But when floods are let loose in great masses, no one can tell what course they will take. We suspect that, at last, Lord Grey was fully convinced of this:—

“ And back recoil'd he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.”

Things were going much too far. The giddy mob were getting the sway with a vengeance. And the rash coachmen had given them their heads till they found it impossible to pull them in.

Perhaps the politics of the Duke of Wellington had originally too Tory an inclination. He has learned a lesson of moderation: and has had to repent bitterly of the effects of rashness. He has seen what

it has been to give an opportunity to inexperienced guides to mount the box.

A strong opposition is necessary to a constitutional government: but a body so trained never make *good ministers*. In the eagerness of objection they have committed themselves too far to the thoughtless and headstrong multitude. Men disciplined in the true principles of government, profound in experience, accustomed to rule with moderation, yet firm and fearless, ready to detect sophistry, yet not to insult self-pride, habituated to dignity, steady in the practice of that self-respect which gives authority, lifted above popular cries, and used to hear the tempest raging round them without emotion—such are the men fit to govern! Government was never yet duly preserved without dignity.

If these observations are just, they are tests by which we may form a decided opinion of the late ministry. They had no control over those whom they were placed to govern—they were driven about by every wind—they were at the mercy of the lowest and the most ignorant of the people. The legislative assembly was brought into universal contempt; and every pot-house thought itself equal in wisdom and language to those who ought to have had talents, manners, education, and character, to clothe them with authority.

That no just power, no control of laws, could long be maintained, under such circumstances, is quite certain.

We are far from saying, that all which had been done by former ministers was right. We think that they sometimes abused, and sometimes mistook, their power. We think that they sometimes carried their prejudices in favour of ancient usages too far. We think that they were not sufficiently inclined to correct the enormous corruptions of the law; and that they too little regarded financial economy. But from these extremes their successors went dangerously into opposite extravagances.

Mr. Bulwer assumes that the people have a right to insist on all the changes which he advocates. We know of no such right! We think, on the contrary, that some of them would be fatal to sound policy. Theoretically, the British constitution is the best which human wisdom has discovered. Practically it perhaps requires some amendments; but not after the crude conceits of discontented or ambitious men. If forms of government are to be at the mercy of every agitator who chooses to urge changes according to his own fancy or passion, none can stand. Occasions may happen, under very rare circumstances, in which the overturn of an established government may be justified. But they must be very extraordinary: otherwise, it is not in the nature of the human character that laws and institutions should endure. The mass of the people, when they feel the control of the law, will always throw off their bonds if they can. The governed cannot be governors.

If Mr. Bulwer could have shown that the late ministers had in view nothing but the restoration of the old constitution, and that the incoming party are actuated by principles which go to destroy it, then he would have made out his case. But he says that the Conservatives must promise and execute changes, to deserve their appointment;

and yet, if they promise those changes, it will prove their want of consistency and integrity—which will render them unworthy of trust—so that in both cases they are disqualified! In either alternative his principles and his reasonings are false.

They may, from experience, see the necessity of some moderate changes; to which, from the temper of the times, it may be prudent to accede. But they are bound to resist the inroad of excessive and wanton innovations. The cry of the mob is not to be considered as the voice of sound wisdom or just demand.

The Duke of Wellington may not be a man of letters; but he is, at any rate, an experienced, sagacious, and firm man. He has had the best opportunity of being intimately acquainted with foreign politics. Sir Robert Peel is a man not only of strong and comprehensive talents, but an orator, and highly adorned with literature, as well as a man of temper and moderation, initiated in public business from the commencement of his manhood, always considerate and enlightened, and never inattentive to the just claims of the people.

He never resists reason and sound argument; nor is ever misled by sophistry, prejudice, and passion. He is not dazzled by popular delusions; but calmly examines, and deliberately and acutely decides. He has the art not only of convincing by argument, but of overcoming by persuasion. He is, in short, a profound statesman, such as the nation has rarely produced. He sees all the advantages of a strict regard to usages and ancient wisdom; but is not a blind bigot to them. As his mind is in the highest degree of cultivation, so the clearness of his apprehension, the ordonnance of his intellect, his patience, his capacity of labour, and his command of language, enable him to sift every subject to the bottom, and decide with a probity as well as with an ability, which eminently fit him to preside over the complicated affairs of a great nation. He knows that he holds his lofty station by his personal character; and this is both his impetus and his bond. He is not a sudden meteor: he has won his high place by more than twenty years of gradual and arduous service. Pitt came into power too suddenly; Peel has done duty as a subaltern, and had no rapid and inexperienced promotion. Not too flexible by nature, he yet has a knowledge of the world, and profound discernment, which convince him of the necessity of conciliatory manners; but he is one who will never lose his influence by yielding his dignity. Having had all the advantages of wealth from his childhood, he is not to be abashed by the insolence of empty rank.

What then means all this poor banter about old Lord Spencer, and young Lord Spencer? Lord Althorp had many qualities of high recommendation, which had a great and just influence in the administration, of which he formed a prominent part; and though it is to be lamented that his good-natured flexibility was carried too far not to be exposed to grave censures, as endangering the public safety, yet the king must have seen that a ministry, already putting his throne at the mercy of the mob by its weaknesses and its indiscretions, would, in any other hands which that cabinet could name to supply his place, become perfectly destructive.

At any preceding period the monarch probably saw that it would

have been premature to change his ministers. The opinion of the justly-influential part of the nation had not yet reached the proper tone. But during the last session it had been advancing in rapid progress. The resignation of Lord Stanley, the Duke of Richmond, Sir James Graham, and Lord Ripon, followed by Earl Grey himself, took away from the cabinet its only solid and safe ingredients: and it is probable that Lord Melbourne took on himself, most reluctantly and from mere necessity, the weighty and painful responsibility.

It may be a subject of surprise that after the malady of Lord Liverpool had put an end to an administration which lasted so long, the three ministries which followed should be of such very short duration. Death indeed closed one of them: but it was death the result of vexation and overtoil. They might all, like Lord Liverpool's, be called Tory ministries.

Liberty is justly dear to all; and the people ought to have the utmost liberty which is consistent with good government: but every person of sober good sense knows that more is asked than can possibly be granted. Every one desires to have his own unrestrained will; but he forgets that he cannot do so without interfering with the will and rights of others.

The power of the crown, in England, has never increased since the Revolution of 1688; and there has been no danger of its increasing. But yet there neither is, nor ever will be, a perfect government. The only thing by which the people have been oppressed, is taxation. It will be said, that if the power of the crown had been less, that could not have taken place. On that point the observation may be true: but the same diminution of power would, in other respects, have so cramped its hands as to have been fatal to its security. It is clear that the effects of taxation were not perfectly understood in Pitt's time; and that those enormous imposts were laid on in good faith, though with a mistaken zeal. Relief from taxation was not the object of the late administration alone: it was the object of the Duke of Wellington: and, we do not doubt, will again continue so to be. Sir Robert Peel is too wise to lose sight of that grand reform.

Theory and experience are too often in conflict. The parliamentary reform has not worked well: we had hoped it would have worked well: we were advocates for it; but in its latter arrangements it took a turn which was obviously dangerous. In the old system there were many corruptions; but the most mischievous of them were left in full force. There is no doubt that some of the great modern towns were entitled to the elective franchise, which they had not hitherto possessed; and a few of the decayed places required to be struck out.

But if the House of Commons is to be returned by those who are necessarily opposed to government, the constitution is overturned. Late ministers, beginning with Pitt, made a great mistake when they took *the chief landed wealth from the House of Commons, and placed it in the Upper House*. It necessarily democratised the branch which commanded the national purse, and set them in their feelings at greater variance from the other two branches of the state. Mere demagogues there always were in the popular senate; but they never till now had the majority.

We do not mean to insist on the advantages of a cabinet made up of courtiers and persons who have risen in life through all the stages of placemen. But men born to rank and fortune are not often sufficiently laborious for office.

It is said that a reformed parliament is sure to protect the rights of the people: the fear, therefore, lies as to the rights of the crown. If so, men supposed from their dependence to be servile to the throne, are not dangerous ministers.

Men see the claims of different ranks in different lights according to the impressions of their education and early life. There was a time in our history when the great Whig families saved the constitution from the usurpations of the monarch. During the Brunswick dynasty there has been no rational dread of that evil. The American war was not carried on against the will of the people: when they grew tired of it, they put an end to it, very contrary to the wish of the throne. Pitt's power was mighty, because the opinion of the majority of the people was with him. But the *arbitrium popularis auræ* is not always right. The multitude, not under the influence of rank and property, will have wild and impossible notions of freedom.

The theory of modern democracy has been to choose a House of Commons entirely subservient to the demands of the populace; and then to set up the right of this House to dictate to the two other branches of the state, and hold out the doctrine that they must not act in opposition to their own supremacy. But this is not the principle of the British government. And if it were the principle, all influence of the crown over that branch ought not to be taken away.

Perhaps the operation of the Reform Act has not yet been fully tried. The present election may produce different effects. There is much talk about the spirit of the times: there is much both of good and evil in that spirit. As far as it has broken away from ancient prejudices, and an obstinate adherence to ancient usages, when the reasons for abiding by them have ceased, it is good. Many provisions of the laws—and still more, many corruptions of them—have required, and still require, a change. The Poor Laws, for instance; legal expenses, legal delays and subtleties, and numerous other artificial and senseless complexities. So far the spirit, not only of reform, but of innovation, is good. No ministry would now dare to shut their ears to all rational plans of amendment. Sir Robert Peel, who has an enlightened mind, least of all. But he can distinguish between what is sound and that which is chimerical and springs from a mere rage for change. Institutions ought not to be lightly set afloat. Sir Robert Walpole's maxim was—*quieta non movere*.

There were times, perhaps, when too much influence was given to aristocratical rank, or overgrown wealth; and offices were too much filled by corrupt regards. The repression of these things is an undoubted benefit. The course thus laudably begun will go on. Of all that was unsubstantial and unjust in the privileged orders, they have been shorn. It is well that particular families should not be allowed to monopolise honours, places, and pensions. But now that honours have become comparatively worthless, they have been made still cheaper, and of less respect, by profuse multiplication.

The late ministry found, at last, that they had embarked on an impracticable line; and that they could not at once satisfy the people, by whom they rose, and the king, to whom they were sworn. Not one capable man could be found to supply Lord Althorp's place.

But the new ministry will have an arduous task. While the spirit of necessary amendment has gone abroad, it has also gone on many subjects far beyond necessity. The election of a House of Commons, which will check that excess, can be very doubtfully looked to. Mighty skill will be required to moderate, yet not to chain, it; and the premier himself is likely at every turn to be overthrown if he makes a just intervention. The first point he must take up is to continue to reduce taxation. If he can repeal the Malt Tax, and again lessen, if not abolish, the Assessed Taxes, he will do wonders. Yet both may be done! It is found that light duties produce more than heavy ones.

But the cry of the populace is, perhaps, more noisy than strong. The body of the intelligent population is yet sound. The agriculturists, the manufacturing capitalists, the fundholders, all feel the necessity of a powerful and steady government; and are not willing to put themselves at the mercy of mob-rule! In the election which followed the first effervescence of the Reform Act, there was a democratic preponderance which probably may not recur.

Theories of such impossible freedom, as can only lead to anarchy, and an overturn of all necessary institutions, are the order of the day in the principal journals of Europe and America. But these are not entertained by the sober part of society. The factious, therefore, will deceive themselves, if they rely on the hope derived from these doctrines.

We have little doubt that a ministry, at once wise, eloquent, and firm, may establish order and content; and put an end to those fantastic changes which ambitious men propose merely to gain notice and self-aggrandisement. But, it is admitted, that they must not be obstinate in the support of obvious imperfections and positive corruptions. If they are, they will deserve the folly such blindness will assuredly bring on themselves.

That all which has occurred in the last four years will force any cabinet to adopt many ameliorations, which in former days they would have rejected or neglected, is quite clear. So far the result of the crisis will be good. But *est modus in rebus*. The populace had been taught to expect too much; and may now, perhaps, be brought back to reason.

In the British constitution no ministry has ever been effective that has not great talent and powerful oratory. It is necessary both to persuade and to convince, strong argument and high eloquence are necessary to enforce a right measure: and they will prevail against faction and sophistry, in spite of ignorance and vulgar passions and prejudices. Pitt, in tempestuous times and in the effervescence of revolutionary novelty, proved this. Many subsequent ministers have wanted it; and the results of this deficiency have been mischievous and lasting. Canning had something of the same advantage; but more rhetorical and over-ornamented in manner, and less sound in matter.

Sir Robert Peel is calmer, of more comprehension, and more reflective in thought, knowledge, and expression, than Canning, though he has less imagination, and consequently less of literary brilliance. He has a more practical understanding, more courtesy, and more candour; and therefore is much better fitted for a leader of the House. He is not puffed up to an ascendancy which irritates opposition and wounds pride. Canning made himself very offensive by his haughtiness. Canning's oratory was as often employed to mislead as to convince or inform: all his speeches were pleadings; Sir Robert Peel speaks more with the conscience and verity of a judge. A premier, who can support his measures by this weighty sort of talent, has supreme advantages, because through the medium of the reports in the public journals he gives a tone to the mind of the nation. It feels the force of strong arguments against it, and therefore is under the control of reason, justice, and wisdom.

As to those Conservative principles, which are confounded by many with ancient Toryism, it may be safely asserted that nothing can be more distinct. It is not the nature of Sir Robert's mind, more than of his early habits, to abide by usages and institutions merely because they are old. The course of his education, the regular discipline of his talents, his clear head, his vast acquired knowledge, have all taught him deeply to examine. A cultivated intellect, of inborn sagacity, will not lightly throw away experience; will not hastily deem the wisdom of former ages to have been erroneous and empty; and will not, from the mere attraction of novelty, or from the superficial plausibility of a first glance, or the vanity of speculative enterprize, leave beaten tracks to plunge into unknown labyrinths.

Laws derive half their force from habit; perpetual change makes them weak, yet irritating. A minister ought to repress this pruriency of legislation, and especially such as flatters and seduces the populace, yet does not benefit them.

We are far from agreeing with Sir Robert Peel in all his opinions, especially with regard to domestic policy. We think his Bill of 1819, on the Bank Restriction, a most mistaken and mischievous one; and that it has been the cause of all our agricultural and commercial distresses. It will be asked, what greater evil could be produced by a minister than these? We reply, revolution, anarchy, and a universal overturn! We are afraid Sir Robert is obstinate in these old prejudices on finance; but perhaps experience has made him wiser. However, in this world, we cannot have unmingled good: all we can look to is, to choose between evils, and take the balance of good. Under all the circumstances of the country, the late ministry could not carry on the government with safety. All their strength had left them; and they who remained were too much committed to the mob. His Majesty took a constitutional, firm, bold, and wise step!

New doctrines had been promulgated that the House of Commons was to rule the nation, and that the two other branches, King and Lords, were to follow its mandates. The danger of a conflict was proclaimed in every exaggerated form; but the danger was said to be all on the side of the other two parties, whence was to be drawn the conclusion that those parties were to submit. In that

case they could have no opinion or voice of their own. Those absurdities were received as gospel by the people, because they flattered their passions. At a moment when the Commons were modelled into an absolute democracy, this was doubly dangerous.

'The Lords' House had undoubtedly before been filled with too many courtiers, placemen, and servile upstarts. But now the contrary extreme of mere demagogues was adopted in the Lower House : and therefore they required a stronger balance. The hour was now arrived when the new system exploded. Mob tricks and mob noise began to lose their force. Perhaps a useful lesson had been taught to all sides. The Conservatives (for now there are in truth no Tories) had learned moderation, and had seen that strength must not be pushed too far, and that some concessions were necessary.

Prejudice and faction have called Lord Liverpool's a Tory government. It was not so. It was mild, considerate, and prudent, and never oppressed the people. It was the reverse of dictatorial. Lord Liverpool's fault was not to be sufficiently firm : he had not enough of the ascendant in his temper. It was far otherwise with Canning, who was haughty and imperious. Lord Ripon was too ductile and fearful. That in each of these ministries were several great mistakes, may be readily granted ; but they were not such as arose from a disregard to the people's interests. Lord Liverpool's intelligence, as a statesman, was greater than that of any other public man of his time : we do not except Lord Grenville, who had more prejudices and less liberality. Canning's knowledge was brilliant, but it was fitful and capricious—it came by flashes ; and he never saw both sides of a question at a time.

But political knowledge and sagacity have, we think, been greatly increased in profundity and comprehension by the events of the last six or seven years. The power of government is better acquainted with its limits and its necessities. The plausible theories of democratic passion have lost their art to dazzle and confound. They are still repeated with more industry and loudness than ever ; but no one believes them. The extremes of both sides have been curtailed of their strength ; rank has lost its influence, the people have lost their power of inflicting terror. It has been shown how little applause and attachment ministers can gain by yielding to the extravagant calls of the giddy populace. On the other hand, sound rights and just demands can no longer be withheld. No one, who holds the functions of the state, dares to rely on mere official power. A thousand voices and a thousand pens will rise to wither it. The delusions of robes of ermine, and coronets, and stars, are gone ! The splendour of a name, the glory of the past, have faded away ; and the gaudy glare, which has supplied their place, makes no impression. Certainly there is no longer any reason to dread aristocratic oppression. *Detur digniori* is not only felt, but acted upon.

The great agricultural and commercial interests are convinced of the necessity of a steady, intelligent, and stout government ; and are willing to forget petty passions and party politics. They look to public safety—not to individual ambition. They have learned not to play with fire ; the leaders of movements are instruments not to be

handled innocently. They have done their work, and are not to be trusted in their excesses.

Sir Robert Peel is not a minister who can stand a moment beyond the time that his abilities, his wisdom, and his probity, entitle him to stand.

In proportion as the ranks of the aristocracy have been extended, they have lost their strength and their regard. The peerage is no longer an object of veneration, or of much influence. It has been lavished on people mean in character, birth, and wealth : and the great infusion of the low has sunk down the high. There was a time when high rank and vast property would have kept the reins even over an unwilling people. At present, power of that sort has not only ceased, but the pretenders to it excite opposition. This contrary extreme is rather dangerous than beneficial. There is an authority, founded on a sort of imaginative spell, which renders a people ductile and content. The necessary bonds of society should not be thought galling beyond the truth.

He who opposes power will be readily heard, even when power is in the right : how much more readily when that power is personal, if it be in the wrong. There are therefore ties on Sir Robert Peel to act with wisdom and moderation which his prudence will not break. He has a sagacity which cannot shut its eyes to abuses : and which can judge truly of requisite amendments. The chances are, that he may yield too much rather than too little : though nothing may satisfy the fury of popular demand.

He has had great difficulties in the choice of the persons whom he has elected for his colleagues. Whether he might not have done better, it would be invidious to point out. We adhere to general observations. Feeble men, either in talent, weight, or political opinion, will not do : men rendered offensive by their violent and obstinate prejudices will do less. Something should be derived from the hereditary impressiveness of the real aristocracy, when combined with *nativ * ability, high cultivation, and a generous mind. Mere placemen, deriving no strength but from the routine and artifices of office, will be found a very hollow aid. The people have a natural distrust of those who have, through life, been the mere servile creatures of government or of the court. At any time such men would do little good ; at the present they would be fatal to the cause to which they were attached. The duties are arduous which Sir R. Peel has undertaken to fulfil : they require the strength of a giant, and a genius of sublime fortitude. Between the necessary concession and the necessary resistance who shall draw the line ?

Men in possession of splendid honours and vast wealth will not, even combined with great talent, take upon themselves the toils, the cares, and the troublesome responsibilities. Yet these are wanted to give the aid of their sanction and influence.

The dismissed ministry, though there were among them men of lofty rank and historic name, had been too long the conduit-pipes of popular declamation, to make a stand against the torrent of unlimited innovation and inconsiderate overturn ! They felt themselves placed in dilemmas from which they were willing to escape.

JAPHET, IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

"I BEG your pardon, Newland," said the major, returning from his dressing-room, resplendent with chains and bijouterie; "but I must have your Christian name."

"It's rather a strange one," replied I; "it is Japhet."

"Japhet! by the immortal powers, I'd bring an action against my godfathers and godmothers; you ought to recover heavy damages."

"Then I presume you would not have the name," replied I, with a knowing look, "for a clear ten thousand a year."

"Whew! that alters the case—it's astonishing how well any name looks in large *gold* letters. Well, as the old gentleman, whoever he might have been, made you compensation, you must forgive and forget. Now where shall we go?"

"With your permission, as I came to town in these clothes, made by a German tailor—Darmstadt's tailor by-the-by—but still if tailor to a prince, not the prince of tailors—I would wish you to take me to your own: your dress appears very correct."

"You show your judgment, Newland, it is correct; Stultz will be delighted to have your name on his books, and to do justice to that figure. *Allons donc.*"

We sauntered up St. James's Street, and before I had arrived at Stultz's, I had been introduced to at least twenty of the young men about town. The major was most particular in his directions about the clothes, all of which he ordered; and as I knew that he was well acquainted with the fashion, I gave him *carte blanche*. When we left the shop, he said, "Now, my dear Newland, I have given you a proof of friendship which no other man in England has had. Your dress will be the *ne plus ultra*. There are little secrets only known to the initiated, and Stultz is aware that this time I am in earnest. I am often asked to do the same for others, and I pretend so to do; but a wink from me is sufficient, and Stultz dares not dress them. Don't you want some bijouterie? or have you any at home?"

"I may as well have a few trifles," replied I.

We entered a celebrated jeweller's, and he selected for me to the amount of about forty pounds. "That will do—never buy much; for it is necessary to change every three months at least. What is the price of this chain?"

"It is only fifteen guineas, major."

"Well, I shall take it; but recollect," continued the major; "I tell you honestly, I never shall pay you."

The jeweller smiled, bowed, and laughed; the major threw the chain round his neck, and we quitted the shop.

¹ Continued from p. 26.

"At all events, major, they appear not to believe your word in that shop."

"My dear fellow, that's their own fault, not mine. I tell them honestly I never will pay them; and you may depend upon it I intend most sacredly to keep my word. I never do pay any body, for the best of all possible reasons, I have no money; but then I do them a service—I make them fashionable, and they know it."

"What debts do you pay then, major?"

"Let me think—that requires consideration. Oh! I pay my washer-woman."

"Don't you pay your debts of honour?"

"Debts of honour! why I'll tell *you* the truth; for I know that we shall hunt in couples. If I win I take the money; but if I lose—why then I forget to pay; and I always tell them so before I sit down to the table. If they won't believe me, it's not my fault. But what's the hour? Come, I must make a few calls, and will introduce you."

We sauntered on to Grosvenor Square, knocked, and were admitted into a large, elegantly furnished mansion. The footman announced us—"My dear Lady Maelstrom, allow me the honour of introducing to you my very particular friend, Mr. Newland, consigned to my charge by my Lord Windermear during his absence. He has just arrived from the continent, where he has been making the grand tour."

Her ladyship honoured me with a smile. "By-the-by, major, that reminds me—do me the favour to come to the window. Excuse us one moment, Mr. Newland."

The major and Lady Maelstrom walked to the window, and exchanged a few sentences, and then returned. Her ladyship, holding up her finger, and saying to him as they came towards me, "Promise me now that you won't forget."

"Your ladyship's slightest wishes are to me imperative commands," replied the major, with a graceful bow.

In a quarter of an hour, during which the conversation was animated, we rose to take our leave, when her ladyship came up to me, and offering her hand, said, "Mr. Newland, the friendship of Lord Windermear, and the introduction of Major Carbonnell, are more than sufficient to induce me to put your name down on my visiting list. I trust I shall see a great deal of you, and that we shall be great friends."

I bowed to this handsome announcement, and we retired. As soon as we were out in the square, the major observed, "You saw her take me on one side—it was to *pump*. She has no daughters, but about fifty nieces, and match-making is her delight. I told her that I would stake my honour upon your possessing ten thousand a year; how much more I could not say. I was not far wrong, was I?"

I laughed. "What I may be worth, major, I really cannot say; but I trust that the event will prove that you are not far wrong. Say no more, my dear fellow."

"I understand—you are not yet of age—of course have not yet come into possession of your fortune."

"That is exactly the case, major. I am now but little more than nineteen."

"You look older; but there is no getting over baptismal registries with the executors. Newland, you must content yourself for the two next years in playing Moses, and only peep at the promised land."

We made two or three more calls, and then returned to St. James's Street. "Where shall we go now? By-the-by, don't you want to go to your banker's?"

"I will just stroll down with you, and see if they have paid any money in," replied I, carelessly.

We called at Drummond's, and I asked them if there was any money paid in to the credit of Mr. Newland.

"Yes, sir," replied one of the clerks; "there is one thousand pounds paid in yesterday."

"Very good," replied I.

"How much do you wish to draw for?" inquired the major.

"I don't want any," replied I. "I have more money than I ought to have in my desk at this moment."

"Well, then, let us go and order dinner; or perhaps you would like to stroll about a little more; if so, I will go and order the dinner. Here's Harcourt, that's lucky. Harcourt, my dear fellow, know Mr. Newland, my very particular friend. I must leave you now; take his arm, Harcourt, for half an hour, and then join us at dinner at the Piazza."

Mr. Harcourt was an elegant young man of about five-and-twenty. Equally pleased with each other's externals, we were soon familiar: he was witty, sarcastic, and well-bred. After half an hour's conversation he asked me what I thought of the major. I looked him in the face, and smiled. "That look tells me that you will not be his dupe, otherwise I had warned you: he is a strange character; but if you have money enough to afford to *keep him*, you cannot do better, as he is acquainted with, and received by, everybody. His connexions are good; and he once had a very handsome fortune, but it was soon run out, and he was obliged to sell his commission in the Guards. Now he lives upon the world; which, as Shakespeare says, is his oyster; and he has wit and sharpness enough to open it. Moreover, he has some chance of falling into a peerage; that prospect, and his amusing qualities, added to his being the most fashionable man about town, keeps his head above water. I believe Lord Windermear, who is his cousin, very often helps him."

"It was Lord Windermear who introduced me to him," observed I.

"Then he will not venture to play any tricks upon you, further than eating your dinners, borrowing your money, and forgetting to pay it."

"You must acknowledge," said I, "he always tells you beforehand that he never will pay you."

"And that is the only point in which he adheres to his word," replied Harcourt, laughing; "but, tell me, am I to be *your* guest to-day?"

"If you will do me that honour."

"I assure you I am delighted to come, as I shall have a further opportunity of cultivating your acquaintance."

"Then we had better bend our steps towards the hotel, for it is late," replied I; and we did so accordingly.

On our arrival we found the table spread, champagne in ice under the sideboard, and apparently every thing prepared for a sumptuous dinner, the major on the sofa giving directions to the waiter, and Timothy looking all astonishment. "Major," said I, "I cannot tell you how much I am obliged to you for your kindness in taking all this trouble off my hands, that I might follow up the agreeable introduction you have given me to Mr. Harcourt."

"My dear Newland, say no more; you will, I dare say, do the same for me if I require it, when I give a dinner. (Harcourt caught my eye, as if to say, "You may safely promise that.") But, Newland, do you know that the nephew of Lord Windermear has just arrived? Did you meet abroad?"

"No," replied I, somewhat confused; but I soon recovered myself. As for Tim, he bolted out of the room. "What sort of a person is he?"

"That you may judge for yourself, my dear fellow, for I asked him to join us, I must say, more out of compliment to Lord Windermear than any thing else; for I am afraid that even I could never make a gentleman of him. But take Harcourt with you to your room, and by the time you have washed your hands, I will have dinner on the table. I took the liberty of desiring your valet to show me in about ten minutes ago. He's a shrewd fellow that of your's, where did you pick him up?"

"By mere accident," replied I; "come, Mr. Harcourt."

On our return we found the real Simon Pure, Mr. Estcourt, sitting with the major, who introduced us, and dinner being served, we sat down to table.

Mr. Estcourt was a young man, about my own age, but not so tall by two or three inches. His features were prominent, but harsh; and when I saw him, I was not at all surprised at Lord Windermear's expressions of satisfaction, when he supposed that I was his nephew. His countenance was dogged and sullen, and he spoke little; he appeared to place an immense value upon birth, and hardly deigned to listen, except the aristocracy were the subject of discourse. I treated him with marked deference, that I might form an acquaintance, and found before we parted that night, that I had succeeded. Our dinner was excellent, and we were all, except Mr. Estcourt, in high good humour. We sat late—too late to go to the theatre, and promising to meet the next day at noon, Harcourt and the Major took their leave.

Mr. Estcourt had indulged rather too much, and after their departure became communicative. We sat up for more than an hour; he talked of nothing but his family and his expectations. I took this opportunity of discovering what his feelings were likely to be when he was made acquainted with the important secret which was in my possession. I put a case somewhat similar, and asked him whether

in such circumstances he would waive his right for a time, to save the honour of his family.

"No, by G—d!" replied he, "I never would. What! give up even for a day my right—conceal my true rank for the sake of relatives? never—nothing would induce me."

I was satisfied, and then casually asked him if he had written to Lord Windermear to inform him of his arrival.

"No," replied he; "I shall write to-morrow." He soon after retired to his own apartment, and I rang for Timothy.

"Good heavens, sir!" cried Timothy, "what is all this—and what are you about? I am frightened out of my wits. Why, sir, our money will not last two months."

"I do not expect it will last much longer, Tim; but it cannot be helped. Into society I must get—and to do so, must pay for it."

"But, sir, putting the expense aside, what are we to do about this Mr. Estcourt? All must be found out."

"I intend that it shall be found out, Tim," replied I; "but not yet. He will write to his uncle to-morrow; you must obtain the letter, for it must not go. I must first have time to establish myself, and then Lord Windermear may find out his error as soon as he pleases."

"Upon my honour, Japhet, you appear to be afraid of nothing."

"I fear nothing, Tim, when I am following up the object of my wishes. I will allow no obstacles to stand in my way, in my search after my father."

"Really, you seem to be quite mad on that point, Japhet."

"Perhaps I may be, Tim," replied I, thoughtfully. "At all events, let us go to bed now, and I will tell you to-morrow morning, all the events of this day."

Mr. Estcourt wrote his letter, which Tim very officiously offered to put into the post, instead of which we put it between the bars of the grate.

I must now pass over about three weeks, during which I became very intimate with the Major and Mr. Harcourt, and was introduced by them to the clubs, and almost every person of fashion. The idea of my wealth, and my very handsome person and figure, ensured me a warm reception, and I soon became one of the stars of the day. During this time I also gained the entire confidence of Mr. Estcourt, who put letter after letter into the hands of Timothy, who of course put them into the usual place. I pacified him as long as I could, by expressing my opinion, that his lordship was on a visit to some friends in the neighbourhood of his seat; but at last he would remain in town no longer. You may go now, thought I, I feel quite safe.

It was about five days after his departure, as I was sauntering, arm in arm with the major, who generally dined with me about five days in the week, that I perceived the carriage of Lord Windermear, with his lordship in it. He saw us, and pulling his check-string, alighted, and coming up to us, with the colour mounting to his forehead with emotion, returned the salute of the major and me.

"Major," said he, "you will excuse me, but I am anxious to have

some conversation with Mr. Newland; perhaps," continued his lordship, addressing me, "you will do me the favour to take a seat in my carriage?"

Fully prepared, I lost none of my self-possession, but, thanking his lordship, I bowed to him, and stepped in. His lordship followed, and, saying to the footman, "Home—drive fast," fell back in the carriage, and never uttered one word until we had arrived, and had entered the dining-parlour. He then took a few steps up and down, before he said, "Mr. Newland, or whatever your name may be, I perceive that you consider the possession of an important secret to be your safeguard. To state my opinion of your conduct is needless; who you are, and what you are, I know not; but," continued he, no longer controlling his anger; "you certainly can have no pretensions to the character of a gentleman."

"Perhaps your lordship," replied I, calmly, "will inform me upon what you may ground your inference."

"Did you not, in the first place, open a letter addressed to another?"

"My lord, I opened a letter brought to me with the initials of my name, and at the time I opened it, I fully believed that it was intended for me."

"We will grant that, sir; but after you had opened it you must have known that it was for some other person."

"I will not deny that, my lord."

"Notwithstanding which, you apply to my lawyer, representing yourself as another person, to obtain sealed papers."

"I did, my lord; but allow me to say, that I never should have done so, had I not been warned by a dream."

"By a dream!"

"Yes, my lord. I had determined not to go for them, when in a dream I was ordered so to do."

"Paltry excuse! and then you break private seals."

"Nay, my lord, although I did go for the papers, I could not, even with the idea of supernatural interposition, make up my mind to break the seals. If your lordship will recollect, it was you who broke the seals, and insisted upon my reading the papers."

"Yes, sir, under your false name."

"It is the name by which I go at present, although I acknowledge it is false; but that is not my fault—I have no other at present."

"It is very true, sir, that in all I have now mentioned, the law will not reach you; but recollect, that by assuming another person's name——"

"I never did, my lord," interrupted I.

"Well, I may say, by inducing me to believe that you were my nephew, you have obtained money under false pretences; and for that I now have you in my power."

"My lord, I never asked you for the money; you yourself paid it into the banker's hands, to my credit, and to my own name. I appeal to you now, whether, if you so deceived yourself, the law can reach me?"

"Mr. Newland, I will say, that much as I regret what has passed,

I regret more than all the rest, that one so young, so prepossessing, so candid in appearance, should prove such an adept in deceit. Thinking you were my nephew, my heart warmed towards you, and I must confess, that since I have seen my real nephew, the mortification has been very great."

"My lord, I thank you; but allow me to observe, that I am no swindler. Your thousand pounds you will find safe in the bank, for penury would not have induced me to touch it. But now that your lordship appears more cool, will you do me the favour to listen to me? When you have heard my life up to the present, and my motives for what I have done, you will then decide how far I am to blame."

His lordship took a chair, and motioned to me to take another. I narrated what had occurred when I was left at the Foundling, and gave him a succinct account of my adventures subsequently—my determination to find my father—the dream which induced me to go for the papers—and all that the reader has already been acquainted with. His lordship evidently perceived the monomania which led me, and heard me with great attention.

"You certainly, Mr. Newland, do not stand so low in my opinion as you did before this explanation, and I must make allowances for the excitement under which I perceive you to labour on one subject; but now, sir, allow me to put one question, and beg that you will answer candidly. What price do you demand for your secrecy on this important subject?"

"My lord!" replied I, rising with dignity; "this is the greatest affront you have put upon me yet; still I will name the price by which I will solemnly bind myself, by all my future hopes of finding my father in this world, and of finding an eternal Father in the next, and that price, my lord, is a return of your good opinion."

His lordship also rose, and walked up and down the room with much agitation in his manner. "What am I to make of you, Mr. Newland?"

"My lord, if I were a swindler, I should have taken your money; if I had wished to avail myself of the secret, I might have escaped with all the documents, and made my own terms. I am, my lord, nothing more than an abandoned child, trying all he can to find his father." My feelings overpowered me, and I burst into tears. As soon as I could recover myself, I addressed his lordship, who had been watching me in silence, and not without emotion. "I have one thing more to say to you, my lord." I then mentioned the conversation between Mr. Estcourt and myself, and pointed out the propriety of not making him a party to the important secret.

His lordship allowed me to proceed without interruption, and after a few moments' thought, said, "I believe that you are right, Mr. Newland; and I now begin to think that it was better that this secret should have been entrusted to you than to him. You have now conferred an obligation on me, and may command me. I believe you to be honest, but a little mad, and I beg your pardon for the pain which I have occasioned you."

"My lord, I am more than satisfied."

"Can I be of any assistance to you, Mr. Newland?"

“ If, my lord, you could at all assist me, or direct me in my search——”

“ Then I am afraid I can be of little use ; but I will give you the means of prosecuting your search, and in so doing, I am doing but an act of justice, for in introducing you to Major Carbonnell, I am aware that I must have very much increased your expenses. It was an error which must be repaired, and therefore, Mr. Newland, I beg you will consider the money at the bank as yours, and make use of it to enable you to obtain your ardent wish.”

“ My lord ——”

“ I will not be denied, Mr. Newland ; and if you feel any delicacy on the subject, you may take it as a loan, to be repaid when you find it convenient. Do not, for a moment, consider that it is given to you because you possess an important secret, for I will trust entirely to your honour on that score.”

“ Indeed, my lord,” replied I, “ your kindness overwhelms me, and I feel as if, in you, I had already *almost* found a father. Excuse me, my lord, but did your lordship ever——ever ——”

“ I know what you would say, my poor fellow : no, I never did. I never was blessed with children. Had I been, I should not have felt that I was disgraced by having one resembling you. Allow me to entreat you, Mr. Newland, that you do not suffer the mystery of your birth to weigh so heavy on your mind ; and now I wish you good morning, and if you think I can be useful to you, I beg that you will not fail to let me know.”

“ May Heaven pour down blessings on your head,” replied I, kissing respectfully his lordship’s hand ; “ and may my father, when I find him, be as like unto you as possible.” I made my obeisance, and quitted the house.

I returned to the hotel, for my mind had been much agitated, and I wished for quiet, and the friendship of Timothy. As soon as I arrived I told him all that had passed.

“ Indeed,” replied Timothy, “ things do now wear a pleasant aspect ; for I am afraid, that without that thousand, we could not have carried on for a fortnight longer. The bill here is very heavy, and I’m sure the landlord wishes to see the colour of his money.”

“ How much do you think we have left ? It is high time, Timothy, that we now make up our accounts, and arrange some plans for the future,” replied I. “ I have paid the jeweller and the tailor, by the advice of the major, who says, that you should always pay your *first bills* as soon as possible, and all your subsequent bills as late as possible ; and if put off *sine die*, so much the better. In fact, I owe very little now, but the bill here, I will send for it to-night.”

Here we were interrupted by the entrance of the landlord. “ O Mr. Wallace, you are the very person I wished to see ; let me have my bill, if you please.”

“ It’s not of the least consequence, sir,” replied he ; “ but if you wish it, I have posted down to yesterday,” and the landlord left the room.

“ You were both of one mind, at all events,” said Timothy, laughing.

ing ; “ for he had the bill in his hand, and concealed it the moment you asked for it.”

In about ten minutes the landlord re-appeared, and presenting the bill upon a salver, made his bow and retired. I looked it over, it amounted to £104, which, for little more than three weeks, was pretty well. Timothy shrugged up his shoulders, while I ran over the items. “ I do not see that there is any thing to complain of, Tim,” observed I, when I came to the bottom of it ; “ but I do see that living here, with the major keeping me an open house, will never do. Let us see how much money we have left.”

Tim brought the dressing-case in which our cash was deposited, and we found, that after paying the waiters, and a few small bills not yet liquidated, that our whole stock was reduced to fifty shillings.

“ Merciful Heaven ! what an escape,” cried Timothy ; “ if it had not been for this new supply, what should we have done ?”

“ Very badly, Timothy ; but the money is well spent, after all. I have now entrance into the first circles. I can do without Major Carbonnell ; at all events, I shall quit this hotel, and take furnished apartments, and live at the clubs. I know how to put him off.”

I laid the money on the salver, and desired Timothy to ring for the landlord, when who should come up but the major and Harcourt. “ Why, Newland ! what are you going to do with that money ?” said the major.

“ I am paying my bill, major.”

“ Paying your bill, indeed ; let us see—£104. O this is a confounded imposition. You mustn’t pay this.” At this moment the landlord entered. “ Mr. Wallace,” said the major, “ my friend Mr. Newland was about, as you may see, to pay you the whole of your demand ; but allow me to observe, that being my very particular friend, and the Piazza having been particularly recommended by me, I do think that your charges are somewhat exorbitant. I shall certainly advise Mr. Newland to leave the house to-morrow, if you are not more reasonable.”

“ Allow me to observe, major, that my reason for sending for my bill, was to pay it before I went into the country, which I must do to-morrow, for a few days.”

“ Then I shall certainly recommend Mr. Newland not to come here when he returns, Mr. Wallace, for I hold myself, to a certain degree, after the many dinners we have ordered here, and of which I have partaken, as I may say, *particeps criminis*, or in other words, as having been a party to this extortion. Indeed, Mr. Wallace, some reduction must be made, or you will greatly hurt the credit of your house.”

Mr. Wallace declared, that really he had made nothing but the usual charges ; that he would look over the bill again, and see what he could do.

“ My dear Newland,” said the major, “ I have ordered your dinners, allow me to settle your bill. Now, Mr. Wallace, suppose we take off *one-third* ?”

“ *One-third*, Major Carbonnell ! I should be a loser.”

“ I am not exactly of your opinion ; but let me see—now take your

choice. Take off £20, or you lose my patronage, and that of all my friends. Yes or no?"

The landlord, with some expostulation, at last consented, and he receipted the bill, leaving £20 of the money on the salver, made his bow, and retired.

"Rather fortunate that I slipped in, my dear Newland; now there are £20 saved. By-the-by, I'm short of cash. You've no objection to let me have this? I shall never pay you, you know."

"I do know you *never* will pay me, major; nevertheless, as I should have paid it to the landlord had you not interfered, I will lend it to you."

"You are a good fellow, Newland," said the major, pocketing the money. "If I had borrowed it, and you had thought you would have had it repaid, I should not have thanked you; but as you lend me with your eyes open, it is nothing more than a very delicate manner of obliging me, and I tell you candidly, that I will not forget it. So you really are off to-morrow?"

"Yes," replied I, "I must go, for I find that I am not to make ducks and drakes of my money, until I come into possession of my property."

"I see, my dear fellow. Executors are the very devil; they have no feeling. Never mind; there's a way of getting to windward of them. I dine with Harcourt, and he has come to ask you to join us."

"With pleasure."

"I shall expect you at seven, Newland," said Harcourt, as he quitted the room with the major.

"Dear me, sir, how could you let that gentleman walk off with your money?" cried Timothy. "I was just rubbing my hands with the idea that we were £20 better off than we thought, and away it went, like smoke."

"And will never come back again, Tim; but never mind that, it is important that I make a friend of him, and his friendship is only to be bought. I shall have value received. And now, Tim, we must pack up, for I leave this to-morrow morning. I shall go down to ———, and see little Fleta."

I dined with Harcourt; the major was rather curious to know what it was which appeared to flurry Lord Windermear, and what had passed between us. I told him that his lordship was displeased on money matters, but that all was right, only that I must be more careful for the future. "Indeed, major, I think I shall take lodgings. I shall be more comfortable, and better able to receive my friends."

Harcourt agreed with me, that it was a much better plan, when the major observed, "Why, Newland, I have a room quite at your service; suppose you come and live with me?"

"I am afraid I shall not save by that," replied I, laughing, "for you will not pay your share of the bills."

"No, upon my honour I will not; so I give you fair warning; but as I always dine with you when I do not dine elsewhere, it will be a saving to you—for you will *save your lodgings*, Newland; and you know the house is my own, and I let off the rest of it; so, as far as that bill is concerned, you will be safe."

"Make the best bargain you can, Newland," said Harcourt; "accept his offer, for depend upon it, it will be a saving in the end."

"It certainly deserves consideration," replied I; "and the major's company must be allowed to have its due weight in the scale; if Carbonnell will promise to be a little more economical——"

"I will, my dear fellow—I will act as your steward, and make your money last as long as I can, for my *own sake*, as well as yours. Is it a bargain? I have plenty of room for your servant, and if he will assist me a little, I will discharge my own." I then consented to the arrangement.

The next day I went to the banker's, drew out £150, and set off with Timothy for ————. Fleta threw herself into my arms, and sobbed with joy. When I told her Timothy was outside, and wished to see her, she asked why he did not come in; and, to show how much she had been accustomed to see, without making remarks, when he made his appearance in his livery, she did not by her countenance express the least surprise, nor, indeed, did she put any questions to me on the subject. The lady who kept the school praised her very much for docility and attention, and shortly after left the room. Fleta then took the chain from around her neck into her hand, and told me that she did recollect something about it, which was, that the lady whom she remembered, wore a long pair of ear-rings of the same make and materials. She could not, however, call to mind any thing else. I remained with the little girl for three hours, and then returned to London—taking my luggage, and installed myself into the apartments of Major Carbonnell.

The major adhered to his promise; we certainly lived well, for he could not live otherwise; but in every other point, he was very careful not to add to expense. The season was now over, and every body of consequence quitted the metropolis. To remain in town would be to lose caste, and we had a conference where we should proceed.

"Newland," said the major, "you have created a sensation this season, which has done great honour to my patronage; but I trust next spring, that I shall see you form a good alliance, for believe me, out of the many heartless beings we have mingled with, there are still not only daughters, but mothers, who are not influenced by base and sordid views."

"Why, Carbonnell, I never heard you venture upon so long a moral speech before."

"True, Newland, and it may be a long while before I do so again; the world is my oyster, which I must open, that I may live; but recollect, I am only trying to recover my own, which the world has swindled me out of. There was a time when I was even more disinterested, more confiding, and more innocent, than you were when I first took you in hand. I suffered, and was ruined by my good qualities; and I now live and do well by having discarded them. We must fight the world with its own weapons; but still, as I said before, there is some good in it, some pure ore amongst the dross; and it is possible to find high rank and large fortune, and at the same time an innocent mind. If you do marry I will try hard but you shall possess both; not that fortune can be of much consequence to you."

"Depend upon it, Carbonnell, I never will marry without fortune."

"I did not know that I had schooled you so well; be it so—it is but fair that you should expect it; and it shall be an item in the match if I have any thing to do with it."

"But why are you so anxious that I should marry, Carbonnell?"

"Because I think you will, in all probability, avoid the gaming table, which I should have taken you to myself had you been in possession of your fortune when I first knew you, and have had my share of your plucking; but now I do know you, I have that affection for you, that I think it better you should not lose your all; for observe, Newland, my share of your spoliation would not be more than what I have, and may still receive, from you; and if you marry and settle down, there will always be a good house and a good table for me, as long as I find favour with your wife; and at all events, a friend in need, that I feel convinced of. So now you have my reasons; some smack of the disinterestedness of former days, others of my present worldliness; you may believe which you please." And the major laughed as he finished his speech.

"Carbonnell," replied I, "I will believe that the better feelings predominate—that the world has made you what you are; and that had you not been ruined by the world, you would have been disinterested and generous; even now, your real nature often gains the ascendancy, and I am sure that in all that you have done, which is not defensible, your poverty, and not your will, has consented. Now, blunted by habit and time, the suggestions of conscience do not often give you any uneasiness."

"You are very right, my dear fellow," replied the major; "and in having a better opinion of me than the world in general, you do me, I trust, no more than justice. I will not squander *your* fortune, when you come to it, if I can help it; and you'll allow that's a very handsome promise on my part."

"I'll defy you to squander my fortune," replied I, laughing.

"Nay, don't defy me, Newland, for if you do, you'll put me on my mettle. Above all, don't lay me a bet, for that will be still more dangerous. We have only spent about four hundred of the thousand since we have lived together, which I consider highly economical. What do you say, shall we go to Cheltenham? You will find plenty of Irish girls, looking out for husbands, who will give you a warm reception."

"I hate your fortune and establishment hunters," replied I.

"I grant that they are looking out for a good match, so are all the world; but let me do them justice. Although, if you proposed, in three days they would accept you; yet once married, they make the very best wives in the world. But recollect we must go somewhere; and I think Cheltenham is as good a place as any other. I do not mean for a wife, but—it will suit my own views."

This last observation decided me, and in a few days we were at Cheltenham; and having made our appearance at the rooms, were soon in the vortex of society. "Newland," said Carbonnell, "I dare say you find time hang rather heavy in this monotonous place."

"Not at all," replied I; "what with dining out, dancing, and promenading, I do very well."

"But we must do better. Tell me, are you a good hand at whist?"

"Not by any means. Indeed, I hardly know the game."

"It is a fashionable and necessary accomplishment. I must make you master of it, and our mornings shall be dedicated to the work."

"Agreed," replied I; and from that day every morning after breakfast till four o'clock, the major and I were shut up, playing two dummies, under his instruction. Adept as he was, I very soon learnt all the finesse and beauty of the game.

"You will do now, Newland," said the major one morning, tossing the cards away. "Recollect, if you are asked to play, and I have agreed, do not refuse; but we must always play against each other."

"I don't see what we shall gain by that," replied I; "for if I win, you'll lose."

"Never do you mind that, only follow my injunctions, and play as high as they choose. We only stay here three weeks longer, and must make the most of our time."

I confess I was quite puzzled at what might be the major's intentions; but that night we sauntered into the club. Not having made our appearance before, we were considered as new hands by those who did not know the major, and were immediately requested to make up a game. "Upon my word, gentlemen, in the first place, I play very badly," replied the major; "and in the next," continued he, laughing, "if I lose, I never shall pay you, for I'm cleaned out."

The way in which the major said this only excited a smile; he was not believed, and I was also requested to take a hand. "I'll not play with the major," observed I, "for he plays badly, and has bad luck into the bargain; I might as well lay my money down on the table."

This was agreed to by the other parties, and we sat down. The first rubber of short whist was won by the major and his partner; with the bets it amounted to eighteen pounds. I pulled out my purse to pay the major; but he refused, saying, "No, Newland, pay my partner; and with you, sir," said he, addressing my partner, "I will allow the debt to remain until we rise from the table. Newland, we are not going to let you off yet, I can tell you."

I paid my eighteen pounds, and we recommenced. Although his partner did not perhaps observe it, for he was but an indifferent player, or if he did observe it, had the politeness not to say any thing, the major now played very badly. He lost three rubbers one after another, and with bets and stakes, they amounted to one hundred and forty pounds. At the end of the last rubber he threw up the cards, exclaiming against his luck, and declaring that he would play no more. "How are we now, sir?" said he to my partner.

"You owed me, I think, eighteen pounds."

"Eighteen from one hundred and forty, leaves one hundred and twenty-two pounds, which I now owe you. You must, I'm afraid, allow me to be your debtor," continued the major, in a most insi-

nuating manner. "I did not come here with the intention of playing. I presume I shall find you here to-morrow night."

The gentleman bowed, and appeared quite satisfied. Major Carbonnell's partner paid me one hundred and forty pounds, which I put in my pocket book, and we quitted the club.

As soon as we were in the street, I commenced an inquiry as to the major's motives. "Not one word, my dear fellow, until we are at home," replied he. As soon as we arrived, he threw himself in a chair, and crossing his legs, commenced:—"You observe, Newland, that I am very careful that you should do nothing to injure your character. As for my own, all the honesty in the world will not redeem it; nothing but a peerage will ever set me right again in this world, and a coronet will cover a multitude of sins. I have thought it my duty to add something to our finances, and intend to add very considerably to them before we leave Cheltenham. You have won one hundred and twenty-eight pounds."

"Yes," replied I; "but you have lost it."

"Granted; but as in most cases I never mean *to pay* my losses, you see that it must be a winning speculation as long as we play against each other."

"I perceive," replied I; "but am not I a confederate?"

"No; you paid when you lost, and took your money when you won. Leave me to settle my own debts of honour."

"But you will meet him again to-morrow night."

"Yes, and I will tell you why. I never thought it possible that we could have met two such bad players at the club. We must now play against them, and we must win in the long run; by which means I shall pay off the debt I owe him, and you will win and pocket money."

"Ah," replied I, "if you mean to allow him a chance for his money, I have no objection—that will be all fair."

"Depend upon it, Newland, when I know that people play as badly as they do, I will not refuse them; but when we sit down with others, it must be as it was before—we must play against each other, and I shall *owe* the money. I told the fellow that I never would pay him."

"Yes; but he thought you were only joking."

"That is his fault—I was in earnest. I could not have managed this had it not been that you are known to be a young man of ten thousand pounds per annum, and supposed to be my dupe. I tell you so candidly; and now, good night."

I turned the affair over in my mind as I undressed—it was not honest—but I paid when I lost, and I only took the money when I won,—still I did not like it; but the bank notes caught my eye as they lay on the table, and—I was satisfied. Alas! how easy are scruples removed when we want money! How many are there who when in a state of prosperity and affluence, when not tried by temptation would have blushed at the bare idea of a dishonest action, who have raised and held up their hands in abhorrence, when they have heard that others have been found guilty; and yet, when in adversity, have themselves committed the very acts which before they so loudly

condemned! How many of the other sex, who have expressed their indignation and contempt at those who have fallen, who, when tempted, have fallen themselves! Let us therefore be charitable; none of us can tell to what we may be reduced by circumstances; and when we acknowledge that the error is great, let us feel sorrow and pity rather than indignation, and pray that we also may not be "*led into temptation.*"

As agreed upon, the next evening we repaired to the club, and found the two gentlemen ready to receive us. This time the major refused to play unless it was with me, as I had such good fortune, and no difficulty was made by our opponents. We sat down and played till four o'clock in the morning. At first, notwithstanding our good play, fortune favoured our adversaries; but the luck soon changed, and the result of the evening was, that the major had a balance in his favour of forty pounds, and I rose a winner of one hundred and seventy-one pounds, so that in two nights we had won three hundred and forty-two pounds. For nearly three weeks this continued, the major not paying when not convenient, and we quitted Cheltenham with about eight hundred pounds in our pockets; the major having paid about one hundred and twenty pounds to different people who frequented the club; but they were Irishmen, who were not to be trifled with. I proposed to the major that we should pay those debts, as there still would be a large surplus: he replied, "Give me the money." I did so. "Now," continued he, "so far your scruples are removed, as you will have been strictly honest; but, my dear fellow, if you know how many debts of this sort are due to me, of which I never did touch one farthing, you would feel as I do—that it is excessively foolish to *part with money*. I have them all booked here, and may some day pay——when convenient; but, at present, most decidedly it is not so." The major put the notes into his pocket, and the conversation was dropped.

The next morning we had ordered our horses, when Timothy came up to me, and made a sign, as we were at breakfast, for me to come out. I followed him.

"Oh! sir, I could not help telling you, but there is a gentleman with——"

"With what?" replied I, hastily.

"With your *nose*, sir, exactly—and in other respects very like you—just about the age your father should be."

"Where is he, Timothy?" replied I, all my feelings in 'search of my father,' rushing into my mind.

"Down below, sir, about to set off in a post-chariot and four, now waiting at the door."

I ran down with my breakfast napkin in my hand, and hastened to the portico of the hotel—he was in his carriage, and the porter was then shutting the door. I looked at him. He was as Timothy said, *very like* me indeed, the *nose* exact. I was breathless, and I continued to gaze.

"All right," cried the ostler.

"I beg your pardon, sir——," said I, addressing the gentleman in the carriage, who perceiving a napkin in my hand, probably took me

for one of the waiters, for he replied very abruptly, 'I have remembered you;' and pulling up the glass, away wheeled the chariot, the nave of the hind wheel striking me a blow on the thigh which numbed it so, that it was with difficulty I could limp up to our apartments, when I threw myself on the sofa in a state of madness and despair.

"Good heavens, Newland, what is the matter?" cried the major.

"Matter," replied I, faintly. "I have seen my father."

"Your father, Newland, you must be mad. He was dead before you could recollect him—at least so you told me. How then, even if it were his ghost, could you have recognized him?"

The major's remarks reminded me of the imprudence I had been guilty of.

"Major," replied I, "I believe I am very absurd; but he was so like me, and I have so often longed after my father, so long wished to see him face to face—that—that—I'm a great fool, that's the fact."

"You must go to the next world, my good fellow, to meet him face to face, that's clear; and I presume, upon a little consideration, you will feel inclined to postpone your journey. Very often in your sleep I have heard you talk about your father, and wondered why you should think so much about him."

"I cannot help it," replied I. "From my earliest days my father has ever been in my thoughts."

"I can only say, that very few sons are half so dutiful to their fathers' memories—but finish your breakfast, and then we start for London."

I complied with his request as well as I could, and we were soon on our road. I fell into a reverie—my object was to again find out this person, and I quietly directed Timothy to ascertain from the post-boys the directions he gave at the last stage. The major perceiving me not inclined to talk, made but few observations; one, however, struck me. "Windermear," said he, "I recollect one day, when I was praising you, said carelessly, 'that you were a fine young man, but a *little tête montée* upon one point.' I see now it must have been upon this." I made no reply, but it certainly was a strange circumstance that the major never had any suspicions from this point—yet he certainly never had. We had once or twice talked over my affairs. I had led him to suppose that my father and mother died in my infancy, and that I should have had a large fortune when I came of age; but this had been entirely by indirect replies, not by positive assertions: the fact was, that the major, who was an adept in all deceit, never had an idea that he could have been deceived by one so young, so prepossessing, and apparently ingenuous as myself. He had, in fact, deceived himself. His ideas of my fortune arose entirely from my asking him, whether he would have refused the name of *Japhet* for ten thousand pounds per annum. Lord Windermear, after having introduced me, did not consider it at all necessary to acquaint the major with my real history, as it was imparted to him in confidence. He allowed matters to take their course, and me to work my own way in the world. Thus do the most cunning over-

reach themselves, and with their eyes open to any deceit on the part of others, prove quite blind when they deceive themselves.

Timothy could not obtain any intelligence from the people of the inn at the last stage, except that the chariot had proceeded to London. We arrived late at night, and, much exhausted, I was glad to go to bed.

(To be continued.)

THE FOUR AGES.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

CHILDHOOD.

THERE'S a fairy spirit that nestles its wings
To the hallow'd fount that to nurture it springs ;
That lies like a lamb the sweet flowers among,
Lull'd to sleep by the tones of a syren song :
 'Tis childhood's spirit.

**There's a liquid eye, as the heavens so blue,
That no tear of repentance ever knew ;
That shines like the sun through its fringe of lace,
As inquiring it looks into every face :
'Tis childhood's eye.**

**There's a cherub lip that prattles away
The imperfect words of its baby lay ;
That breaks into smiles in its golden sleep,
As if fancy some joyous revel did keep :
 'Tis childhood's lip.**

**'There's a tiny hand, that, with coaxing art,
Finds its way to a mother's face and heart ;
A tiny hand, that in after years,
May do deeds that will cause a mother's tears:
 'Tis childhood's hand.**

For the fairy spirit, that nestles its wings,
Will be dreaming anon of forbidden things ;
And the liquid eye, as the heavens so blue,
Will change its expression, though not its hue.
Then farewell childhood !

And the cherub lip, and the tiny hand,
Will be prompt to resist the once sweet command ;
And the language of men, and their vices too,
The labour of love will, alas ! undo.
So farewell childhood !

YOUTH.

There's a joyous spirit, that laughs and sings,
Fluttering 'tween earth and heaven its wings ;
Still dancing on in the sunny light,
Never dreaming the day will turn to night :
 'Tis the spirit of youth.

There's a gladsome eye, that looks above,
And sees nothing in skies or earth but love ;
That regards the world as a fairy show,
Nor dreams that the tear will ever flow :
 'Tis the eye of youth.

There's a rosy lip, that guileless tells
Every thought that within the bosom dwells ;
That kisses alike both friend and foe,
And laughs at the caution that others bestow :
 'Tis the lip of youth.

There's an open hand that extends to all,
To Folly's as well as to Pity's call ;
That gathers its treasures but to spend,
And grasps at the shadow instead of the friend :
 'Tis the hand of youth.

But the joyous spirit, that laughs and sings,
Will be stript anon of its golden wings ;
And the gladsome eye that looks above,
Will see *little* on earth to prize or love :
 Then farewell youth !

And the rosy lip and the open hand
Will be sealed up ; and *experience* stand
As a *watch*, where love had stood before,
And the world will never be trusted more :
 So farewell youth !

MANHOOD.

There's an eagle spirit that plumes its wings,
And up, high up, to the bright sun springs,
With a bold and unaverted eye,
As if its heirdom were the sky :
 'Tis manhood's spirit.

There's a restless eye, that moves around,
Still seeking what it has *never found* ;
Now flashing fire at the trump of fame ;
And now softened down by love's sweet flame :
 'Tis manhood's eye.

There's a thoughtful lip, that often sighs
For faithless friends, or for broken ties ;
That speaks not all the mind may think,
And pleasure woos on ruin's brink :
 'Tis manhood's lip.

The Four Ages.

There's a busy hand, that toils for gold,
 Yet squanders the fruit of its toil—tenfold,
 In speculation's idle dream,—
 Or passion's snares, or folly's theme:
 'Tis manhood's hand.

But the eagle spirit, that plumes its wings,
 Will be stript anon of its mental springs;
 And the restless eye, that roves around,
 Will fix its gaze on the churchyard mound:
 Then farewell manhood!

And the thoughtful lip, and the busy hand—
 Their labours all will be at a stand;
 And the furrow'd lines, and the locks of gray,
 Remind man that 'tis time to pray:
 So farewell manhood!

AGE.

There's a chasten'd spirit that folds its wings,
 Musing 'tween earth and holy things,—
 Still gliding on in its noiseless flight,
 Like the moon through the clouds of a winter's night:
 'Tis the spirit of age.

There's a passionless eye, that looks above,
 With a ray of *faith*, and a tear of love;
 That regards the *stars*, as they nightly glow,
 As the *home* of some *friend* that was once below:
 'Tis the eye of age.

There's a faded lip, that but faintly smiles,
 And with tales of the bygone years beguiles
 The laughing child; and with holy kiss,
 Mingles a prayer for its future bliss:
 'Tis the lip of age.

There's a wither'd hand, that in youth was wed
 To its kindred hand,—but that hand is dead;
 And the withered hand, though it give and lend,
 Now wants the aid of some kindly friend:
 'Tis the hand of age.

But the chastened spirit, that folds its wings,
 Will take flight anon where the seraph sings;
 And the passionless eye, with its tear of love,
 Will behold all it lost in the realms above:
 Then farewell age!

And the faded lip and the withered hand,
 Will bloom again in immortal land;
 And nothing be left of the aged frame,
 But the *soul*, that survives the vital flame:
 So farewell age!

THE PASHA OF MANY TALES.—No. XVI.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S OWN."

"MUSTAPHA," observed the Pasha, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "what makes the poets talk so much about the Book of Fate?"

"The Book of Fate, your Highness, is where is written our *Talleh*, or destiny. Can I say more?"

"Allah Acbar! God is great! and it is well said. But why a book, when nobody can read it?"

"These are great words, and spiced with wisdom. O Pasha! doth not Hafiz say, 'Every moment you enjoy count it gain?' Who can say what will be the event of any thing?"

"Wallah Thaib! well said, by Allah! Then why a book, if the book is sealed?"

"Yet are there wise men who can read our Kismet, and foretell."

"Yes, very true; but I have observed that it is not until after an event has happened, that they tell you of it. What are these astrologers? *Bosh*—nothing—I have said." And the Pasha remained some time smoking his pipe in silence.

"May it please your Highness," observed Mustapha, "I have outside a wretch who is anxious to crawl into your presence. He comes from the far-distant land of Kathay—an unbeliever with two tails."

"Two tails! was he a pasha in his own country?"

"A pasha! Staffir Allah!—God forgive me! A dog—a most miserable dog—on my eyes be it; but still he hath two tails."

"Let the dog with two tails be admitted," replied the Pasha. "We have said it."

A yellow-skinned, meagre, and wrinkled old Chinaman was brought in between two of the guards. His eyes were very small and bleared, his cheek bones prominent; all that could be discovered of his nose were two expanded nostrils at its base; his mouth of an enormous width, with teeth as black as ink. As soon as the guards stopped, he slipped down from between them on his knees, and throwing forward his body, *kou-tow*-ed with his head in the dust nine times, and then remained with his face down on the floor.

"Let the dog with two tails rise," said the Pasha.

This order not being immediately obeyed by the servile Chinaman, each of the two guards who stood by him seized one of the plaited tails of hair, which were nearly an ell in length, and pulled up his head from the floor. The Chinaman then remained cross-legged, with his eyes humbly fixed upon the ground.

"Who art thou, dog?" said the Pasha, pleased with the man's humility.

¹ Continued from p. 49.

"I am of Kathay, and your vilest slave," replied the man in good Turkish. "In my own country I was a poet. Destiny hath brought me here, and I now work in the gardens of the palace."

"If you are a poet, you can tell me many a story."

"Your slave hath told thousands in his lifetime, such hath been my fate."

"Talking about fate," said Mustapha, "can you tell his Highness a story in which destiny has been foretold, and hath been accomplished; if so, begin."

"There is a story of my own country, O Vizier! in which destiny was foretold, and was most unhappily accomplished."

"You may proceed," said Mustapha, at a sign from the Pasha.

The Chinaman thrust his hand into the breast of his blue cotton shirt, and pulled out a sort of instrument made from the shell of a tortoise, with three or four strings stretched across; and in a low, monotonous tone, something between a chaunt and a whine, not altogether unmusical, he commenced his story. But first he struck his instrument, and ran over a short prelude, which may be imagined by a series of false notes, running as follows:—

Ti-tum, ti-tum, tilly-lilly, tilly-lilly, ti-tum, ti-tum, tilly-lilly, tilly-lilly, ti-tum, ti.

And as he proceeded in his story, whenever he was out of breath, he stopped and struck a few notes of this barbarous music.

THE WONDROUS TALE OF HAN.

"Who was more impassioned in his nature, who was more formed for love, than the great Han Koong Shew, known in the celestial archives as the sublime Youantée, brother of the sun and moon;—whose court was so superb—whose armies were so innumerable—whose territories were so vast—bounded as they were by the four seas, which bounded the whole universe; yet was he bound by destiny to be unhappy, and thus do I commence the wondrous tale of Han—the sorrows of the magnificent Youantée."

Ti-tum, tilly-tilly—

"Yes, he felt that some one thing was wanting. All his power, his wealth, his dignity, filled not his soul with pleasure. He turned from the writings of the great Fo—he closed the book. Alas! he sighed for a second self to whom he might point out—'All this is mine.' His heart yearned for a fair damsel—a maid of beauty—to whose beauty he might bow. He, to whom the world was prostrate, the universe were slaves, longed for an amorous captivity, and sighed for chains. But where was the maiden to be found, worthy to place fetters upon the brother of the sun and moon—the magnificent master of the universe? Where was she to be found?"

Ti-tum, tilly-lilly, ti-tum, ti.

"Yes, there was one, and but one, worthy to be his mate, worthy to be the queen of a land of eternal spring, filled with trees, ^{ban} whose stems were of gold, branches of silver, leaves of emerald, and whose fruits were the fragrant apples of immortality. And where was this moon, fit bride unto the sun? Was she not plunged in grief—hidden in a well of her own tears—even in the gardens of joy? Those

eyes which should have sunned a court of princes, were dimmed with eternal sorrow. And who was the cause of this eclipse, but the miscreant, gold-loving minister, *Suchong Pollyhong Ka-te-tow*."

Ti-tum, tilly-lilly.

"The mandarins were summoned by the great Youantee, the court in its splendour bowed down their heads into the dust of delight as they listened to the miracle of his eloquence. 'Hear me, ye first chop mandarins, peers, lords, and princes of the empire. Listen to the words of Youantée. Hath not each bird that skims the air, its partner in the nest? Hath not each beast its mate? Have not you all eyes, which beam but upon you alone? Am I then so unfortunately great, or so greatly unfortunate, that I may not be permitted to descend to love? Even the brother of the sun and moon cannot, during his career on earth, exist alone. Seek, then, through the universe, a maiden for thy lord, that like my brother, the Sun, who sinks each night into the bosom of the ocean, I too may repose upon the bosom of my mate. Seek, I say, search each corner of the world, that its treasures may be poured forth at our golden feet, and one gem be selected for our especial wear. But first, O wise men and astrologers, summon ye the planets and stars of Destiny, that we may ascertain whether, by this conjunction, aught of evil be threatened to our celestial person, or to our boundless empire.'"

Ti-tum, tilly-lilly, ti-tum, ti.

"Where is the star which leaps not in his course with delight, to obey the wishes of the brother of the sun and moon? Where was the planet that rejoiced not to assist so near a relative? Yes, they all hearkened, bowing down to the astrolabes of the astrologers, like generous steeds, who knelt to receive their riders; yet, when they all did meet to throw light upon the required page of destiny, was not their brightness dimmed, when they perceived as they read it, that it was full of tears, and that joy floated but as a bubble. The wise men sighed as the decree of fate was handed down to them, and with their faces to the earth, thus did they impart the contents of the revealed page to the magnificent Youantée.

"'The brother of the sun and moon would wed. Beauty shall be laid at the golden feet, but the pearl beyond price will be found and lost. There will be joy, and there will be sorrow. Joy in life, sorrow both in life and death; for a black dragon, foe to the celestial empire, threatens like an overhanging cloud. More the stars dare not reveal.'"

Ti-tum, tilly-lilly, ti-tum, ti.

Here the pasha looked at Mustapha, and nodded his head in approbation, as much as to say, "Now we are coming to the point." Mustapha bowed, and the Chinese poet continued.

"The golden eyes of the great Youantée were filled with silver tears when the page of destiny was made known; but the sun of Hope rose, and bore away the sacred dew to heaven. Then called he the minister, ever to be disgraced in story, *Suchong Pollyhong Ka-te-tow*, and desired him to make a progress through the universe, his dominions, to find out the most beautiful maidens, to be brought to the celestial feet, at the coming feast of Lanthorns. But before they could

be permitted to shoot up the rays of love through the mist of glory which surrounded the imperial throne—before their charms were to make the attempt upon the heart of magnanimity, it was necessary that all their portraits should be submitted to the great Youantée, in the Hall of Delight. That is to say, out of the twenty thousand virgins whose images were to be impressed upon the ivory, one hundred only, selected by a committee of taste, composed of the first class mandarins and princes, were to be honoured with the beam of the celestial eye. The avaricious, gold-seeking, Suchong Pollyhong Ka-te-tow, had performed his task—wealth poured into his coffers from the ambitious parents, who longed to boast of an alliance with the brother of the sun and moon, and many were the ill-favoured whose portraits were dismissed by the committee of taste, with surprise at the minister's ideas of beauty.

“Now there was a certain mandarin, whose daughter had long been extolled through the province of Kartou, as a miracle of beauty, and her father, Whanghang, brought her in a litter to the minister Suchong Pollyhong Ka-te-tow. He felt that her charms were piercing as an arrow, and that he had found a fit mate for the brother of the sun and moon; but his avarice demanded a sum which the father would not pay. Refuse to send her portrait, he dare not; it was therefore ordered to be taken, as well as the others, and Whanghang considered himself as the father-in-law of the celestial Youantée. The young painter who was employed, finished his task, then laid down his pencil, and died with grief and love of such perfection, which he never could hope to obtain. The picture was sent to the vile minister, who reserved it for himself, and wrote the name of this pearl beyond price, under that of another, unworthy to unloose her zone as her handmaiden. The committee of taste did, however, select that picture among the hundred, to be placed in the Hall of Delight, not because the picture was beautiful, but because the fame of her beauty had already reached the court, and they thought it right that the emperor should see the picture. The virgins, whose pictures were thus selected, were all ordered to repair to the imperial palace, and the magnificent Youantée entered the Hall of Delight, which was illumined with ten thousand lanthorns, and cast his eyes over the portraits of the hundred beauties, but not one feature touched his heart. He turned away in disgust at the degenerate countenances of the age. ‘Is this all,’ exclaimed he, ‘that the world can lay at the feet of its lord?’ And the committee of taste prostrated themselves, when they beheld his indignation. ‘And this,’ exclaimed he, pointing to the supposed portrait of the daughter of Whanghang; ‘who is this presumptuous one who hath dared to disgrace with her features the Hall of Delight?’

“‘That, O emperor,’ said the wily Suchong Pollyhong Ka-te-tow, ‘is the far-famed beauty *Chaoukeun*, whose insolent father dared to say, that if it was not sent, he would lay his complaint at the celestial feet. In her province the fame of her beauty was great, and I did not like to be accused of partiality, so it has been placed before the imperial eye.’

“‘First, then,’ exclaimed the emperor, ‘let it be proclaimed, that

the whole province of Karton is peopled by fools, and levy upon it a fine of one hundred thousand ounces of gold, for its want of taste; and next, let this vain one be committed to perpetual seclusion in the eastern tower of the imperial palace. Let the other maidens be sent to their parents, for as yet there is not found a fit bride for the brother of the sun and moon.'

"The imperial mandates were obeyed, and thus was the first part of the prophecy fulfilled, that 'the pearl beyond price would be *found* and *lost*.'"

Ti-tum, tilly-lilly, ti-tum, tilly-lilly, ti-tum, ti.

"Yes, she was lost, for the resplendent Chaoukeun was shut up to waste away her peerless beauty in sorrow and in solitude. One small terrace walk was the only spot permitted her to enjoy the breezes of heaven. Night was looking down in loveliness, with her countless eyes, upon the injustice and cruelty of men, when the magnificent Youantée, who had little imagined that the brother of the sun and moon would be doomed to swallow the bitter pillau of disappointment, as had been latterly his custom, quitted the palace to walk in the gardens and commune with his own thoughts, unattended. And it pleased destiny, that the pearl beyond price, the neglected Chaoukeun also was induced, by the beauty and stillness of the night, to press the shell sand which covered the terrace walk, with her diminutive feet, so diminutive, that she almost tottered in her gait. The tear trembled in her eye as she thought of her own happy home, and bitterly did she bewail that beauty, which, instead of raising her to a throne, had by malice and avarice condemned her to perpetual solitude. She looked upwards at the starry heaven, but felt no communion with its loveliness. She surveyed the garden of sweets from the terrace, but all appeared to be desolate. Of late, her only companions had been her tears and her lute, whose notes were as plaintive as her own.

"'O my mother!' exclaimed she;—'beloved, but too ambitious mother! but for one little hour to lay this head upon your bosom! Fatal hath been the dream you rejoiced in at my nativity—in which the moon shone out so brilliant, and then descended into the earth at your feet. I have shone but a little, little time, and now am I buried, as it were, in the earth, at my joyous age. Immured in this solitary tower, my hopes destroyed—my portrait cannot have been seen—and now I am lost for ever. Thou lute, sole companion of my woes, let us join our voices of complaint. Let us fancy that the flowers are listening to our grief, and that the dew upon the half-closed petals are tears of pity for my misfortunes. And Chaoukeun struck her lute, and thus poured out her lament:

" 'O tell me, thou all-glorious sun,
Were there no earth to drink thy light,
Would not, in vain, thy course be run,
Thy reign be o'er a realm of night?
Thus charms were born to be enthroned
In hearts, and youth to be carest,
And beauty is not, if not owned,
At least by one adoring breast.' "

Ti-tum, tilly-lilly, ti-tum, ti.

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"The musical notes of the peerless Chaoukeun were not thrown away upon flowers so deaf and dumb, they vibrated in the ears of the magnificent Youantée, who had sat down on the back of an enormous metal dragon, which had been placed in the walk under the terrace. The emperor listened with surprise at her soliloquy, with admiration at her enchanting song. For some minutes he remained in a profound reverie, and then rising from the dragon, he walked towards the gate of the tower, and clapped his hands. The eunuch made his appearance. 'Keeper of the Yellow Tower,' said the emperor, 'but now I heard the sounds of a lute.'

" 'Even so, O Sustenance of the world,' responded the slave.

" 'Was it not rather an angel than a mortal, whose mellifluous notes accompanied the instrument?' said the magnificent Youantée.

" 'Certainly is she blest beyond mortality, since her melody has found favour in the celestial ears,' replied the black keeper of the Yellow Tower.

" 'Go then, and quickly summon all our highest officers of state, to lay their robes upon the ground, that she may pass over them to our presence at the dragon below the terrace.'

"The magnificent Youantée, brother of the sun and moon, returned to his former seat, filled with pleasing anticipations, while the eunuch hastened to obey the celestial commands. The mandarins of the first class hastened to obey the orders of Youantée; their furred and velvet cloaks, rich in gold and silver ornaments, were spread from the tower to the dragon at the terrace, forming a path rich and beautiful as the milky way in the heavens. The pearl beyond price, the peerless Chaoukeun, like the moon in her splendour, passed over it into the presence of the great Youantée.

" 'Immortal Fo,' exclaimed the emperor, as the attendants raised their lanthorns, so as to throw light upon her countenance, 'by what black mischance have such charms been hidden from our sight?'

"Then did the peerless Chaoukeun narrate, in few words, the treachery and avarice of Suchong Pollyhong Ka-te-tow.

" 'Hasten, O mandarins, let the scissors of disgrace cut off the two tails of this wretch, and then let the sword of justice sever off his head.'

"But the rumour of his sentence flew on the wind to Suchong Pollyhong Ka-te-tow; and before the executioner could arrive, he had mounted a horse fleeter than the wind, and with the portrait of the peerless Chaoukeun in his vest, had left even rumour far behind."

Ti-tum, tilly-lilly, ti-tum, tilly-lilly, ti-tum, ti.

"And to whom did the miscreant minister fly, to hide his devoted head? He flew to the wild nations of the north, the riders of wild horses, with sharp scimetars and long lances. For three days and three nights did the hoofs of his fiery steed strike fire upon the flints, which he spurned in his impetuous course, and then, as an immortal poet hath already sung, 'he bowed his head and died.' With the portrait of the peerless Chaoukeun in his bosom, and his mandarin garments raised up under each arm, the miscreant Suchong Pollyhong Ka-te-tow, reached the presence of the Great Khan. 'O Khan of Tartary,' said he, 'may thy sword be ever keen, thy lance unerring,

and thy courser swift. I am thy slave. O thou who commandest an hundred thousand warriors—hath thy slave permission to address thee?’

“ ‘Speak, and be d——d,’ replied the warrior chief, of few words, whose teeth were busy with some pounds of horseflesh.

“ ‘Thou knowest, O Khan, that it hath been the custom for ages that the celestial empire should provide for thee a fair damsel for thy nuptial bed, and that this hath been the price paid by the celestial court, to prevent the ravages of thy insatiate warriors. O Khan, there is a maid, whose lovely features I now have with me, most worthy to be raised up to thy nuptial couch.’ And the miscreant laid at the feet of the Great Khan the portrait of the peerless Chaoukeun.

“ The chief finished his repast, and then with his lance turned over the image of the pearl beyond all price. He looked at it, then passed it to those around him. The savage warriors stared at the lovely portrait, and admired it not—yet did they long for war. ‘Tell me, O chiefs,’ said the Great Khan, ‘is that baby-face, you look at, worth contending for?’

“ And with one voice, the chiefs replied, that she was worthy to share the nuptial couch of the Great Khan.

“ ‘Be it so,’ replied he, ‘I am no judge of beauty. Let the encampment be broken up—this evening we move southwards.’ And the Tartar chief entered the northern provinces of the celestial empire, with his hundred thousand warriors, destroying all with fire and sword, proving his sincere wish to unite himself to the Chinese nation by the indiscriminate slaughter of man, woman, and child; and his ardent love for the peerless Chaoukeun, by making a nuptial torch of every town and village.”

Ti-tum, tilly-lilly, ti-tum, ti.

“ But we must return to the celestial court, and astonish the world with the wonderful events which there took place. The astrologers and wise men had consulted the heavens, and had ascertained that on the thirty-third minute after the thirteenth hour, the marriage procession must set out, or the consummation would not be prosperous. Who can describe the pomp and glory of the spectacle, or give an adequate idea of its splendour? Alas! it would not be possible, even if it were attempted by ten thousand poets, each with ten thousand tongues of silver, singing for ten thousand years. Such, however, was the order of the procession.

“ First walked ten thousand officers of justice, with long bamboos striking right and left to clear the way, to the cadence of soft music, blending with the plaintive cries of those who limped away and rubbed their shins.

“ Then marching, ten abreast, one hundred thousand lanthorns, to assist the sun, partially eclipsed by the splendour of the procession.

“ Next appeared, slowly keeping time to a dead march, five thousand decapitated criminals, each carrying his own head by its long tail of hair.”

“ Staffer Allah! What is that but a lie?” exclaimed the Pasha.

"Did you hear what the dog has dared to breathe into our ears, Mustapha?"

"Mighty Pasha," replied the Chinaman, with humility. "If your wisdom pronounces it to be a lie—a lie it most certainly must be; still it is not the lie of your slave, who but repeats the story as handed down by the immortal eastern poet Ben-Isral-Ali."

"Nevertheless there appears to be a trifling mistake," observed Mustapha. "Is the procession to proceed, O Pasha?"

"Yes, yes; but by the prophet, let the dog tremble, if again he presumes to laugh at our beards."

"After the decapitated criminals, which your Highness objects to, came in procession, those criminals with their heads on, who were to suffer for their offences on this day of universal happiness."

"First came two thousand robbers, of a tribe called *Destructivangs*, sentenced to be hung up by their heels, emblematic of their wish to turn every thing upside down—so to remain until they were pecked to death by the crows, or torn to pieces by the vultures."

"The banner of innovation."

"One of the robber chiefs, Jo-Hum, ordered to be choked with an abacus, which was suspended round his neck."

"Another of the robber chiefs, the traitor Slush-hing-tong. This man, although a follower of the court, and sunned in the celestial presence, had dared to utter vile falsehoods against the celestial dynasty. He was sentenced to have his skin peeled off, and to eat his own words, until he died from the virulent poison which they contained."

"The most important of all the criminals next appeared. It was the notorious Bru-hum Hum-bug, who being high in favour at court, and appointed to the high office of physician to the celestial conscience, had been discovered in the base attempt of drugging it with opium; he had also committed several other enormities, such as being intoxicated in his mandarin robes, and throwing mud at the first chief mandarin; also of throwing aside his robes, mingling with the lower classes, and associating with mountebanks, jugglers, and tight-rope dancers. His enormities were written on a long scroll suspended round his neck. His sentence was the torture of disappointment and envy, previous to a condign political death."

"After him came a disgraced yellow mandarin, who had been a great enemy of the criminal who preceded him. He was seated upon a throne of jet, and his arms supported in derision by two prize-fighters. His crime was playing at pitch and toss with the lower classes. His punishment was merely exposure."

"Such were the criminals who were to suffer upon this day of universal happiness and delight."

"Then came fifty thousand archers of the blue dragon battalion, carrying in their hands chowries of horses' tails to clear away the blue-bottle flies."

"Next appeared ten thousand virgins, all modest, lovely, and in light drapery, singing hymns in praise of Ganesa on the Rat, the God of pure love;

" Attended by ten thousand youths, who tickled the said ten thousand virgins, singing hymns in praise of the upright Fo.

" Fifty thousand archers of the green dragon battalion, each carrying a long peacock's feather in his right hand, to ascertain how the wind blew.

" Five hundred physicians attending the celestial court, each carrying a silver box with golden pills.

" The great Lit-tong-Bull, head physician to the celestial wits, and always in attendance upon a crisis. He carried in his right-hand a bladder full of peas at the end of a wand, to recall his majesty's wits when they wandered; and was followed by

" Fifty thousand fools marching five abreast in union,

" And fifty thousand rogues, marching off with every thing they could lay their hands upon.

" Then came the notorious faquir and mendicant, Dan-ho-Con-el, who was leader of a celebrated sect. He wore but one tail instead of the two usually worn by our nation, but that tail was of forty feet. He was followed by numerous devotees, who threw their worldly goods at his feet, and in return he presented them with writings and harangues, which he declared were infallible *in all diseases*.

" Ten thousand young married women, each hushing an infant to repose upon the left breast, to the sound of clarions and trumpets, emblematical of the peaceful and quiet state of matrimony.

" The banner of impudence.

" Five thousand political mountebanks, contradicting each other, and exerting themselves for the amusement of the people, who, however, suffered rather severely from their mad tricks.

" Boo-ring, second in command, explaining their system in an unknown tongue.

" Pol-let Tom-shong, emperor's juggler, who astonished the whole empire by his extraordinary feats, and the rapidity with which he relieved them of all the money in their pockets.

" The banner of Love.

" Pro-to-col, the celestial secretary, with goose wings on his shoulders, goose quills in each hand, looking very much like a goose, mounted on a mule, gaily caparisoned in colours quadrupartite, and covered with jingling brass bells.

" Five thousand old women, singing the praises of the said Pro-to-col, and taking snuff to the flourish of hautboys.

" The prosperity of the celestial empire, carried by the court fool, in a basket beautifully carved out of a wild cherry-stone; and guarded by

" Fifty thousand archers of the red dragon battalion, picking their teeth to soft music.

" Ten thousand poets, each singing at the same time, and to a different tune, his ode upon this joyful occasion.

" The immortal poet of the age, the renowned Ben-Isral-Ali, attired in velvet to his feet, and superbly ornamented with rings and chains of gold and precious stones. He carried his silver harp in his hand, and was mounted on a beautiful white jackass with his face

towards the tail, that he might behold and be inspired by the charms of the peerless Chaoukeun, the pearl beyond all price.

"Then came the magnificent Youantée and the peerless Chaoukeun, seated in a massive car of gossamer richly studded with the eyes of live humming birds, drawn by twelve beautiful blue load stars, presented by the heavenly bodies to the brother of the sun and moon.

"Twenty thousand young men, beautiful as angels, clad in the skins of the black fox, and playing upon ivory jew's harps, all mounted upon coal black steeds.

"Twenty thousand niggers, ugly as devils, clad in the skins of the white Polar bear, and sounding mellifluous cat-calls, all mounted upon pure white Arabian horses.

"All the first class mandarins of the celestial empire, turning up their eyes to heaven, and wishing that the procession was over.

"All the second class mandarins of the celestial empire, choked with dust, and wishing the procession at the devil.

"Twenty millions of the people, extolling the liberality of the great emperor, and crying out for bread.

"Ten millions of women, who had lost their children in the crowd, and were crying out bitterly in their search.

"Ten millions of children, who had lost their mothers in the crowd, and were crying out bitterly till they found them.

"The remainder of the inhabitants of the celestial empire.

"Such was the grand and pompous marriage procession, which employed the whole population, so that there were no spectators except three blind old women, who were so overcome with delight, that when it had passed they bowed their heads and died."

Ti-tum, tilly-lilly, ti-tum, tilly-lilly, ti-tum, ti.

"The procession arrived at the palace, and the pearl of price was now his bride, and the heart of Youantée was oppressed with love. Upon a jewelled throne they sat, side by side; but what was the blaze of the diamonds, compared to one glance from her lightning eye? What were the bright red rubies, compared to her parted coral lips—or the whiteness of the pearls when she smiled, and displayed her teeth? Her arched eyebrows were more beautifully pencilled than the rainbow; the blush upon her cheek turned pale with envy every rose in the celestial gardens; and in compassion to the court, many of whom were already blind, by rashly lifting up their eyes to behold her charms, an edict had been promulgated, by which it was permitted to the mandarins and princes attending the court, to wear green spectacles, to save their eyes. The magnificent Youantée was consumed with love as with a raging fever, and the physicians of the emperor were alarmed for his celestial health; by their advice Chaoukeun consented only to receive him in a darkened chamber. All was joy. The empire rang with the praises of the pearl beyond all price. The gaols were ordered to be levelled to the ground—criminals to be pardoned—the sword of justice to remain in its scabbard—the bastinado to be discontinued; even the odious lanthorn tax was taken off, in honour of the peerless Chaoukeun, whose praises were celebrated by all the poets of the country, until they were too hoarse to sing, and the people too tired to listen to them."

Ti-tum, tilly-lilly, ti-tum, tilly-lilly, ti-tum, ti.

"I'm sure I don't wonder at their being tired," observed the Pasha, yawning, "if they were like you."

"God is great," replied Mustapha, with another yawn. "Shall he proceed?"

"Yes, let him go on; wake me when the story is ended," replied the Pasha, laying down his pipe.

"Alas! how soon was all this delirium of happiness to be overthrown; how soon was the prophecy to be fulfilled, that there should not only be joy in life, but also sorrow! The magnificent Youantée was roused from his dream of delight by courier after courier coming in, and laying at the celestial feet tidings of the advance of the hundred thousand warriors. A solemn council was summoned, and the imperial edict was passed, that the barbarians of the North should be driven back to their lands of eternal frost and snow. The imperial armies departed from the capital, each individual composing its hundred of thousands, vowing by their two tails that they would eat all that they killed. This bloody vow was accomplished, for they killed none; they returned discomfited, without their bows, or arrows, or their swords, fleeing before the wrath of the Tartar chief. Then rose the great Youantée in wrath, and issued another edict, that the barbarians should be driven even into the sea which bounds the empire of the world. And the armies were again sent forth, but again they returned discomfited, saying, 'How can we, who eat rice with chopsticks, combat with barbarians, who not only ride on horses, but eat them too?' The celestial edict was not attended to by the Tartars, for they were barbarians, and knew no better; and they continued to advance until within one day's progress of the celestial capital; and the brother of the sun and moon, the magnificent Youantée, was forced to submit to the disgrace of receiving an envoy from the barbarians, who thus spoke, in sugared words:

"'The great Khan of Tartary greets the magnificent Youantée; he has slaughtered some millions of his subjects, because they were traitors, and would not defend the celestial throne. He has burnt some thousands of his towns, that the great Youantée may order them to be rebuilt in greater beauty. All this has he done with much trouble and fatigue, to prove his regard to the magnificent Youantée. And all that he asks in return is, that he may receive as his bride the peerless Chaoukeun, the pearl beyond all price.'

"The great Youantée spoke from his celestial throne—'Return my thanks to the great Khan, your master, for his considerate conduct, and tell him, that he well deserves a bride from our celestial empire, but the pearl beyond all price is wedded to the brother of the sun and moon. Any other maiden in our empire shall be sent to him with gifts worthy to be offered by the great Youantée, and worthy to be accepted by the great Khan of Tartary. Let it be an edict.'

"But the Tartar replied, 'O great monarch, the great Khan my master does not require an edict, but the peerless Chaoukeun. If I return without her, he enters the celestial city, and spares not man, or woman, or child.' Then fell at the celestial feet all the princes and mandarins of every class, performing solemnly the great *kow tow*, and

the chief minister of state spoke thus, 'Lord of the universe, brother of the sun and moon, who governs the world with thine edicts, whose armies are invincible, and numerous as the sands upon the shores of the four seas, listen to thy faithful slaves. Surrender up to this barbarian the pearl beyond all price, so shall we all live to humble ourselves before thee.' And all the princes and mandarins cried out with one voice, 'Surrender up the pearl beyond all price.' And all the brave generals drew their swords, and waved them in the air, crying out, 'Surrender up to this barbarian, the pearl beyond all price.' And all the army, and all the people joined in the request.

"Then rose up Youantée in great wrath, and ordered that the prime minister, and all the mandarins, and the princes, and all the generals, and all the army, and all the people, should be disgraced and decapitated forthwith. 'Let it be an *edict*.' But as there was no one left to put the great Youantée's edict into force, it was not obeyed. And the brother of the sun and moon perceived that he was in the minority; concealing, therefore his bile, he graciously ordered refreshments for the envoy, saying, 'Let the dog be fed,' and retired to the apartment of the peerless Chaoukeun."

Ti-tum, tilly-lilly, ti-tum, tilly-lilly, ti-tum, ti.

"Now the beauteous empress had listened to all which had taken place in the great hall of audience, and she threw herself at the celestial feet, saying, 'Let me be sacrificed—it is my destiny. Send your slave to the great Khan to do with as he pleases—I am all submission. They say he is a handsome man, and of great size and strength. It is my destiny.'

"Then did the great Youantée shed bitter tears at his bitter fate; but he knew it was his destiny—and O destiny, who can resist thee! He wiped his celestial eyes, and leading forth the peerless Chaoukeun, put her into the hands of the barbarian envoy, saying, 'I send your master the pearl beyond all price. I have worn her for some time, but still she is as good as new. And now let your master, the great Khan, return with his hundred thousand warriors to the confines of our territories, as it was agreed. Thou hearest. It is an edict.'

"'It is enough that my great master hath given his word, and the great Youantée hath given the pearl beyond price. There needs not an edict,' replied the envoy, departing with the peerless Chaoukeun. Thus was the magnificent Youantée left without a bride.

"Now when the envoy had brought the peerless Chaoukeun in a close litter to the tent of the great Khan, he forthwith commanded his army to return. Much to the mortification of the peerless damsel, he did not express any curiosity to behold her, but commenced a rapid retreat, and in a few days arrived at the confines of the celestial territory, which was separated from the Tartar dominions by an impetuous river. As soon as he had forded the river, he encamped on the other side, and sat down with his generals to a sumptuous feast of horseflesh and quass. When the liquor had mounted into his brain, he desired that the litter of the pearl beyond price should be brought nigh to his tent, that he might send for her, if so inclined. And the peerless Chaoukeun peeped out of the litter, and beheld the great Khan as he caroused, and when she beheld his hairy form, his gleam-

ing eyes, his pug nose, and his tremendous wide mouth—when she perceived that he had the form and features of a Ghoul, or evil spirit, she wrung her hands, and wept bitterly, and all her love returned for the magnificent Youantée.

“Now the great Khan was drunk with guass, and he ordered the pearl beyond price to be brought to him, and she replied, trembling, saying, ‘Tell your lord that I am not fit to appear in his sublime presence until I have washed myself in the river.’ And those who had charge of her took back her message to the great Khan, who replied, ‘Let her wash, since she is so dirty.’

“Then was the litter of the peerless Chaoukeun taken down to the banks of the river, and she stood upon a rock which overhung the black waters. ‘How callest thou this river?’ said she, to her attendants.

“And they replied, ‘This river, O princess, divides the territory of Tartary from China, and it is called the river of the Black Dragon.’

“‘Then is the prophecy fulfilled,’ cried the pearl beyond price. ‘It is my destiny; and destiny, who shall resist?’

“She raised up her arms to Heaven, and uttering a loud shriek at her unhappy fate, she plunged headlong into the boiling waters, and disappeared for ever.

“Thus was the prophecy fulfilled. The brother of the sun and moon had wed—beauty had been laid at the golden feet—the pearl beyond price had been found and lost. There had been joy and their had been sorrow in life—and sorrow in death. The Black Dragon had proved the foe to the celestial empire, for it had swallowed up the pearl beyond all price.”

Ti-tum, ti-tum, tilly-lilly, tilly-lilly, ti-tum, ti.

The twang of the rude instrument awoke the Pasha, who had been fast asleep for some time.

“Is it finished, Mustapha?” said he, rubbing his eyes.

“Yes, your highness; and the destiny foretold was truly accomplished.”

“Bismallah! but I’m glad of it. Before he had whined ten minutes, I foretold that I should go to sleep. My destiny has also been accomplished.”

“Will your highness foretel the destiny of this dog with two tails?”

“Two tails! that reminds me that we have only had one out of him as yet. Let’s have him again to-morrow, and have another. At all events, we shall have a good nap. God is great.”

LES MARIONNETTES.

FROM BERENGER.

LES Marionnettes, croyez moi,
 Sont les jeux de tout age,
 Depuis l'artisan jusqu'au roi,
 De la ville au village ;
 Valets, journalistes, flatteurs,
 Dévotés, et coquettes ;
 Ah ! sans compter nos grands acteurs,
 Combien de Marionnettes.

L'homme fier de marcher debut,
 &c. &c. &c.

Trust me, our life's a puppet show,
 The peasant and the sage,
 The rich, the poor, the high, the low,
 Are actors on its stage ;
 Grooms, players, editors, and kings,
 Coquettes, and devotees ;
 All—all are moved by wires and springs,
 And dance when others please.

Yet man, proud man, who walks erect,
 And boasts that he is free,
 Stalks blindly on and don't suspect
 Those wires he cannot see ;
 But soon the humbled fool will learn
 What fortune has in store,
 And be (for each must have his turn)
 A puppet—nothing more.

See the fond maiden of eighteen
 When certain feelings move,
 She knows not what these tremors mean,
 And dares not think 'tis love ;
 Yet she, poor soul, when love inspires,
 And agitates her breast,
 Just moves as Cupid draws the wires,
 A puppet—like the rest.

Again, observe, yon portly cit,
 Whose young and giddy spouse
 Can govern with a woman's wit
 Her husband and her house ;
 He's jealous, or perhaps he's not,
 But watch him, and anon,
 You'll see enough to dub him—what ?
 A mere automaton.

But all mankind are just the same,
 Are woman's slaves ; in short,
 Are puppets, though without the name,
 And caper for their sport ;
 The grave and gay, the wit, the drone,
 Her leading strings control,
 All dance alike, one wire alone
 Can animate the whole.

J. W.

THE OXONIAN.¹—No. VIII.*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*

ALTHOUGH it must be confessed that the drama is at but a low ebb just now, I seldom let a week pass whilst I am in London, without paying a visit to some theatre or other. When the performance is over, it is my custom to take my stand at the entrance, so that I may satisfy my inquisitiveness with a glance at the company as they come out; by which means I have more than once had the luck to light upon some friend, who might otherwise have spent a full year in London without my knowing any thing of the matter.

Last week, as I was standing in this mood at the door of the Adelphi, whither I had gone with the view of hearing Agnes de Vere for a third time, I was surprised by a pull at my coat, and on turning round, found myself next to the very gentleman, of whom I hinted at the end of my last number. That my reader may not lose the honour of a formal introduction, I will inform him in this place, that the name by which this gentleman will henceforth be known to him, is Henry Classman. He has kept six terms as a commoner of Oriel, and may be said to unite in himself all the excellencies of those other friends of mine that I have already described; being, as it seems to me, a very fair sample of the men who are called in Oxford the reading set. After we had walked a few paces down the Strand, he reminded me of a promise that I had once made, of going with him to visit our old school, when I should next have an opportunity, adding, that if it were agreeable to me, he should very much like to go with me the next day. Since I have always reckoned it a great pleasure to revive old recollections, I thought I could do no better than accept the proposal, and accordingly, at about three o'clock on the afternoon of the day following, we found ourselves entering the fields, on the same old coach that had carried us away from school nearly nine years before. My companion, although some years younger than myself, had left school from ill health at the same time that I had, and thus a sufficient interval had passed over the heads of us both, for giving a pleasant colour to the idea of such a visit; for it is to be observed, that if time deprives us of some joys, it has also this advantage, that it throws, as it were, a halo round certain things, which before were disagreeable to us, so that at last, even a school will become to the mind an object of delight.

As we were performing our journey, which was about twenty miles in length, we did not fail to ask several questions of our coachman concerning the changes that had happened since our departure. The old fellow, whom we had known for a simple-minded man ever since we first took up pea-shooters, was at first very shy of answering us, since, as he told us, we might be housebreakers for what he knew.

¹ Continued from p. 62.

However, it was not long before his tongue was put into its usual course by the help of a glass of sherry, upon which he commenced a regular account of the parish affairs ever since the year 1825. From this history we learnt that a new innkeeper had come to the King's Arms, as well as various other similar pieces of information, for which the reader would doubtless be very thankful; but what he dwelt most of all upon, was the wonderful change of politics that had been brought about in the parish beer club, through the left-hand horse that he was driving. "For you must know, sir," said he, "that in former times I was a great Whig, and of consequence the whole parish; but no sooner did I come to drive this horse, which I got from the Duke of Wellington's groom, than I became a Tory all of a sudden, and all the parish with me. So you see, sir," he went on, "this horse, in his way, has done as much good as his grace himself." When he had completed this account, he told us with a very boastful look, that it was only a year since the duke, whilst riding through the streets, had told him with his own lips to draw up out of the way, which honour, he said, had wonderfully strengthened his determination of supporting the present government to his utmost. Upon hearing, a short time after this, that we were Oxonians, he seemed to think that he could not pay his court to us better than by running down the system of education at Cambridge, which purpose accordingly he took occasion to put into effect, by informing us, that not a single Cambridge man could drive well, a youngster from that University having very nearly upset his coach but a week before. As we got down, he asked a shilling more from each of us, for old acquaintance sake, and introduced us of his own accord to the new innkeeper, as gentlemen who had been once at school in the village, whispering at the same time with a knowing wink, that he might be sure we were both stout Tories, because we came from Oxford.

It seems that the election for the county was to begin next day, which was the reason that our coachman was so full of politics; however, since we had nothing to do with the business, we felt it no loss to get rid of him, and as it was a fine evening, I had no sooner warmed myself at the fire, than I commenced a stroll down the village, leaving Classman to order dinner, and negotiate for the best beds that the house afforded. Having crossed the road, the first house that I passed by was the apothecary's, which I had formerly regarded as a very handsome building, but was now much surprised to observe by the light of the moon, that both it and the inn together would make but a small house. I was not less astonished, upon coming to the wall of our playground, to discover that it was not so high but I could look over it without standing on tiptoe, and smiled for a moment when I reflected how often, upon shirking out, as it was called, I had found it a hard task to climb back over this part. However, since I had determined upon reserving the school and play-ground for daylight, I did not touch upon this last for the present, but passed on by some almshouses, till I came to our old pastrycook's, whom we were used to look upon as quite a first-rate personage. I could not forbear, as I stood here, from peeping through the window into the shop, which I could distinguish very clearly by the help of a farthing candle that

was placed upon the counter. After a few moments the old man himself came in from the back parlour, nor could I discover the smallest change in him, except that he appeared much dirtier than before, which might also be remarked of the shop, although indeed, as I judge, the only real change was, that my own eyes had become keener in such things. In this way I passed along the whole village, and by the time that I had got to the end of it, I know not how, but I seemed to myself to have sunk back quite into a boy again. I was the more particularly struck with this, because, just as I had reached a certain horsepond, that had once been very famous for slides, and consequent battles between ourselves and the village boys; upon hearing the clock go seven, I found myself turning round, as if to run off at full speed, lest it should be found that I had been shirking out. However, after two or three paces, I remembered myself, and putting on my usual sober deportment, walked back very slowly to the inn, where I found Classman, wondering where I could have been, that I had given time for the rump-steak to grow quite cold.

If I were writing a novel, I suppose it would be incumbent upon me, after this, not to go to bed without having some dream, in which all my associates should appear to me, dressed in winding-sheets, or some such mysterious habiliment; but since every one knows this to be a true history, I shall not debase it by mixing up so much as a single atom of fiction. Accordingly, I confess to my shame, that no such scene as this was represented to me, although, indeed, at one part of the night, I was alarmed in no small degree, by finding myself on the point of being flogged in chapel by the head of our college.

When I had got down stairs, I found that my friend had been up before me, and amusing himself with the same walk that I had taken the evening before. He informed me also that he had been buying a shilling's-worth of gingerbread from the old pastrycook, which he had afterwards distributed amongst seven little boys of the village, who were sliding together on the horsepond. It must not be supposed that we let our breakfast of this morning pass, without making a variety of sage observations upon the swiftness of time, and such other topics as the occasion called for. After it was over, having learnt from our landlady that our schoolmaster, whom we wished particularly to see, was spending his Christmas at home, we walked through the play-ground, and knocked at the door with all the dignity that we could assume. For myself, however, I confess that I felt a certain degree of palpitation just as we were going up the steps, and was very particular in making my boots quite clean at the same old scraper that I was wont in former times to regard with great reverence. As we passed through the private study, I observed the same maps to be hanging down the walls, and found myself well nigh shaking my fist at the two old globes, which stood as before at each side of the door as you entered. At last the footman ushered us into the breakfast-room, where our old master was sitting before the fire with a cup of chocolate on a small table beside him, and the Oxford Conservative in his hand. Although so many years had passed since he

had last seen us, he recognized us on the instant that he heard our names, and welcomed us with the same smile that he was wont to assume in school, when a little boy appeared frightened. There seemed, indeed, to be likewise, in other particulars, no other change that I could perceive in him, except that to my eyes he appeared at least a foot shorter. We talked not less than two hours with him about old school affairs, in the course of which conversation I learned that a good many of my former schoolfellows had gone to foreign countries, that some had set up in business in the city, that a few had entered professions, and that nearly a quarter, by all accounts, had died. Besides these there were many others, of whom my old master could tell me nothing at all, except that they had left him in such a half; nor could he desist from observing, when my inquiries were over, that I was not a whit less inquisitive than I used to be, although to be sure, for my curiosity in these particulars, he would give me, he said, a full pardon, since it was very natural. After this he turned to Classman, and taking my friend's right hand in both of his, told him he was very glad to hear that he was getting on so well at Oriel, although, for his part, he had left his school so young, that he could not take any of his honours to himself, except that he had laid the foundation of them, in a good knowledge of grammar. When we had done luncheon, which he was bent upon our having, in spite of our refusals, he put the key of the school-room into our hands, telling us that we should find it much the same as ever, and that he would go with us, but that he had promised to drive with a gentleman that very morning to the polling-place, and dine afterwards with the committee. Accordingly, shaking hands with him, we passed on into the school-room, the door of which we opened by help of the same kind of kick that we used to give.

After scrutinizing every part of this room that was once so odious to us, we passed on to the bed-rooms, where we had the good fortune to meet an old maid-servant, who had been in the house for a longer time than we could remember. She recollected us, as she said, at once, but it was only to ask for a Christmas box, which indeed we gave, but, as I fancy, with a bad grace. From thence we walked out into the play-ground, where we spent a good half hour in renewing our acquaintance with every old scratch that was to be found on the brick wall. Nor can I say but we might have spent the whole day in this occupation, had not Classman recollected that there was a gentleman in the village on whom he was to call. Accordingly having promised to meet me at the inn by two o'clock, in time for the coach, he left me to my own reflections, and I for my part no sooner saw him pass the corner, than I walked back very leisurely to the old school-room door, and having turned the key, sate myself down on an old bench, that I pulled down from a heap that was piled up in one corner. It seems there are some occasions when one wishes to be quite alone, not even excepting the most intimate friend. This is particularly to be observed when a person revisits old scenes, and for myself, I look upon a school-room, which you have not beheld for many years, to be a species of storehouse, where, if one will take

the trouble, a greater number of old associations are to be found than any where else in the world. After I had been sitting on the bench for about a quarter of an hour, in a deep musing upon the strange alterations that may happen to a person in the course of even a very few years, I got up and proceeded to a certain spot, where I had carved my name in full, more than twelve years back, in the hope of immortalizing myself. After a long search, however, I was not able to discover it, for it appeared, a new board had been put up since. But not discouraged at this, I went on to another place, where indeed I had the good fortune to find the two first letters of my name still in existence. As for the rest, they had been cut out, as it seemed, by some enemy soon after my departure, who had even carried his hostilities so far, as to have added "is a fool," in large letters underneath. Although these things were very trifling in themselves, they could not but lead me to think upon the extreme desire which most have for ensuring themselves a name, and how vain such a desire is. By degrees I passed on from this reflection to consider how many of those whose names had been carved at about the same time with mine, were now laid in the tomb, and whence it was that I had been preserved rather than they. As this thought arose within me, I commenced walking backwards and forwards along one side of the school-room, listening to the echo of my steps, when, of a sudden, it struck me that some years hence, if I lived, I should do just the same in the case of Oxford, as I was now doing in the case of my old school. "Thus then it appears," thought I, "that the greater part of us, as long as we live, have always in retrospect at no great distance some old scene, to which we may return at intervals and converse, as it were, with our former selves. Happy arrangement of Providence! whence we have it forced upon us at times, that if scenes change, ourselves change still more, and that it depends upon ourselves whether to grow in years be to progress in wisdom." As these and such like reflections passed through my head, I heard the clock strike two, which presently put a stop to them. Accordingly leaving the key with the footman, I made the best of my way to the inn, from which myself and Classman reached London in time for dinner with my cousin in Chancery Lane. A few weeks after this I left London for Oxford, where I found the following letter from Mr. Llewellyn waiting my arrival.

MY DEAR QUERY,—You being returned to Oxford, as I suppose, by this time, this is to say that I shall take a chop with you at your lodgings, a fortnight next Wednesday. Also my nephew, Timothy, will come with me, whom I am going to enter on the books of Jesus' College, for he is now quite a man, that is to say, nineteen next April the twenty-fifth. As you promised, so I expect you to find me a good stable for my horse, Bob, and this is why I write so much before, for which reason, likewise, I shall stay with you two days, that he may get rested from his long journey. This trouble must be excused by you, since you brought it on yourself by asking me, for besides what I have said already, I shall require of you when I come, to show me all the new things, particularly not leaving out the

famous society of debaters that you talk so much about. All send love.

I remain your's affectionately,

W. LLEWELLYN.

Vicarage House, Jan. 25, 1835.

I had just read this letter, and was beginning to consider by what means I could most amuse my old friend, on his putting his purpose into execution, when I heard a loud knock at the door, and before I could answer it, Grumblemore made his appearance, and sat down before the fire, with both his legs, according to custom, on the grate. He said nothing for the first two or three minutes, except asking me how I did: at last, when he had warmed himself, as I suppose sufficiently, he got up from his chair, and advancing very sturdily to where I was seated, asked me to answer upon my conscience, whether upon coming down from London, I did not find Oxford to be the most stupid, bigoted place that was to be seen anywhere in England? Before I had time to reply to this, he was at me with another question concerning church reform, which, he said, should be brought to pass in spite of those fools the Tories; after which he informed me that he had been passing half the vacation in the laudable office of canvassing for the Whigs, who, he went to say, were at least better than nothing. In this way he continued talking for some hours, till at last he was fain to sit down again from mere fatigue. Nor can I say but he would have struck upon the same key a second time, had I not chanced to mention the name of Readwell, which set him off no less violently against the education in this place, declaring it to be the greatest tissue of absurdities that was ever known. As for Readwell himself, he designated him as a poor weak-spirited fellow, who considered a first class to be the highest object of human ambition; when, indeed, as he himself considered, it was only a proof how great a fool a man could make of himself. The clock of St. Mary's striking one, just as he had got so far, I had the ill-fortune to lose the rest of his opinion upon this subject, since that infernal bell, as he said, reminded him he had been keeping me up. As the lamp had gone out I gave him the benefit of my candle down stairs, but could nevertheless hear him observing to himself, as he descended, that there never were good stairs made in Oxford; nor could he refrain, when he reached the last step, from shouting out to me, at the top of his voice, that he hoped he should be called up the next day for being late, since he had stayed out on purpose.

S.

THE ELDER SON!

BY JOHN FRANCIS, ESQ.

I'm very glad indeed that I
Am now before them all ;
I'm rather glad my figure's good,
I'm very glad I'm tall ;
My younger brother may complain,
Whom all the women shun,
That's not the case with me, indeed,—
I am the elder son !

I love to lounge at fancy fairs,
It's all I have to do ;
I love to patronize bazaars,
Or show off in my pew ;
Crockford's and all the horrid set
Religiously I shun,
The turf is getting very low—
I am an elder son !

I never bet, except indeed
For gloves with Lady Ann ;
I never rove about the streets
A furr'd and whiskered man ;
And O ! what can my brother mean
By what he calls a dun ?
They never—never trouble *me*,—
As I'm an elder son !

I am so very much admired,
I wonder I'm not vain ;
I never pen in Albums now
Long lays to Lady Jane ;
I sometimes stroll into my park,
With servant, dog and gun ;
My sport is always excellent—
I am an elder son !

The women all admire my air,
My gentlemanly grace ;
They say my brow is quite divine—
They must admire my face :
I never—never witticize,
Or condescend to pun ;
I leave all that to diners out—
I am an elder son !

How they admire my horsemanship,
When in the park I ride ;
How they admire my graceful step,
When in the waltz I glide ;
Mothers look on me with delight,
As if my hand were won ;
Who wonders at it ? Am not I
My father's eldest son ?

William Tell to his Army.

And do they deem that I can be
Caught by their petty arts?
 That I can be inveigled in
 Their game of hands—not hearts?
 No! let them—let them, one and all,
 In their race vainly run;
 I am no younger brother now—
 I am an elder son!

I once was but the younger born,
 Alone at play and ball,
 Five hundred pounds a year my lot,
 Avoided by them all;
 Then could they glance disdainfully,
 Then could they coldly shun;
 I scorn and I despise them now—
 I am an elder son!

The painted, gaudy butterflies,
 Who coldly turned me off,
 With ready wile can turn and smile—
 'Tis now *my* turn to scoff;
 And they shall find my heart is hard,
 And will be gained by none;
 The younger brother's feelings live
 Within the elder son!

WILLIAM TELL TO HIS TROOPS.

Air—" *Buonaparte's favourite March.*"

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

THE trumpet! the trumpet! it rolls on the gale,
 And brave hearts are bounding, and bright cheeks are pale:
 The trumpet! the trumpet! on, on to the fray!
 We'll ransom the land with our blood—march away!
 Snatch the quivers of death—and with spirits as free
 As your own mountain breeze, to the field follow me!
 We'll conquer or perish—we'll conquer or perish;
 To freedom or death—march away!

To vict'ry! to vict'ry! o'er mountains and waves,
 Sweep on like a whirlwind, and scatter the slaves;
 To vict'ry! to vict'ry! the tyrant shall pay
 For rousing the lion that slept—march away!
 Spread the banners of freedom; the dastards shall see
 How a peasant can brandish the sword—follow me!
 We'll conquer or perish—we'll conquer or perish;
 To freedom or death—march away!

MR. COLERIDGE'S GREEK CLASSIC POETS.

Introductions to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets, designed principally for the Use of Young Persons at College. By HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE, M.A. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

WE have almost laid down for ourselves an unvarying rule, that, when we meet with some book of sterling merit, to give a more elaborate notice to it in the body of our miscellany, than we do to the generality of the works that are sent to us. In the selection that we make, we are neither biassed by motives of interest, nor influenced by an already expressed public opinion. We judge for ourselves. As, on the one hand, we think that we have none of the littleness of pride that would prevent us joining the train, though we might not lead it, that went to do honour to real genius, so, on the other, we hope that it may sometimes be conceded to us, to single out deserving worth from among the crowd, without our running the hazard of being charged with affecting singularity, or the ostentation of seeking to bestow patronage. Of this last charge, however, in the present instance, we cannot, by even the severest construction, be termed guilty; for the very learned work before us has already attained the second edition, and we are doing no more by our commendation of it, than corroborating the public approbation. A work so peculiar as is this, though it may be assured of a constant, yet, from its very nature, cannot expect a rapid or a very extensive circulation. But it will make its own extension—it will beget for it a love for the subject on which it treats; and, as that love becomes more general, so also will be the desire to possess, and fully to understand, the work.

However, even at the outset, we have a stricture to make on its very title; it is too inexpressive; it is unjust in its modesty, and may deter many an unripe scholar from perusing the book to which it is affixed, under the vain notion that he cannot require, what, if he perused, he would find so instructive, and so clearly indicative of his own shallowness. It should have been entitled, “A Critical, Philological, and Historical Essay upon the early Greek Poetry;” for the reader will find in this work, admirably condensed, all that is worth knowing upon this very intricate and interesting subject.

Mr. Coleridge opens his volume by a disquisition on the study of the classics in general; and on the relative beauties of the Greek and Latin languages in particular. That he possesses an innate and absorbing love of his subject may be at once seen, from the manner, almost inspired, in which he expresses himself on the beauties of the Greek and Latin tongues; indeed, the very words of homage seem to place the language in which they are conveyed, not very far below the objects worshipped. Thus he gives vent to his glowing thoughts:

“ I am not one whose lot it has been to grow old in literary retirement, devoted to classical studies with an exclusiveness which might lead to an overweening estimate of these two noble languages. Few, I will not say evil, were the days allowed

to me for such pursuits ; and I was constrained, still young and an unripe scholar, to forego them for the duties of an active and laborious profession. They are now amusements only, however delightful and improving. Far am I from assuming to understand all their riches, all their beauty, or all their power ; yet I can profoundly feel their immeasurable superiority in many important respects to all we call modern ; and I would fain think that there are many even among my younger readers who can now, or will hereafter, sympathize with the expression of my ardent admiration. Greek—the shrine of the genius of the old world ; as universal as our race, as individual as ourselves ; of infinite flexibility, of indefatigable strength, with the complication and the distinctness of nature herself ; to which nothing was vulgar, from which nothing was excluded ; speaking to the ear like Italian, speaking to the mind like English ; with words like pictures, with words like the gossamer film of the summer ; at once the variety and the picturesqueness of Homer, the gloom and the intensity of *Æschylus* ; not compressed to the closest by *Thucydides*, not fathomed to the bottom by *Plato*, not sounding with all its thunders, nor lit up with all its ardours even under the Promethean touch of *Demosthenes* ! And Latin—the voice of empire and of war, of law and of the state ; inferior to its half-parent and rival in the embodying of passion and in the distinguishing of thought, but equal to it in sustaining the measured march of history, and superior to it in the indignant declamation of moral satire ;* stamped with the mark of an imperial and despotizing republic ; rigid in its construction, parsimonious in its synonymes ; reluctantly yielding to the flowery yoke of *Horace*, although opening glimpses of Greek-like splendour in the occasional inspirations of *Lucretius* ; proved, indeed, to the uttermost by *Cicero*, and by him found wanting ; yet majestic in its bareness, impressive in its conciseness ; the true language of history, instinct with the spirit of nations, and not with the passions of individuals ; breathing the maxims of the world, and not the tenets of the schools ; one and uniform in its air and spirit, whether touched by the stern and haughty *Sallust*, by the open and discursive *Livy*, by the reserved and thoughtful *Tacitus*.”

The question may here arise to the mere English reader, whether this impassioned eulogy may be more the offspring of enthusiasm, engendered by an absorbing and an isolated pursuit, than the fair tribute that the severe truth exacts. It may seem to him, that the language of men just emerging from the brutifying effects of utter barbarism, must consequently be barbarous : he may say, and that too with some appearance of reason, that all the aboriginal languages that have been discovered in comparatively modern times, have been singularly incomplete and inexpressive ; that many tribes of Indians have not yet had numeral expressions beyond five or six ; he may also say, that the Mexican had attained much more civilization than the Greek, at the time in which *Homer* has been supposed to have composed. Bearing in mind also the feebleness and effeminacy of most of the eastern languages—and, in this estimation of them, of course he is governed by the dicta of the linguists themselves—he is led to suppose that all the praise bestowed by the learned upon the Greek and Roman languages, is no more than a self-adulation to themselves, and a flattering of a courage and of a perseverance that have overcome a great difficulty. It has been our lot often to have heard arguments such as these adduced ; and to have found them met too often by pedantic superciliousness. But perhaps these honest sceptics will listen to us. We assure them that the Latin and Greek languages are

* “ I do not think any Greek could have understood, or sympathized with, *Juvenal*. Is it possible to put into Greek such lines as these ?

“ *Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori,
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.*—VIII. 83-4.”

almost divine—the Greek especially; that the eulogies passed upon them are justice; and, that the words spoken by the barbarians who so brutally and so foolishly mangled each other in the Trojan war, were as far superior to their deeds, to their ideas, and to their moral attributes, as heaven is from earth. We have said that their language is divine; and by so saying, we wished to use no fulsome or common-place epithet, but to state a literal fact. We are taught to believe that the first language vouchsafed to man, fell perfect, for him, from the mouth of all perfection. It was of godlike origin, and purely the breath of the Creator; and there was in it, not as in man, no mixture at all of earth. We do not think that that language was Hebrew, as it is now understood and spoken; nor do we believe that it was Greek, such as Homer used. We only know, that in the very early ages, all languages must have been nearly perfect. What the Jews have lost, by their wickedness, their perversity, and their falling away from Him who had chosen them His own, it is not now our purpose to inquire. They seem unlike other nations, to have barbarized as they grew older. We see them rapidly sinking from the image of the Deity, and speaking the paradisiacal language, into debased sects, the bondsmen of slaves, and ultimately the scorned and the dispersed over the face of the earth. Not so with other nations; they civilized as they grew wicked. Whether the flood destroyed all living save the progeny of Noah, or only the wicked, who had revolted from the Hebrew worship, makes no difference as to the origin, and hardly even as to the purity of all ancient language. We think that we have thus made out a *prima facie* case, why remotely ancient should be superior to modern languages; but then, it may be asked, how came the undebased Greek in the mouths of such beings as Homer's heroes? We have a right to hazard an hypothesis. Let us suppose some violent organic convulsion to happen again, as undoubtedly many have happened to the inhabited surface of the earth; and, that only a few families have escaped—perhaps on shipboard. Would not, then, the arts, the sciences, learning, every thing that creates and promotes civilization, have perished; and what alone would remain entire, and uninjured, be it bad or good, but the language? If these survivors found the crust of the earth broken up, or swamped, from inundation, they must have sunk down at once into the greatest misery and destitution, and their descendants, for some generations, must necessarily have been barbarians, yet speaking a language that must ennoble their sentiments, though, for a length of time, it could not improve their condition. Is it too much to conjecture, that something similar may have been the case with the ancient Greeks?

Again, does civilization, a high degree of refinement, and a multiplication, and a satisfaction, of our manifold artificial wants, tend to improve a language? It is a curious question, and neither to be easily or speedily resolved. It is certain that we cannot multiply, by the most varied combinations, words so fast, as new sensations increase with increasing reflections, and never-ending discoveries. We consider it impossible to create an entirely new word—a mere arbitrary, and hitherto unknown sound, to express a new idea. We must take the radix of two or more words from some language, the

inflections of which may somewhat approach to the meaning which we wish to convey; but by doing so, we injure the distinctiveness of the plundered words, and confuse and confound, in some degree, the very elements of language. Thus, words at length, similar in sound and orthography, at length became used in various, sometimes opposite, senses. Then comes all the arts of sophistry; right and wrong become mingled, and even our notions of probity and morality become greatly mystified. It is an increasing evil—virtue itself has become an arbitrary term, if valued only as it is used in context with other words, and its definite meaning almost lost. The Romans called it courage; an English lady will understand it means chastity—a Methodist, long prayer—a miser, thrift—a Whig, faction, and most people some particular notions more pleasing to themselves than to the rest of the world. Truly, Talleyrand's bitter aphorism proves to be every day more and more just. Language, which was given us by God, to express our thoughts, now becomes through men a mode to disguise them. All this is not irrelevant to our subject. Mr. Coleridge thinks the civilizing of our languages, this multiplication of synonymes, an effectual barrier to any thing like the production of such composition as may be truly styled Homeric poetry.

But speaking of poetry deriving its name from Homer, comes the very appropriate question, whether Homer ever existed. Mr. Coleridge has treated this subject fully, learnedly, and as impartially as he could. He states that the matter lies in one of these predicaments, either,

“ 1. That Homer wrote the Iliad and Odyssey in their present form; that, by means of the desultory recitations of parts only by the itinerant rhapsodes, this original unity of form was lost in western Greece; and that Pisistratus and his son did no more than collect all these parts, and re-arrange them in their primitive order;—2. That Homer wrote the existing verses, constituting the Iliad and Odyssey, in such short songs or rhapsodies, as he himself, an itinerant rhapsode, could sing or recite separately; and that these songs were *for the first time* put into one body, and disposed in their epic form, by Pisistratus, as aforesaid;—3. That certain nuclei, or continuous portions of each poem, were the work of one or more principal bards; that these poems, founded on some particular events, or descriptive of the prowess of some particular heroes, of the Trojan cyclus, were interpolated with episodes by other subordinate poets; that recitation very soon compacted the verses of both into several large masses, such as the third great battle, from the eleventh Iliad to the death of Patroclus, and from the return of Achilles to the death of Hector; or the narrative of Ulysses at the court of Alcinous, the residence with Eumelus, and the intercourse with, and the destruction of, the Suitors; and that the portions of the cycle so reduced into form, and rendered popular by their superior merit, were the materials out of which, with the help of transposition and supplement, the Iliad and Odyssey, as poems, were compiled. The first of these is the common opinion every where, except in Germany; the second seems to have been Bentley's; the last is Vico's, Wolf's, and Heyne's. I have no intention of saying more on this curious controversy, than just to intimate to the student, that the degree of use and notoriety which alphabetical writing had obtained in Greece, in the probable age of the Homeric poems, has been the subject of much dispute; which, however, is almost exclusively raised upon the insufficient ground of some public inscriptions, the genuineness or antiquity of which has been as scornfully denied by some scholars as undoubtingly maintained by others. M. de Fortia d'Urban believes, in all sincerity, that a certain temple exists entire in the present day at Amyclæ, in Laconia; which temple, with its still legible inscription, was the work of Eurotas, third king of the Lacedæmonians of the dynasty which reigned before the original conquest by the Heraclidæ, in the year B. C. 1522.* And yet, nearly one thousand

* “ Homère et ses Ecrits, p. 23.”

years later, the Athenian Solon had arrived at nothing beyond a *Βουρροφηνδον* sculpture on stone for the publication of his laws! The fact is, the high antiquity ascribed to some of these inscriptions by the French scholars is quite idle, and has been well refuted in Mr. Rose's excellent work on the Greek Inscriptions. At the same time, we ought to take into account the apparent familiarity of Homer with the Sidonian artisans; the long and strict alliance between the Sidonians and the Jews; and the indisputable possession and use of writing materials, of some sort or other, by the Hebrew people, before any of the probable dates of the Trojan war."

However, upon a careful perusal of the volume, we are led to believe, that our talented author inclines to the last opinion. It must seem singular to us moderns, that the pre-eminent poem of the world should be a joint-stock affair of a set of diverting vagrants; that the unity that Aristotle so much praises, should be the effect of the merest chance; that the beginning, the middle, and the end, of which he prates so learnedly, was never begun, nor continued, nor ended by the authors who composed them, in the order that we now find them; and finally, that every one who brought his bundle of hexameters to the heap, might have seen them, had he lived long enough, very composedly settle down into the harmony in which we now find them, by the mere action of time through ages of unlettered barbarism. For ourselves, we shall still piously believe in Homer, one and indivisible. We shall cling to the credence as an article of faith. If it be an error, we intend to remain in it doggedly; we will not be disabused. That noble blind old man has an individuality in our minds more identical than even that of the author of the Reform Bill. We can portray his very features; in a moment we can call up to our mind's eye his venerable beard, his placid and divine countenance, his noble and soul-enthroned brow. His existence is an article of our literary faith; and, if we be asked for our proofs, we shall merely content ourselves with producing the Iliad and the Odyssey.

It has been more unfortunate for the world, than for themselves, that those who possess great learning have not always possessed equal good sense, nor always equal honesty. They have too often made use of those talents and of those acquirements more as pleaders upon a retainer, than as upright judges upon a fact; hence, history becomes involved in obscurity, and the plainest facts in after ages become to be looked upon as apocryphal. We should think, had we never seen the poems, that the less of the two difficulties would be to prove, not that they were written by various hands, at various epochs, and at various times, than to prove that such a monument of perfection existed at all. And, so perverse are the merely book-learned of all generations, that we feel convinced, if by some miracle every copy of the Iliad or the Odyssey had ceased to exist, fifty years would not pass over the world, ere some learned Greek professor would arise, and write a most convincing work to prove, that these masterpieces were mere creatures of imagination, and that they never were, or never could have been *in esse*, all records, traditions, and history, to the contrary notwithstanding. Feeling thus, we may be excused of not noticing at all, Mr. Coleridge's spirited translation of the third book of Vico's *Scienza Nuova*, on the discovery of the true Homer. It merely goes to assert that these two poems, attributed to him, were written entirely by the spirit of the ages anterior to Greek civilization,

and that these poems grew up insensibly to their present magnitude and superiority, nobody knew exactly how, nor exactly when. We wonder whether any one will assert in the year three thousand, that Johnson's folio dictionary was formed under a similar process.

Mr. Coleridge's research into the ancient Greek alphabet, and the materials for writing used in the Homeric ages, proves his great reading, his deep learning, and that patient spirit of perseverance so indispensable to the antiquary. It deserves particular attention, for, with a happy art, he has concentrated in a few pages, what many heavy handed authors have before, and will after him, spread out into folio volumes.

As to the long chapter on the life of Homer, why should we dilate upon it? Have not the very persons who have furnished the materials doubted, and strewed their doubts as they advanced, more plentifully than their facts? What matters it to know how a man existed, when it has been satisfactorily proved that existence never was his? However we cannot refrain from quoting Plutarch's account of the incident that brought about his death—which, if the reader can believe, he may believe any thing—that he did equally live and not live—that he died though he was never born, or that he was born and has never died,—which last assumption, considering his writings, and speaking metaphorically, does not seem to be very absurd. Here is Plutarch's story however.

“He preserves two responses of an oracle to Homer; in both of which he was cautioned to beware of the young men's riddle, and relates that the poet, being on his voyage to Thebes, to attend a musical or poetical contest at the feast of Saturn in that city, landed in the island of Ios, and, whilst sitting on a rock by the sea-shore, observed some young fishermen in a boat; that Homer asked them if they had caught any thing, (*εἴ τι ἔχοιεν*), and that the young wags, who, having had no sport, had been diligently killing as many as they could catch of certain personal companions of a race not even yet extinct, answered—‘as many as we caught, we left; as many as we could not catch, we carry with us.’

Ὅσσ' ἔλομεν, λιπόμεσθα· ὅσ' οὐχ ἔλομεν, φερόμεσθα.

The catastrophe is, that Homer, being utterly unable to guess the meaning of this riddle, broke his heart out of pure vexation, and that the inhabitants of the island buried him with great magnificence, and put the following inscription on his tomb:—

*ἐνθάδε τὴν ἱερὴν κεφαλὴν κατὰ γαῖαν μαλὶπτει
ἀνδρῶν ἡρώων κοσμήτορα, θεῖον Ὅμηρον.*

Here Homer the divine, in earthy bed,
Poet of heroes, rests his sacred head.”

Mr. Coleridge next treats of what he denominates the “Trojan Controversy,” and very naïvely tells the reader, “that an imperfect collection of the works which have appeared in England alone, on this subject, would fill three quarto volumes.” Were the publications of other countries also to be added, the mighty mass would be quadrupled. There should be a jury of sages empannelled to settle such questions as these, at once, and for ever. History, as it becomes remote, seems only to point to a land of shadowy fictions. It is better to take something on trust, than to remain, for ever, to be tossed upon the sea of doubt. For ourselves, we would rely almost impli-

citly on the researches and the evidence adduced by Sir William Gell on this subject. However, this difficulty may be soon disposed of by the class of doubters, learned and unlearned: for, if the Iliad could be written or composed, (for it is contended that it was not written until ages had elapsed after its composition,) without the assistance of any definite or precise author, it surely is not necessary that it should have an Ilium at all. We will extract Mr. Coleridge's summing up upon this question, as his opinion is entitled to every respect.

“ I would not say that some of our modern travellers have in their enthusiasm discovered a Scamander where it never was before; but, repeating my belief, that the intended scene of the Iliad is the tract lying within Cape Yenishahr, I would humbly suggest, upon general principles of criticism, that the credit of Homer is not materially concerned in such a minute correspondence of poetical description or allusion with the actual localities, as most of the modern travellers in, and writers on, the Troad, labour to establish. If the Iliad be conceived as a poem composed and revised by an individual author, it would surely be allowable in him to add foam to his river, trees to his mountain, extent to his plain, and magnificence to his town. He might even create monuments and give them names, if dramatic probability authorized the invention. Does any one go about to identify all Tasso's descriptions with the topography of the Holy Land, so much more deeply marked and better known? or, if any traveller were to calculate on the shade of one of the Italian poet's woods in the bare desert, could he much complain of our laughing at his surprise at not finding it? But, to those who fancy that they perceive the operation of more hands than one in this marvellous poem, these petty discrepancies of place and quality seem a natural consequence, and a probable proof of their theory. The city in the plain, and the city on the hill; the river clear and the river turbid, and even the river running backwards; such small matters as these give them no difficulty to digest. The general harmony satisfies their ear, and they are not careful to ascertain whether every semitone be true to rule or not. Yet these remarks are not made in a spirit of banter on the local researches of our modern travellers in the Troad. Those travellers have done much good to classical literature, and have incidentally contributed largely to the better understanding of the Homeric text. Nor will I join with Lord Byron in calling Jacob Bryant a blackguard for the most extravagant of his doubts. That venerable man was a ripe scholar; he pursued an unbeaten track without the help of any previous traveller's guidance; and what wonder is it, if, in opening out many unknown paths, and setting up directing marks for others, he sometimes fell into pits and quicksands himself? *Mole sua stat.*”

The chapter that treats upon the Iliad as a composition deserves the serious attention of every one who has, or who wishes to acquire, a correct taste for spiritualized beauty. The author, very properly, in the first instance, points out the spirit in which these wonderful Homeric poems should be read. It should be one of reverence approaching to awe, and of a devotion akin to worship. The reader should, in the first place, contemplate the gigantic simplicity of all around that is offered to his mental eye; he must divest himself of all the effeminate associations of modern civilization, and return to the pure tastes of nature. He must look up to the awful sky above him, with the few yet magnificent changes that it assumes, and around on the green face of the earth, for the sources of the bursts of poetry that will almost overwhelm his imagination. Here he will find them original; in all later poems they must be looked upon almost as common place. Nor will it require much force of imagination to forget that he has ever met with these images before; when the noble and long sustained sounds of this wonderful language is still rushing in his ears,

and filling all his soul with a solemn and ancient harmony, which may be well compared to that music, heard only by spirits, of the revolving and eternal spheres. The sun, the angry storm, the boundless sea, the rain-surcharged torrent, which, of course, furnished the first similes to the first poets—and, alas! for those of a later day, the world furnishes none other better—and of those that are inferior, the number is not too great. In fact, all the figures of poetry may be resolved into one, the comparison—whether the poetical elucidation be lengthened out into allegory, or compressed into a metaphor,—whether it startle the reader by the boldness of the *prosopopœia*, or soothe him by gently calling to his mind the placid beauties of distant scenes, it may be said to be, essentially, no more than a simile, for when there is no similitude tropes and figures become mere bombast.

The poet's imagination may be likened to a mirror of many faces; offer to it one subject, and a thousand more beautiful ones, all connected in some manner by an actual or a shadowy resemblance, are reflected upon it. When the youth enters upon the perusal of the *Iliad*, he must remember how few, yet how grand, were the objects available to the bard for poetic purposes. Let him recollect that he has stepped back from every-day life into the vastness of the patriarchal ages, and that he has intruded himself into the society of men who have been fostered in the lap of a young world, and who as yet can know nothing of the littleness of vice, though they may be giants in crime, and altogether ignorant of the gentleness of virtue.

But our author will explain this better than ourselves, and it will be seen that the Homeric heroes may challenge a respect, only less than that which we ought to pay to those awful men who conversed with angels, and were visibly God-directed.

“The manners of the *Iliad* are the manners of the patriarchal and early ages of the East. The chief differences arise from a different religion and a more maritime situation. Very far removed from the savage state on the one hand, and equally distant from the artificial condition of an extended commerce and a manufacturing population on the other, the spirit and habitudes of the two modes of society are almost identical. The Hero and the Patriarch are substantially coeval; but the first wanders in twilight, the last stands in the eye of Heaven. When three men appeared to Abraham in the plains of Mamre, he ran to meet them from the tent door, brought them in, directed Sarah to make bread, fetched from the herd himself a calf tender and good, dressed it, and set it before them;¹ when Ajax, Ulysses, and Phoenix stand before Achilles, he rushes forth to greet them, brings them into the tent, directs Patroclus to mix the wine, cuts up the meat, dresses it, and sets it before the ambassadors.² The son of Peleus sits down to eat,³ and the sons of Jacob sat also before Joseph;⁴ the practice of reclining at meals, which afterwards became universal, was unknown to either. Agamemnon offers to give one of his daughters in marriage to Achilles, without exacting a dowry from him,⁵ implying thereby a custom, the reverse of which prevailed subsequently; so Abraham's servant gave presents to Rebekah;⁶ Shechem promised a dowry and gift to Jacob for his daughter Dinah;⁷ and in after-times Saul said he did not desire any dowry from David for Michal.⁸ Rachel, the daughter of Laban, a great man, kept her father's sheep;⁹ the seven daughters of Reuel, the priest of Midian, watered their father's flock;¹⁰ and Saul was coming after the herd out of the field, when they told him the

“¹ Genesis, xviii. 1.

² I'. IX. 193.

³ I'. IX. 218.

⁴ Genesis, xliii. 33.

⁵ I'. IX. 146.

⁶ Genesis, xxiv. 22.

⁷ Genesis, xxxiv. 12.

⁸ 1 Samuel, xviii. 25.

⁹ Genesis, xxix. 6.

¹⁰ Exodus, ii. 16.”

tidings of the men of Jabesh;¹¹ so Bucolion, the son of Laomedon, was a shepherd;¹² Antiphus, the son of Priam, kept sheep in the valleys of Ida,¹³ and Æneas himself abandoned his herds on the same mountain at the sight of Achilles.¹⁴

“ These are some instances in striking particulars of the similarity, or rather the identity, of the manners of the Iliad and of the early ages in Asia; but, beside these, there are many others as remarkable, and indeed parallelisms of thought and of imagery occur in almost every page of the Greek and Hebrew writers. To sacrifice with unwashed hands is unlawful;¹⁵ manslaughter is redeemable by exile and a fine;¹⁶ and in computing time the third or any future day is always reckoned inclusively.¹⁷ A new-born child is said to fall between the feet of its mother;¹⁸ Hector sacrificed to Jupiter on the summit of Ida;¹⁹ stoning seems to have been the Trojan punishment for adultery;²⁰ oxen are used to tread out corn;²¹ female captives are selected as the peculiar prizes of the generals and chiefs;²² and to lie without burial was the last and worst aggravation of defeat and death.²³ Instances of this sort might be multiplied to an extent, but the student will find it a pleasing and useful task to discover them for himself; and these will amply suffice to demonstrate the existence of that correspondence of spirit and manners between the Homeric and the early ages of the Bible history to which I have adverted. It is real and important; it affords a standard of the feelings with which we ought to read the Iliad, if we mean to read it as it deserves, and it explains and sets in the true point of view numberless passages, which the ignorance or frivolity of after-times has charged with obscurity, meanness, or error. The Old Testament and the Iliad reflect light mutually, each on the other; and in respect of the poetry and the manners, at least, if not of the morals, so far as they can be distinguished, it may with great truth be said, that he who has the longest studied, and the most deeply imbibed, the spirit of the Hebrew Scriptures, will the best understand, and the most lastingly appreciate, the tale of Troy divine.”

As to the mere literary merits of the Iliad and the Odyssey, the detractors and the panegyrists, and great names may be ranked under both heads, have been extremely numerous, extremely virulent, and absurdly extreme. One class have seen in these poems, not only the supernatural beauties of a divine inspiration, but a manual of private life, an epitome of the arts and sciences, an allegorical manifestation of religion, and a complete system of morals. Those opposed to them, can see nothing in them but a farrago of madness made despicable by imbecility, and vice made disgusting by coarseness. France has produced the bitterest enemies to Homer, England his most potent defenders. It may be consolatory to our national pride to know, that almost all who decry Shakspeare, undervalue Homer, and we are sure that our countrymen will be very well content to let these master spirits stand or fall together. We have already given in our adhesion to the good cause. But, with all his devotion to Homer, Mr. Coleridge does not think the Iliad sublime. In this we differ from him, in one sense. It is not, perhaps, as a mere matter-of-fact relation, entitled to the praise of sublimity, but we certainly think it is when we consider a little more deeply, and revolve on the wonderful spirit that pervades it. Our meaning may be best understood by an example. The view over a fine country in a fine spring morning, might be said, at the first impression, to be rather inspiring and

“ 11. 1 Samuel, xi. 5.

12 Z'. VI. 25.

13 A'. XI. 106.

14 T'. XX. 91.

15 Z'. VI. 265. with Exodus, xxi. 20.

16 I'. IX. 628. with Numbers, xxxv. 6.

17 I'. IX. 363. with Leviticus, xii. 3.

18 T'. XIX. 110. with Deut. xxviii. 57.

19 X'. XXII. 170. with Deut. xii. 2.

20 I'. III. 57. with John, viii. 5.

21 T'. XX. 495. with Deut. xxv. 4.

22 A'. I. 118. with Judges, v. 30.

23 A'. I. 4. with Deut. xxviii. 26.”

cheerful than sublime—but let the mind but pause humbly for a moment, and ascend but a little from the mere surface, and we shall find it revelling immediately in the elements of sublimity. Read with a proper spirit, we certainly can find the *Iliad* sublime. But let Mr. Coleridge give his own impression.

“ There are, indeed, very few long poems in which sublimity is so predominant as to be characteristic ; and it may be added, with great truth, that the most sublime productions of human genius are not the most pleasing ; for nothing will permanently captivate the heart of man which is above the sphere of his affections and beyond the reach of his senses, and no poet was ever universally loved who did not oft, Antæus-like, renew his flagging strength by gentle restings on the bosom of his mother earth. Homer and Shakspeare compared with Milton are illustrations of this truth. Homer was universally popular wherever Greek was spoken ; Shakspeare is so now wherever English is known. Zoilus was a monster and a by-word, and no one would think it worth while to reason with an Englishman who should profess not to like Shakspeare. But, out of the admirers of the *Paradise Lost*, what is the proportion of those who receive pleasure from it, or have even read that divine poem through ? The truth is, that there are not many passages in the *Iliad* which can be properly called sublime : and I think the grandest of those few is the description of the universal horror and tumult attending on the battle of the gods.¹ The impression produced by the imagery of this passage is complete, and has been celebrated in all times : there is a grandeur and yet a decorum in it which distinguishes it from the storm and the fury of the Titanian battle in the *Theogonia*. This praise must be limited, indeed, to the general description ; for the details of the actual conflict of the opposed divinities in the twenty-first book are apparently the attempt of a very inferior hand. But, viewed upon the true objective principles which prevail throughout the Homeric poetry, the following lines are transcendent :—

“ αὐτὰρ, ἐπεὶ μεθ' ὄμιλον Ὀλύμπιοι ἤλυθον ἀνδρῶν,”
 &c. &c. &c.

Differing only with the author of the work that we are now noticing, as to there being only appropriate and occasional bursts of sublimity in this wonderful poem, our opinion of its distinguishing marks coincides nearly with his own.

“ The real characteristics of the poem in general, are truth, good sense, rapidity, and variety, bodied forth into shape by a vivid imagination, and borne on the musical wings of an inimitable versification. Perhaps the phrase, *forceful liveliness*, will express the excellence of the Homeric poetry as well as any other. It is the rare union and the harmonious operation of these inestimable qualities which make one of the longest poems known the most delightful and the most instructive ; for who that has read the *Iliad* in youth, in manhood, or in old age, will deny it to be the Muses' purest and sweetest stream—one while foaming in fury, at another sleeping in sunshine, and again running a steady and a cheerful course—here gliding between bare and even banks, there over-arched by forest trees, or islanded with flowers which lie, like the water-lilies, on the bosom of the current ? Where has an earthly Muse ever spoken such words of fire, or when has verse ever rolled on in such unbroken and resistless power as in those two wonderful rhapsodies in which Hector bursts through the gates of the Greek fortifications,² and at last fights his way to the stern of Ajax's ship ?³ Where is there a pathos so deep and tender as in the interview between Hector and Andromache,⁴ or in the lamentations of Andromache and Helen over the corpse of the departed hero ?⁵ Where is there a picture so vivid and real as that of Achilles struggling in the surges of Scamander,⁶ or a pause of such profound calm as while we listen to speeches in the tent of Pe-
 lides,⁷ or gaze on the several marvels of his Vulcanian shield ?⁸”

¹ γ'. XX. 47—66.

² μ'. XII.

³ ζ'. IV. 320.

⁴ φ'. XXI. 233.

⁵ ζ'. XVIII. 478.

⁶ ο'. XV.

⁷ η'. XXIV. 725—762.

⁸ ι'. IX. 225.

We have neither space nor time to follow Mr. Coleridge through all his excellent observations upon the characters of the *Iliad*, its language, and the strictures of the erudite upon the digamma. They will be read with attention, for the reading will be found full of profit or instruction. The remarks on the *Odyssey* are equally judicious as those on the *Iliad*. Its prevailing beauties are pointed out with a taste that knows how to discriminate, and an ardour that knows how to enjoy. We shall make a rather long extract on this subject, and, then, without pausing over the critical remarks on the Homeric hymns, which are in just keeping with the other excellencies of the work, hasten to conclude. Of the *Odyssey*, the able commentator says,

“ Never was there a tale in verse or prose told with such consummate art; yet the hand of the artist is invisible. The conduct of the story seems, and is, simple and single; but it is the simplicity and singleness of Nature, which co-exists with, indeed, is, the wondrous effect of, an endless complexity of parts;—

—— ‘ Sudet multum, frustra que laboret
Ausus idem.’

Nowhere is this charm so strongly felt, as in that delightful part of the poem in which Ulysses is lodged in the house of the faithful Eumæus; there is that singular grace in the description of the rustic occupations and the rustic mansion, that dignity in the swineherd, that native tone of command in Telemachus, and that sportive humility varying with a mysterious majesty in Ulysses, which seem quite beyond the reach of the most poetic invention or the most ingenious imitation. The air of reality around the whole scene is such, that it is scarcely possible to doubt that the poet wrote under the control of actual life, and that the picture itself is in this respect a mere stamp or reflection of contemporary society.

“ I know no heroic poems except the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, and the Poem of the Cid, in which the manners are the genuine manners of the poets own years of the world; in all others they are mere conventional fictions, fitting all stories equally, like state robes, because exactly fitting none, and under the cumbrous folds of which all grace and nature, and spirit of human action, are stifled altogether or allowed to breathe out but at intervals. This facility and freedom from constraint, the effect of actual contemporary existence, is more singularly conspicuous to us in the *Odyssey* than in the *Iliad*; because in the former poem we are presented with a complete picture of rural and domestic life in connexion with the heroic events of the story, and this picture, for various reasons, has not been copied with that remorseless iteration, with which the battles and speeches and warlike habits of the *Iliad* have, with more or less success, been redrawn and recoloured in almost every epic composition for the last two thousand years. The adventure with Nausicaa, the various scenes in the house of Eumæus, the walk to the town, the banqueting, the watching by night, and many other passages of what may be called the private life of the Homeric age, have scarcely in any instance suited the plans of more recent poets, and consequently remain in all their original freshness to us even at this day. Indeed the *Odyssey*, as a poem, is absolutely unique; for, although Virgil certainly, and perhaps even Tasso, have borrowed particular passages from it more largely than from the *Iliad*, (a fact not commonly observed,) the character and scope of their great poems are utterly dissimilar to those of the *Odyssey*, which consist in raising an interest about, and in detailing the changing fortunes of, a single man, not as a general warring with armies against a city, but as an exile compassing by his own courage, and skill, and patience, the return to, and repossession of, his own home. It is in the rare combination or intermingling of all

—— ‘ Hair-breadth ’scapes
And moving accidents by flood or field ’

with the high moral purpose of Ulysses—in the contrast of the one determined and still triumphant will of the man with the transient and vain bafflings of winds or waves, of gods or monsters—the whole action lightened by the gladsome face of

nature, and yet rendered awful by the known approaching execution of a heavenly decree, and by the mysterious tokens and the dangerous odds, and the terrible vengeance attending on the last and crowning achievement of the hero, that the secret of the character of the Odyssey, and the spring of its universal charm, lie concealed—a secret which deserves the study of the philosopher—a charm which the hearts of all men feel, and over which time and place have no dominion.”

We trust we have said and extracted enough to excite a general wish for a thorough acquaintance with this introduction to the study of the Greek poets, and some degree of interest for its gifted author; and should the supercilious utilitarian turn upon us and say, “After all, this much vaunted book is merely a treatise upon words, words, words—that the genius of the age requires something more tangible and real—that deeds and utilities only can or ought to demand such eulogy as we have bestowed upon an exposition on a dead language.” To this we reply, that words, like those of which we have been speaking, are not only never perishing realities, but the noble parents of the most noble deeds. They are as embers of a sacred and unquenchable fire, which have served, and will serve everlastingly, to light up in the bosoms of the youth of all nations, thoughts, sentiments, and impulses, that will bear us on in the paths of true glory, and create an endless race of philosophers, patriots, and heroes.

DIRGE.

WEEP FOR THE BRAVE!

Air—“*Robin Adair.*”

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

WEEP for the brave on the battle field slain,
The fond and the parted that meet not again;
 Beaming like stars of light,
 Now seen, now lost to sight,
 Dark is their bed as night;
 Weep for the brave!

Weep for the brave when the merry bells ring,
The bards and the maidens of victory sing;
 Think when in joy we meet,
 Wrapt in earth's winding sheet,
 Cover'd with flow'rets sweet,
 Slumber the brave!

When goblets are flowing, the jest and the song,
From the lip of the reveller passes along;
 Strike to a sadder strain,
 Sing of the battle plain,
 Fill up your cups again,
 Drink to the brave!

DREAMING AWAKE; OR, TRAVELS IN MY POCKET.

BY DR. HUME WEATHERHEAD.

THE pocket is one of those places about a man's person of the first consequence. It is a kind of half-way house, where the spirit and the flesh meet, so to regulate their pleasures, that each shall enjoy a proportionate share—a sort of congress, where the parties convene to discuss their ways and means, and arrange the current expenses of the day—a species of tabernacle, where this holy alliance betwixt the outward and inward man most frequently hold sweet or sour converse, and commune together as the state of the finances may be—now a paradise where fantastic meteors of ink fly through a *Hazy* atmosphere of paper, describing a beautiful and cabalistical figure, somewhat resembling £One Hundred: now a desert, where a man may grope about in the dreary void, and find nothing to tickle even the tip of his finger.

In the present times, little else is talked of but revolutions—of Portugal—of Spain. Every day produces a new one; nature has hers; politics and human passion foment nothing else; and since the deluge, (which, certes, was one overwhelming enough to satisfy even a Radical,) till that of France, men have witnessed, stirred up, and written of all sorts of revolutions but one—that of the pocket! Why this alone should have been neglected, seems passing strange, methought, as I began to mend my pen with my razor; therefore be it my task to fill up so lamentable a blank in the history of man's habiliments.

You must know, reader, that I am one of those harmless maniacs, who spend one half of their life in what is called “dreaming awake;” who frequently conceive themselves alone in the midst of a crowd, or imagine themselves in the thick and heat of battle, slaying their tens of thousands, or beggaring the bank at Rouge et Noir, by martingales and *parolis*, as they munch their solitary meal with nothing but an old knife as their cimeter, and a few stivers in their pocket “*pour faire sauter le banc*.”

This building of castles in the air is my great delight; and I often find myself playing some grand part on the stage of life, as I sit in my arm-chair, looking intently into the fire, or whilst walking about the room with my hands in my coat pockets, staring vaguely on the carpet.

This morning I rose at my ordinary hour, and completed my first tribute as usual. It is of importance to remark, before proceeding farther, that I always wear yellow slippers *à la Turque*. Thus accoutred, I began to walk from one end of the room to the other, thinking of I do not know what, or rather, not thinking at all, when I mechanically drew my handkerchief from my right hand pocket. It was a cambric one, edged with a garland of roses, wrought by the

pretty hand of a female friend; and I strongly suspect this circumstance, together with my morocco slippers, to have been the secret associating cause of the reverie which ensued.

However that may be, I still kept walking about, and insensibly became so abstracted, as completely to forget myself. Staring first wildly but quietly around, suddenly I start—cast up the whites of my eyes—spread abroad my clenched hands—advance one step with a loud stamp—then another, regarding all the while some fly that trundles along the ceiling; at last, gathering together my cambric handkerchief in both hands, I press it in convulsive agony to my aching forehead and tear-streaming eyes, sobbing and nodding my head all the while like a mandarin—and for an instant believe myself to have been that *Coaxing* rogue *Kean*!

Resuming my pace along the floor, after an appropriate pause to allow time for the scene-shifters, I next halt deliberately, and cast criticising but undecisive glances on all sides: each piece of furniture by turn attracts my attention: I approach—withdraw—ponder. At length, stopping opposite an ottoman covered with Utrecht velvet, I examine it more particularly—I observe its air and carriage—they please me; so with a smile of ineffable tenderness, joined with the most majestic deportment, I throw the handkerchief at it, in crying “To the fairest.” Astonished at not seeing the lady throw herself at my feet to kiss the sacred dust of my slipper, my first impulse was to call the mutes of my seraglio, and have the disobedient sultana instantly strangled; but, happily for her, my ideas took another turn. “Let her live,” said I, in high disdain; “she shall suffer still worse in witnessing the good-fortune of a rival, whose humblest slave she shall become!” At these words, I snatched up the handkerchief she had despised, and offered it to a fair Circassian, whose charms I now reproached myself for having overlooked—it was my arm-chair. I threw myself into her lap, but a pin chancing to be sticking in the seat, I bawled out lustily from the pain; the illusion vanished, and lo, my sacred person on the floor! I nevertheless had presence of mind enough to exclaim, “Vile slaves! was it not this morning I commanded ——” But the reverie was annihilated; so, rubbing the smart, I could not help laughing at my most exalted sublimity, and the foolery of “dreaming awake.”

It must, however, be allowed, that I was happy for the few minutes the delusion lasted. What charms, grace, and loveliness, did I not see! Every part of the globe had been put under contribution to embellish my harem. But the phantasm had disappeared; I picked up my cambric handkerchief, the cause of my too delightful day-dream, and in returning it into my pocket, I confess I experienced something like regret on coming to my right senses.

Notwithstanding the chagrin I felt at being obliged to content myself with the common-place enjoyments of sober reason, I continued my promenade, and imperceptibly forgot my late mishap. Consciousness, that mortifying delineator of life's realities, by degrees left me; and behold me again in the high road of creative fancy, unshackled by the stupid entity of “things as they are.”

Putting my hand again into my right-hand pocket, I contrived to

chase into a corner something small, in the shape of a parallelogram. "A parallelogram!" thought I; "what can this be?" When, my ideas about to fly off at a tangent among the abstruse problems of Euclid or Newton, I luckily in time perceived it to be my card-case. "Visiting cards," said I, to myself, "are one of the happiest inventions of refined society. By them we economize time, and often save annoying both ourselves and others. On finding the card of some horrid bore on the table, as we enter from a refreshing drive in the dust round the ring in the Regent, how rejoiced we exclaim, "How fortunate, not to be at home!" Formerly, when people were Goths and Vandals; when two persons disliked each other, the upshot was generally an open rupture. In our days, things are better ordered. We detest one another just as sincerely, and yet at the same time scrupulously preserve the varnish of friendship; it is only necessary to send one another our cards once a month; and when chance throws us together in company, we can seem for the moment on a very passable footing; kindly inquiring after one another's health, without listening to the answer; and a "Good-bye, God bless you," closes this politely-hypocritical scene of mutual detestation.

Again, have you a pest of an acquaintance, with whom you find it necessary to preserve appearances, and yet do not wish to see? Nothing is more comfortably got over. Only watch till the plaguy sinner goes out, and then make your call. First, earnestly inquire if he is at home—you already know the answer—leave your regrets, compliments, and a card. You thus get the reputation of being exceedingly attentive and well-bred—and no man can gain a good name at less expense or trouble.

In the midst of so much lauding, eulogizing, and panegyrising, my valet interrupts my soliloquy on real good breeding, by bringing me the card of my wine merchant, to whom I owe an awkward bill, and asks if I am at home. "O no, master Dun—not at home." Hereupon I returned the card-case into my pocket, for the intolerable impertinences of such a visit quite spoiled my meditations.

"Life is full of untoward crosses," said I, to myself; "and why should I expect to pass through this vale of tears and sorrows without meeting with my proper share?" This reflection somewhat lessened the fidgetty humour I got into from the last unwelcome intrusion. "To be revenged, I must order a hamper or two of *lacrime* of the impudent fellow, for no doubt he came after his bill, and let him weep his eyes out ere he gets the money." Thus restored again to my peace of mind, I tranquilly resumed my accustomed promenade, with my hands in my coat pockets as usual.

"What in the name of curiosity is this," quoth I, trying at the same time to grasp something at the very bottom of my pocket; but the more I strove to catch it, like human felicity, the more it escaped me. The word "felicity" gave a new direction to the current of my conjectures. "Egad! perhaps it is the thing, happiness, itself I feel: truth, they say, lies in a well, and why may not happiness be found in the bottom of my pocket?" Roused by the bright idea, I now redoubled the speed and keenness of the pursuit, and at last snatched my gentleman by the ——. "Faith! it feels round, and can have no

ear." However, out I lugged whatever it was, and behold ! there appeared something like a force-meat ball. "It cannot surely be that." What then ? Listen to the birth and history of a little ball of dough.

Some little time ago I spent a few days in the goodly town of ———, and happened to be asked to one of those enviable parties politely denominated, "TEA-AND-TURN-OUT." But first, as some of my gentle readers may not understand what a T. and T. O. party is, know that it is an evening coterie crowded into a small room where there are more seats than chairs. To resume—the company was numerous ; every body spoke at the same time, and no one appeared to listen : in short, the diversity of tongues, subjects, and pretensions, produced a deafening roar in my ears, conveying the idea of a cascade of words, where, splashed by the spray of slander, and confounded by the babble, you have all the noise of such a scene without any of its sublimity. Close to my side there fortunately stood a plate of Sally-Luns ; and being little interested by what was passing around me, in my habitual absence of mind, I took one, but instead of eating it, I employed myself unconsciously in crumbling it to pieces, sowing the crumbs on the carpet, and with the wreck that remained I amused myself, it seems, in making the ball of dough I found in my pocket, and which I at first took for the new-born incarnation of human felicity.

Not yet tired of my amusement, I continued fumbling in my pocket, now with my ideas floating between the sixth and seventh heaven, or flying on the wings of fancy from the deepest abyss of Pandemonium, as far as the last fixed star beyond the milky way ; they sometimes do not stop till asked for their passport at the barriers of chaos. While thus engaged in such sublime cogitations, I generally catch hold of something, as we have seen, to draw my ideas down from spheres in which, truly, they have no manner of business, to perform their evolutions in an orbit less exalted. Fumbling thus, as I was saying, I instinctively seized hold of something soft. "'Tis not a roasted apple, surely, I feel ! and besides," quoth I to myself, (for I have nobody else to speak to,) "besides, they do not eat roasted apples in the seventh." Musing so, I mechanically drew forth the object of my speculations, and, without observing it very particularly, I perceived it to be a glove. "Who owns thee, thou pretty little manacle ?" said I ; "some delicate hand it must be." Thus caught again in the vortex of creative imagination, my ideas whirl round on the usual pivot : so continuing—"To this hand, no doubt, is joined an arm of ivory ; to that an angel's head—a countenance beautiful as Psyche's, and a form like the Florentine Venus. "Lady, I love thee !" said I. "Divine creature, I adore thee ! and all because of thy glove !" (My imagination still drives on unchecked)—"You must possess a tender heart, for your glove is soft—sweetness of disposition, for your glove is more fragrant than the perfumes of Arabia—fidelity and truth, for your glove is sky-blue—good temper and sensibility, for * * * * *." "Do you hear, sir ?" "Ha ! what the d—l's that ?" "Have you seen my glove, I say, sir ?" "Your glove, Cherrylips !" for, on looking up, I now perceived it was the servant-girl who spoke. "Yes, sir, the one I use in the mornings to rub my fire-irons and candle-

sticks!" On this appalling demand, my soul tumbled from the seventh heaven with the velocity of a falling star; I regard the object of my adoration more nearly; and behold, it is the identical article of abomination she is in search of!

"After this," exclaimed I with horror, as I dropped the black and greasy 'pretty little manacle,' "day-dreams, ADIEU!"

THE DEATH BED.

He sleeps—the sufferer sleeps :
How pain-devoid his placid features seem,
Oh! surely by that sufferer's couch, a dream
No earthly vigil keeps.

The pang will not return :
Pain hath done all it can do—the brief rest
Will be a giving forth of life, so bless'd—
It would be sin to mourn.

He wakes—I said he would :
His pillow smooth—support him to behold
Yon sun declining through a path of gold,
With clouds of evening strew'd!

Let not a breath be heard ;
Watch but the faintest glance of his dull eye,
For know, a look, a sign from those who die,
Is like a gospel word!

The sun is sinking fast :
His soul yet lingers in its cell of clay ;
Till the rich glory of the sun's last ray
On the calm scene be cast.

Then will his soul arise—
Piercing the shades of evening, afar,
To the pure bosom of its kindred star,
Whose mansion is the skies.

Listen—the deep faint strain
Of all he can call forth from memory's string,
Touch'd by soul-breathing thought, is murmuring
From his far wand'ring brain.

Oh! never yet the tongue
Interpreted so faithfully that thought,
Whose holy notes no mortal feelings taught,
No mortal accents sung.

'Tis o'er—'tis o'er—his breath
Departed softly, placidly away :—
Said I not rightly that the eve of day
Would be the morn of death?

W. E. T.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF THE PRESENT POPE, GREGORY XVI.

(*From a Correspondent at Rome.*)

HIS holiness (Maur Capellari) was born on the 18th of September 1765, at Belluno, between Treviso and Cadore, in the ancient Venetian states. Descended from an honourable family, amongst whom figured several magistrates—endowed with a mild and pliant disposition, but with a reserved character, and a particular bias for the abstruse sciences, he entered, at an early age, into the confraternity of the Camaldales-Benedictines, founded by Saint Romaold in 969, where he soon made himself remarked by his rapid progress in the oriental languages, and acquired the respect and esteem of the order by his exemplary conduct. He became, in consequence, charged with the instruction of the professed, or noviciates of the holy brotherhood in question, and acquired farther reputation from the able manner in which he performed the duty confided in him. In 1799, he published a sacred work, which was considered as a *chef d'œuvre* of the day, by the Italian public. This first, last, best book of a Pope in embryo, was entitled, “The Triumph of the Holy See, and the true Church; or, Modern Innovations beaten with their own Weapons,”* (acgamists.) In this wonderful production, the author refuted—or tried to refute—the doctrines of the thrice-learned Tanbarini, who had essayed to disseminate the heretical principles of a reformed Jansenism, under an orthodoxical mask. “There is a tide in the affairs of men,” and it so happened, that in this very nick of time, the anti-diabolical production of our young Camaldale-Benedictine was morally, materially, and popularly aided by the successes of Schérer, and the retreat of the unbelieving French. After having passed the usual quota of years in professing, Don Capellari was appointed Abbé of the monastery of Saint Gregory, at Rome. It will be recollected, that in the chapel of Saint Andrew, appertaining to this memorable monastic temple, are found the admirable frescos of the martyrdom of the last-named saint, by Dominico, and by Guido. The “time-honoured temple itself is said to have been erected more than twelve centuries ago. Our connoisseur reader, moreover, may not forget to remember, that the result of the sublime and intellectual contest—Dominico *versus* Guido—was, that the former came off conqueror. Father Capellari having the superintendence of these master-pieces of art, had frequent opportunities of cultivating and increasing his natural stock of acknowledged taste, by his intercourse with foreign visitors of the first distinction, who came to see, and admire, criticise, and compare the works of the great rival artists. The learned Camaldale, scarcely conscious of his own merits, became one of the necessary pillars and ornaments of the religious *propagande*, which carries on and keeps

* Three new editions of this work have lately been reproduced at Venice, by an officiating priest, with a preface by the editor, in honour of the author.

alive such extensive relations with the entire Roman Catholic world. The Pope of pious memory, Pius VII., named him *consulteur* of that congregation. This was a trust of infinite honour, and immense importance ; it was ably, prudently, and profitably fulfilled. Leo XII., appreciating the merit of Don Capellari, conceived the project of confiding to him the re-organization of a new system of public and religious instruction, on a cheaper scale, and more adapted to popular wants. The pontiff's plan was well meant, and well executed for a season ; but, unfortunately, like too many reform-systems, it was prematurely stopped, under the pretext of his holiness's good intentions being abused, by an ungrateful and undeserving public. On the 13th March 1825, the learned and laborious Capellari received a red hat, with the annexed style and title of Cardinal Calixtas, soon after which he was named chief prefect of the identical *propagande*, previously quoted, in which highly respectable capacity he even outshone his most brilliant predecessors, the Cardinals of ever blessed memory, Antonelli, Borgia, Litta e Gonsalvi. In all difficult circumstances, Leo XII., himself a personage of considerable shrewdness and talent, consulted Cardinal Capellari, alias Calixtas. The Pope, his patron, had discovered beneath the habitual simplicity of his favourite protégé's manners, a mine of profound and practical intelligence, suitable to the diplomatic career. In consequence, his new eminence was appointed pontifical plenipotentiary, for arranging the ecclesiastical questions with his excellency the Ambassador of the Netherlands. This additional post of honour was no sinecure ; Belgium being then governed by the Protestant house of Nassau. Such, however, was the tact and promptitude of his clerical excellency, that according to diplomatic calculation (the "conference of London," per ex.) the business relative to the big-Indian, and small-Indian discussion, was settled "in the twinkling of an eye," and, as the saying is, to the mutual satisfaction of all the parties, then and therein controversially concerned. Perhaps one of the most creditable things that can be recorded to the mutual honour of the present Pope of Rome, and of the sturdy old stadtholder-king at the Hague, is, that ever since the negociation, then and now too in question, they have, in spite of their different "modes of faith," (as the Pope of poets says,) preserved, and entertained, and cherished, and do still cherish, entertain, and preserve, the truest esteem for each other. It is curious to remark, by way of episodic digression, that the three prime foreign favourites at the Vatican are, *primo*, the Emperor Nick of all the Russians, or the *Greek* profession of faith ; *secundo*, King William of Holland, or the Protestant and *protesting* creed ; and *tertio*, last, not least, our Metropolitan friend, Baron Rothschild, of all the Bourses ; an *Israelite* without guile, but not without *gilt*, as the saying is. They are all sterling characters in their style no doubt ; and moreover, the baron is my own particular Paris banker ; besides, I have a sort of a Byronic bias or *gout*, for a *petit gout* of Hollands—and as for my Greek faith, why it has always been "most dear to me." (*Vide* Crockford.) But I am roaming from Rome ; and so please to let me return to the eternal city by my own way, and don't bother me, (ears polite beware,) with any of your eternal *rail-road* remonstrances.

. . . . Well, here I am, "all right" again; and see now, if you had interrupted me, I should still have remained "all abroad;" but being once more at "home, sweet Rome," I proceed to resume my subject, the sovereign pontiff. The next important diplomatic business our clever cardinal took in hand, was with brother "Jonathan," who at first by no means promised to turn up so *handsome* a customer, as the Dutchman had done. The trans-atlantic agents were in the beginning embarrassed, I guess; not from their deficiency of *amor patriæ*, or *amour propre*, which forms the North American's distinguishing perfection, but from ignorance, or rather a lack of local, general, and necessary acquaintance with the nature and minutiae of their mission to the Pope of Rome. Capellari, however, adroitly supplied this defect, and, in fine, managed the matter so neatly, as to give, in appearance, all the credit of pre-eminent address, and profound diplomacy to the American agents, and the negotiation between the high contracting parties was admirably consummated, each party satisfied with all; while Capellari patriotically laughed in his cardinal's sleeves. Pius VIII., the immediate predecessor of the existing chief of the original church, was a patron of the arts and sciences, and a distinguisher of merit; he gave an eminent proof of this, in the favour he bestowed on Cardinal Capellari. The reign of Pius was short, and stormy. Europe, like Vesuvius, was already emitting its volcanic eruptions, neither few nor far between, when the good old Pope terminated his brief career. The conclave of cardinals assembled to select his successor, and met, like the witches in Macbeth, amidst the peltings of the political shower. Even in the pontifical states themselves, under the very eye and observation of the most puissant of all spiritual authorities, symptoms of revolt had appeared in several of the provinces appertaining to the Holy See. The manifest sparks of innovation, and even rebellion, served to damp the ambition of the most ambitious; vanity, interest, pride, the long-cherished desire of supreme authority, all shrank back from the long-coveted post of honour, on account of its apparent awful responsibility and peril. In short, under the trying circumstances of the time, most of the worthy red-caps showed a white feather; and the Cardinal Capellari had the honour, which he really merited, thrust upon him, being unanimously elevated to the pulpit of St. Peter, on the 2nd of February, A.D. 1831.

His newly-elected holiness took the appellation of Gregory XVI., in commemoration of the founder of the *Propagande*, Gregory XV. The firmness and ability of the Pope checked the progress of the revolt, but did not directly extinguish it. However, such was the character of the sovereign pontiff, that not only Catholic, but several Protestant, princes manifested their approbation at the conclave's choice. As soon as tranquillity was restored, the King of Great Britain's government addressed several notes, or "letters of recommendation," to the papal ministry, counselling them to introduce manifold reforms, and give various new constitutions to the subjects of the Holy See. Gregory XVI. very politely declined what he considered an inappropriate jurisdiction in his temporally ruling concerns, assuring the British ministers of his high consideration, &c. &c. &c. In the meantime, his holiness was bound to reward, or *reconforter*, the "liberators" of

Bologna, i. e. the faithful spies and *spadassins*, who put down, or caused to be "pulled up," the liberals of Bologna, which rather reduced the treasures of the Vatican. Baron Rothschild, in this emergency, brought up his imperial *sovereign-guard*, and soon made all right again. Scarcely had the pontiff enjoyed a brief and precarious breathing period, when the tri-coloured Gauls, in the dead o' th' night, burst the gates of Ancona, and, by a *coup-de-main*, with a handful of French soldiers and marines, and without the slightest manual resistance, made themselves masters of this important key into the Roman states, containing a population of Catholics, Protestants, Greeks, and Jews, amounting to nineteen thousand men, exclusive of the gallant papal garrison, with their furbished firelocks and fine parasols. Great was the dismay of his holiness's legate, and the great houses of Levatefri, Bonizio, Mancini, Fortini, Feretti, and that of our highly esteemed Italian-metropolitan friend, the wealthy and worthy Strionfi. Luckily, however, they experienced an agreeable surprise, the "lads of Paris" having only permission to seize possession, and not to plunder, as in the olden time. When the pontiff first heard of this untoward event, he was very near putting himself into a passion, and sending his *élite* guard to expel the invaders. But his resources were at low water again, and, being a man of sense, he digested the affront and his maccaroni together, with an extra draught from the famous mountain or fountain of Falernum. About this epoch, Gregory XVI. founded an Order of Merit, connected with his favourite Propagande, the decoration of which he lately conferred upon the celebrated Count *Hawke-le-Grace*, (see the *Diara di Rome*, about October 21, 1834,) for his eminent secret service, in propagating the special doctrines of that indefatigable institution. The Irish-English-French-Italianised "Duc de S——" had previously tried to obtain the sacred symbol, or *semblance* of especial service; but, much to the present Pope's credit, he replied, that it was a mark of distinctive honour, which could only be bought by *sterling merit*, of a personal nature. By-the-by, this said duke's history is a very remarkable one. He is the recognized* son of the "old count," who, in spite of the stern decree of the British House of Lords, exported himself and capital to the capital of France, just towards that early period of the restoration, when the French funds rose enormously. By this lucky hit he nearly doubled his already immense wealth. To secure himself from certain rude claimants, whose money he had taken good care of, as trustee during their minority, he procured the title of Comte from Louis XVIII., as at that time rank, and ribbons, and crosses, were as plentiful in the market as blackberries in season. This identical precaution half ruined him; for owing to his being naturalized, the French courts declared themselves competent to try the cause at issue between him and the half-starved claimants, who had crossed the Irish Channel, and the English Channel, many of them almost barefoot, to call their trustee-steward to account. If the *vice-Comte* had remained a simple British subject, the tribunals of France could not have taken cognizance of the matter. The upshot of the business was a compromise,

* To recognize a child in France, is to *legitimate* it.

by which three millions of francs were paid to the representative of all the claimants, who, *en passant*, be it said, carried on litigation without end, *versus* the *pauvre diables* his cousins, who had a right to share with him in the aforesaid sum. Previous to this, the recognized viscount had got married; and when his father died heart-broken at the loss of his cash, of course the viscount became a count, and, by a certain will, produced, came into possession of still immense property. The count and countess now travelled to the eternal city; they were both Catholics, and could not do less than contribute to the prosperity of their religion, in the sacred territory. Their subscription towards building, or decorating, or both, a new church, was, doubtless, commensurate with their extensive faith and means. I have dwelt a little on this circumstance, as it may be considered unique in regard to a Briton born; the duke's natal place being near unto Bloomsbury, London. It certainly was a distinguished proof of high "con-si-de-ra-ti-on," and *equally* honourable to the giver and receiver. There is still one query attached to the dignity, viz.—Is a Duke of Rome (*i. e.* a Rom. Duke) a duke at home? I mean in Britain; though, to be sure, his grace resides almost permanently abroad. But to Gregory XVI. again.

His Holiness, as I have remarked, is, moreover, a real patron of real merit; especially when appertaining to the fine arts. As an instance, I annex the following. The celebrated painter, and first *déssimateur* in Europe, Camuncini, had been ill-treated, in his profession, by a certain *coterie*, which had powerful friends at the papal court. Gregory XVI. heard how deeply the artist had taken to heart some malicious slights offered to his productions. Without communicating his intention to any one, he unexpectedly and publicly visited the baron, and by his gracious and benign urbanity, and flattering notice of Camuncini's works, brought back peace to his heart, and shamed the *coterie*, who had persecuted a man of superior talent. Many Englishmen must retain a gratifying recollection of the Pope's audiences. Gregory XVI. is remarkably attentive to foreigners; he converses, nay, chats with them, in the most good-humoured and gay manner in the world. He is very fond of "putting his visitors to the question," not as in the good old days of the Holy Inquisition, but on learned, scientific, and useful subjects, for doing which he himself would have incurred the risk of being "put to the question," in another and a worse way, if he had lived as a subject to some of his remote predecessors.

W.

THE LIFE, OPINIONS, AND PENSILE ADVENTURES OF JOHN KETCH.

WITH RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES DURING THE LAST THREE REIGNS.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD BAILEY EXPERIENCE."

THE PREFACE.

A DISTINGUISHED writer observes, it is a mark of the social and public spirit of this nation, that there is scarcely a member of it who does not bestow a very considerable portion of his time and thoughts in studying its political welfare, its interest, and its honour.

Though this general taste for politics has afforded subjects for comic ridicule, yet I cannot help considering it both as a proof of uncommon liberality, and as one of the firmest supports of civil liberty. The author of this work, although common hangman, availed himself of this national privilege, and as he passed from youth to old age, freely gave his opinions, noting and commenting upon the events of each day as they transpired. The author quoted above, also advises those who would distinguish between moral good and evil, to repair to the cells of the convict, to the condemned hole, and spend the midnight hour with the murderer, who is doomed to fall a victim on the morrow to the justice of his country. No man, in any age, had a better opportunity of studying mankind in this way than the hero of these memoirs; he was himself an offender at one time against those laws, which, in after days, he was called upon to carry so rigidly into effect. If a work be devoid of interest, a long preface will not create any; the editor, therefore, will proceed to explain the causes which led to the production of this work, and then leave it to the judgment of a discerning public to decide upon its merits.

The manuscript was handed to the editor by a gentleman, who ranks high in the medical world; one who pursued his studies very early in life with uncommon ardour, becoming acquainted with Ketch when he was a resurrectionist, or body-snatcher. After the surgeon had employed him for some time in procuring subjects for himself and friends, he lost sight of him. When, however, some years subsequently, Ketch was appointed to his office, the gentleman sought him out and renewed his acquaintance with him, having in view the object of procuring the bodies of the most noted malefactors for the purpose of study, wishing either to confirm, or expose, the doctrine of Spurzheim and Gall, who were then teaching the new science of phrenology. It may be asked, what control Mr. Ketch had over the dead bodies, after he had deprived the unhappy men of their lives; such querists need only be reminded, that very few who are executed have any friends that care to own them, or interest themselves much about their bodies; those, therefore, which are supposed to be buried, and for which the country is called upon to pay, seldom are honoured with interment, although their coffins may be.

If, however, some friend should interfere, the business is of so melancholy a nature, that the party uniformly adopts the most ready and private mode of conducting the affair. One undertaker, in the vicinity of the prison, is recommended upon all occasions, who being in league with our hero, (Ketch,) so manages matters, that not one corpse in fifty is actually interred; a substance equivalent to its weight being introduced into the coffin, while the body is reserved for sale.

At a very advanced period of his life, Ketch was solicited to write his history by the son of the before-mentioned eminent surgeon; who, like his sire, being very curious about criminal characters, kept up a sort of intimacy with the most redoubted of all hangmen in the most hanging of all times. This young man, finding our hero much more thoughtful and intelligent than a prejudiced world, and the people in it, from associations in the mind with the office and the man, might readily give him credit for, not only caused him to write his life, but most generously offered, if he should, at any time, find himself at fault, that he (the surgeon) would embody his ideas for him, and render him any other assistance needed.

This kindness on the part of the young surgeon will account for, and reconcile to the reader's mind, any expression, or style of language, which may be thought too sublime for one of Ketch's avocations. The editor, however, is authorized by the gentleman, who favoured him with the manuscript, to assure the world that the corrections have been very few, and that he should not have urged the writing of the work, had he not discovered from the many conversations, he had with the author, that he was no common man; that he was possessed of a reflective and strong mind, and had well considered all the questions which came under his experience. This statement, the surgeon says, is due to the memory of one who possessed extraordinary courage—one who, for upwards of forty years, in the most turbulent of times, performed a duty, from which most men, of much larger pretensions, meanly shrunk, and who maliciously and insidiously stirred up the people, not only to think lightly of the duties of the office, but to harbour in their breasts a bitter hatred against the man who filled it; although it was one of government creation, and allowed by many, who would be thought sound politicians and modern legislators, to have been the salvation of the nation. The author, like most men, as he progressed in life, found many reasons, at every stage, to change his opinions upon certain points of polity, especially as regards the moral right of man to take the life of man, and whether the government, considered in a political point of view, acted wisely in continuing to sanction the practice.

If any one should express surprise at the powers of ratiocination Ketch displays in this work, it is answered, no office debars a man from thinking, and thereby improving his intellectual powers. In this case, however, the office is particularly favourable to study; it, through prejudice, excludes the holder of it from society, driving him to books for amusement, the greater part of his time being upon his own hands. But be it further observed, that those who commit crimes (as in this instance) are not always the most ignorant. *May*, who was condemned for the murder of the Italian boy, was for many years a resurrectionist, and had been once transported, yet was a man of very good education—his father being an attorney.

All prejudices offer proofs of intellectual weakness, but some are so anomalous in their nature, that when brought under consideration they neutralize each other. For instance, the general in the army is lauded and honoured for slaying his tens of thousands of innocent human beings; but will any one assert, that praising a wholesale murderer is a proper exercise of the human judgment? Is it not a bias of the mind, countenanced and sanctioned only by custom, unsupported by any laws dictated or emanating from those who are guided by reason? The hangman, under the authority of the law of the land, deprives those of life who it is thought would, if they were suffered to live, occasion the death of others. Now it may be asked, ought not the general, in strict consonance with the law which authorises Ketch to destroy those who intend to destroy others, to be handed over to him forthwith, to prevent further

loss of lives? But these are matters of which the author himself has treated, it would therefore be a work of supererogation to dilate further on the subject.

The author was a great moral theorist, and was ever propounding to himself new propositions on the subject and nature of right and wrong. He said there was no attempt made in this country to enact laws upon the true principles of justice; that we ought to punish and reward, upon the system all sensible men supposed the Deity did. That is, not judge a man by the commission of one crime, or any number of crimes abstractedly, but as connected with their adjuncts—circumstances in all their traceable ramifications; such as birth, connexions, and the associations of the mind thus acquired, and the ideas forced upon it when it was a *tabula rasa*. He argued that in all cases of error, aberrations and casual deviations from the path of virtue, or in the actual commission of crime against person or property, that without doubt the Almighty would put all the propelling causes in the nature of man and his environment, by circumstances, into one scale, and the restraining causes against the commission of any wrong doing in the other; punishing and rewarding, as the balance might rise or fall, either for or against him. Upon this principle, he maintained, should all our laws be founded.

He had read in some book, that every crime, excepting only envy, is practised by the help of some quality which might have produced esteem or love, if it had been well employed, and which the possessor could not so employ without tuition, and in opposition to adverse circumstances.

With these notions in his head, he never would admit that he was a culpable man; saying, it might be very well to talk of free will, but none was ever granted to him, the whole course of his life being constrained.

The following introduction, to which the reader is now referred, was written, at the editor's request, by the gentleman who possessed the original manuscript.

INTRODUCTION, WRITTEN BY THE GENTLEMAN WHO OBTAINED THE ORIGINAL MS. OF THIS WORK FROM THE AUTHOR.

I had often heard my father mention Jack Ketch as one, who had rendered him some service in the pursuit of his professional studies; when, therefore, I came of years to require the like helps, it was natural for me to apply to the same quarter. At first a secret repugnance of feeling prevented me going to his own residence, although I have more than once seen him, in company with other men, coming to my father's dissecting-room. At length, having an especial favour to ask of him regarding the body of a man who was ordered for execution, I mastered my feelings, and called upon him. Most persons, when they know that this personage is in their company, involuntarily shudder; this, however, is but a foolish prejudice, and a popular chimera; he is no more than another man off the stage—on it indeed he is all-powerful, and much to be dreaded.

At home with his wife and family he is, that it were to be wished many other men were—viz., a very harmless, domestic man, with all the affections of a kind husband and a fond father in full blossom; and I found, contrary to the opinions I had formed, without any knowledge of the individual, that so far from his being a disgusting object, he was more agreeable than the generality of mankind: it was true, that he had not received a classical education; but then he was not wholly without a knowledge of books, and had read more of the world, in his way, perhaps, than any man living. He was very anecdotal in conversation, and peculiarly communicative to any one who appeared to take an interest in

his tales of the world, and the scenes in which he had been engaged during his journey through it.

He conversed upon topics more engaging than any my schoolmaster had introduced to my notice; and before I had seen him twice, I was satisfied, notwithstanding my early prejudices, that he had never been a voluntary criminal. It was this conviction of my mind, I must inform the reader, that induced me to urge the publication of the particular circumstances which carried him through so many years of constrained delinquency, and which ultimately led him to the office of executioner.

When I first knew, and engaged with him for a supply of subjects, he had held office for some years, and was then very proud of his situation, holding opinions similar to those formerly entertained at head-quarters during several administrations; viz. that hanging men was the only panacea for robbery or sedition; and some at one time went so far as to assert that the rope might be applied beneficially to the cure of party political differences. At this period of his life he was very vain and headstrong, being over zealous to suppress delinquency, from which he said he had suffered so much. He was a fatalist, and had got the crotchet into his head that God had placed him in his situation to perform the great work of reforming and curing effectually all the vices incident to fallen man. To gratify this vanity I would sometimes tell him, no man in modern days, or probably in the whole history of judicial biography, ever met with such a long course of uninterrupted patronage and success in his peculiar *line* of the law. With much truth, and in language of tremendous import, he would then exclaim;—"What are all your thief-takers, magistrates, lawyers, counsellors, judges, law-makers—aye! even the king himself upon the throne, but for me—the *executer*—the finisher of the law?"

We must make allowances for the vanity and weaknesses which Ketch displayed during the early period of his holding office. Every day proves that a sudden elevation from dependance to power (take our example from which grade of life we may) turns the brain, or makes men look ridiculous. Ketch formerly lived in fear of his predecessor, now all men lived in fear of him; no wonder he was a convert to the doctrine which patronises the free use of the gallows:—

"A convert's but a fly, that turns about
After his head's pull'd off, to find it out."

He lived too in the most portentous times—in days of great national peril—at a period when it was thought church and state were in danger of being wrecked upon the rock of sedition, and when the government, in imitation of *Robespierre*, considered they had no alternative but to keep the instruments of death in constant exercise before the eyes of the rabble public. Moreover, at the period to which I allude, the foundation of the Bank of England gave way in consequence of some knaves removing the solid materials, and maliciously filling up the space with rubbish; it was at this juncture that Ketch stepped in with his potent machine, and made such havoc among the destructives, that it is said if the public had not interfered, there would very soon have been none left to remonstrate with the government against the horrible practice. The Bank, however, was saved.

Arguing with him one day upon what I considered the use and the preposterous abuse of the gibbet, he told me that he had been sent for, a few days previously, to Downing Street, where there was a meeting of persons in authority, and before whom he underwent a long examination on the subject of constructing *drops* upon a larger scale than the one used at the Old Bailey, and was particularly questioned as to how many

he thought might be strangled in one day in case the interest of the country required still more desperate measures.

In sketching the character of our hero, I should say that he possessed a very strong mind, but was like most self-taught men, wedded to his own opinion, and to a certain extent conceited. Like uneducated persons, too, he frequently not only changed his political opinions but his religion and dietic rules, sometimes wholly living upon flesh, and at others entirely upon vegetables. The longer he was in office, the more headstrong and self-willed he became, and at last, having turned Methodist preacher, in his old age he was quite intolerable.

Would you ask for his merits? Alas! he had none;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

The first symptoms of uneasiness or remorse he showed in his profession, was upon the occasion of executing a young man who made some demonstrations of opposition to the ceremony.

It was the first time he had met with such a circumstance; reflecting, therefore, upon it, before the day was out he came to the conclusion that the unfortunate young man was insane, and ought to have been placed in the hands of the mad-doctor, instead of being sent to him for cure. Having hung for a time the whole of his thoughts upon this peg, he left no stone unturned to find out facts in support of what he had advanced, and, unfortunately for his peace of mind, the inquiries he set on foot all tended to confirm his impressions of the malefactor's insanity. He collected a number of anecdotes regarding the mad freaks of the young man in early life, and to wind up the whole chain of evidence, at length met with a widow, with whom the young man was apprenticed, who informed our anxious inquirer, that had she been called on the young man's trial, she should have established his insanity beyond controversy.

Pregnant with this information, he stopped no where until he reached the governor's office at Newgate, and delivered himself to the following effect. "I have now held office, sir, nearly forty years, and I believe that it is admitted by all hands, I have done the state some service; I have stuck to my post through evil report, and good report, and done my duty, even in my youngest days, like an old general. I have stopped the throats of those who, it is well known, would have cut the throats of the administration, and overthrown the country; these things have I done, and much more, which I need not now mention; but, sir, I am no murderer. You know, sir, it is our duty to put down crime, not to commit it. Yet am I a murderer, you are a murderer, the judge is a murderer, the king and council are all murderers. It's a sad business, sir, and what makes the matter still more serious, it brings back to my recollection so many like cases, that I am struck with horror."

"Horror-struck, are you, Mr. Ketch," said Mr. W., the governor, sarcastically; "have you been drinking to-day, or are you actually going mad yourself?"

"No, sir," rejoined Ketch, "I have found my senses, not lost them; and have discovered that the last man you brought out to me upon the drop was mad, and had been so all his life,—think of that! think of that! Then there was poor Bellingham; if I had known they would not wait for his friends to come up from Liverpool, I'd left him standing there till now," pointing out of the office window to the spot where executions take place, "before I would have interfered with the matter. It's a scandalous shame, sir, to conduct the business of the Bailey in this manner. I have depended upon you all, and you have deceived me in this, I can plainly see, as you have many times done before. I must look into these matters myself in future; but I will now go home and acquit my conscience as far as I am able, by marking off in my book all the bad cases

I think I have had. I'll expose you, gentlemen, you may depend on it, before I quit the world ; it seems to me as if you had put a handkerchief over my eyes all my life, and that it was but this moment taken off."

"You know, if you don't like the situation," said the governor, "you can leave it."

"Leave it ! aye—no," continued he, getting into a passion, "I should like to stay a little longer, and catch hold of some of their sanctified carcasses out there," pointing again out of window ; "that's the only thing which will now make me happy."

Ketch has embodied those cases, which at the latter part of his career troubled his conscience in his history. I therefore only mention this circumstance to show how sudden was his conversion to the cause of mercy and justice ; although in writing his life, which was performed in his old age, he throughout clothes his language with these feelings.

From this period of his life to his demise, he was a dreadful annoyance to the city authorities, especially to the late doctor of Newgate, whom he would waylay, and reproach in the bitterest terms ; saying, "he took pains enough to expose a pretended madman, but never went into the prison to find out those who were really insane ; but perhaps were not evidently such to every fool, and who of course, unlike the pretender, wished to make themselves as sane as possible." He never afterwards overcame the compunctious feelings of his conscience concerning those men he supposed had been executed, although innocent of the crime for which they suffered, or those who were mad ; being frequently heard, even up to the day of his death, to mutter to himself, "*I was at the top of the law, it was therefore my business to be more particular, and examine into matters before I went so far ;* people should look into their own business, and not trust to others."

It may appear anomalous in the character of Ketch, that he should with such indifference perform so disgusting an office, and yet show such strong feelings against those who upon many occasions refused to lean on the side of mercy. This apparent incongruity in his conduct will be reconciled when we reflect, that although he was at first proud of being in office, yet he very soon found reason to be disgusted with the great want of judgment shown in selecting malefactors to suffer the severest penalties of the law. No session during his time was he entirely satisfied upon this head, maintaining to the last, that he was better qualified to determine which of the prisoners should be spared, and which suffer, than the secretary himself. Nor was this altogether vanity, or without foundation : it must be remembered, that he had a very intimate knowledge of the whole family of delinquents, had played a part a long time behind the wicket, and had means of ascertaining much connected with the metropolitan banditti of thieves, which to all the rest of the world would be a profound secret. His own near prospect of death upon an unfounded charge, and the many fatal mistakes which really did in his time occur ; added to many more, probably his conceited imagination improperly put down as such, together with the remorse of conscience which overtook him, will fully explain the cause that gave his mind the peculiarly querulous turn displayed in his writings.

Fortunately, I had induced him, before he arrived to this state of imbecility, to favour me with the manuscript of his life. Although I did obtain some papers from him afterwards, this accounts for the different tones of his feeling, that appear in the latter part of his history. Formerly, none was more humble when speaking of himself ; but when age crept on he became arrogant and petulant, still at times showing his innate modesty ; for when I first asked him to favour the world with his auto-biography, he said, "Will not the public think it is pride and vanity on my part, and that I over-estimate my services?" I flattered and

reconciled him to the task, by hinting, that all public characters who figured before mankind, were proud of seeing their names in print, and that it was a natural and praiseworthy ambition; adducing many instances of the gratification men felt at being held up as distinguished characters, adding, that the great duke was not exempt from this vanity, if it might thus be called.

Ketch was a very jealous man, and peculiarly tenacious of his claims upon society; and it was upon this occasion I more than on any other discovered it: I had touched upon a tender chord, and I felt its vibration. Putting himself in the most imposing attitude, "I will ask," vociferated he, with the pupils of his eyes distended frightfully; "I will ask, whether rewards and honours should follow services? And if they should, I demand of the government what he has done for the country? and whether any services of his are equal to mine?" Then striking his fist upon the table, he continued, "To be sure, he was in one or two fights, but then other men did the work for him. Besides, if you reckon from first to last, of all his affairs, for every man he killed abroad he destroyed three or four innocent Englishmen, and then left the people to pay the piper. Again, did he not kill people that were nothing to us? when it would have been much better had he been at home? Why should he go into other men's countries, and order the inhabitants to be shot like rabbits; men that never meant any harm to him or us, if he had only let them alone? I say they were no enemies of ours, and that he had no right to murder them in cold blood as he did. Now did not I stay at home, and do a real service, showing myself a true friend to the country, by silencing all those fellows, who would, if they could, have upset the nation? I stuck to my post like a man, besides travelling night and day in all weathers, to serve the government; but now there is nothing talked of but this man, who went stalking about upon other people's land, with seventy or eighty thousand men at his tail. I'll be d—d if he ever dare meet a man face to face; it's a piece of rank deception to pretend he ever served his country, and it's a villanous shame that the nation should be made to pay for murdering innocent foreigners. Now I only do my duty, along with the judge and the parson; we only take the wicked to save the innocent—he kills all that comes in his way, without law or evidence. I say again, it's an abominable shame such a fellow should be paid."

"Hush! hush!" said I, "this amounts almost to treason."

"Treason, or no treason," he exclaimed, "it's all true."

This kind of detraction I severely reprimanded, but in several subsequent interviews he would interlard his conversation with anecdotal defamation of our illustrious hero, till I positively refused any more to listen to him. Among other matters, he would have it, that his own profession was not only more useful, but more honourable than the duke's; because he said the one followed justice, and the other opposed it. This last argument, much as I was disposed to differ with him, I confess, on referring to my recollection of the military history of the world, rather confounded me.

I was once by accident present at a very curious interview between Ketch and a gentleman, which being highly characteristic of the former's manners when in the plenitude of his profession, and not being mentioned in the work itself, I will here give the reader.

One foggy day in November, about two o'clock in the afternoon, I went to Ketch's residence, after what he would call a very heavy job at the Bailey, (I believe six had been executed that morning.) My business was, if possible, to get a particular subject for demonstrating the muscles of the thorax, on which it was thought they were admirably developed. I found him, just after dinner, smoking his pipe; the better, therefore, to

carry my purpose, I sent for a pint of gin, and was conversing with him upon the business which brought me there, when I saw a gentleman pass the window up the yard, and immediately knock at the door. Unwilling to be caught in such company, and judging that it was a rival for my fancy subject, I slipped into the back room, thinking to escape his notice, and hear upon what terms he was received by Ketch; for he always pretended that our family was (since he had taken office) the only one he in any way accommodated either with subjects, or information regarding them. Most persons, who have frequently passed from the west end of the town into the city, that are partial to by-ways, have ascended and descended Break-Neck Steps, leading from Bear Alley into Green Arbour Court, which runs into the Old Bailey.

The house I was now in, was situate a few doors from the top of these steps, three rooms on the ground floor being in the occupation of Ketch and his wife. I was in the middle room, which contained their bed. I had no sooner entered it, than I felt uneasy, and anxious to depart; and thinking there might be some means of egress from the back part of the house, I opened the door of the third room, upon which I involuntarily, but inwardly exclaimed, "Oh! oh! Mr. Ketch, you serve no other surgeon besides me and my father, don't you!" There lay three bodies, which had all the appearance of being lately exhumed, one head and one armless, the members that were deficient having no doubt been sold retail to students, who came for detached limbs as they could either find time and money to pursue their studies, leaving the dealer to dispose of the trunk how he could; besides these, there was a trough, containing several bodies of both sexes, and otherwise every appearance of regular, and large dealing in human flesh. Finding that there was no retreat backwards, I shut the door of the dépôt, and took a seat near the one that led to the front room, which being a-jar, enabled me to hear and see all that passed. The stranger had entered the room, and after taking a seat, for a few minutes had buried his face in his handkerchief, as if in great agony of mind. The conversation now commenced.

Ketch. Sall, the gentleman is poorly; see what you can do for him.

Wife. What's the matter, sir; and pray who may you want?

Stranger. I am given to understand that you are the Newgate executioner—am I rightly informed?

The wife pointed to her husband, upon which Ketch stepped forward, and said, "I am the person who does the Bailey business—at your service, sir."

The stranger involuntarily started backwards, but recovering himself, said, "I must have a little conversation with you."

Ketch. Begin, sir—no ceremony! I like to come to business at once.

Stranger. Very well, I will. You must know, that I have only this morning arrived in town from the City of ———, having travelled all night, which has made me rather nervous, and unwell; please to give me a glass of water.

Ketch. Ah! I see, the old business over again. I suppose you are the governor of the gaol, or may-be you are one of the sheriffs—been trying all over the country to get a cheap hand, and obliged to come to me at last—eh! That's just like all you country folks; you will never give a man notice beforehand, and if you don't, how can you expect your business done properly? I can't be here, and there, and every where at the same time, you know, sir. Now, suppose I had got another engagement, what would you do then? Before you fix the day, you should always send up to me, and then I could let you know how business runs here, at the Bailey, and other places. I travel, you know, sir, a great deal, and might have been on a journey.

Stranger. You are mistaken; I am neither a gaoler nor a sheriff, but I

am, striking his hand against his forehead, the miserable brother of one more miserable. One who is ordered for execution at our county gaol, next Wednesday morning; and this, as you know, is Monday; I have therefore no time to spare.

Ketch. What! the brother of the malefactor! What can you want of me? You had better go to the secretary, Lord ———. Yet that's of no use, he never pardons—and swears he never will; he says the judges and the juries are all right. God help his poor silly soul! I wish I had him for a week under my keeping, he should be like a puppy on the ninth day—his eyes should be opened; but he's now as blind as a bat, and it's of no use. Carry the sun to him, if you could, and put it in the office right before him, and it would not enable him to see a case for mercy, or one of innocence. If you were, I tell ye, to stick him a top of the rainbow, he would only see but one colour, and the name of that is obstinacy. But I'll be ———

Stranger. Stop, stop; I am not here to consult you upon that subject, although too well we know the truth to be as you have stated. My feelings will hardly allow me to explain my motives for travelling so far to see you, but they must be overcome. You are aware that when death cannot be avoided, it should be met with becoming fortitude.

Ketch. Yes, sir, it's far better to take it coolly; 'tis no use making a noise about it, as Captain Thistlewood said to Ings, when I had them under hand.

Stranger. I have no fear for my brother's manhood; he without doubt will meet his unhappy fate with steadiness, and as much courage as most men show upon such melancholy occasions. But then, I would not that any accident should occur, if it can be possibly avoided, or that he should be put to any unnecessary pain. We would especially guard against the world having any occasion to remember his untimely end, by the recurrence of any thing remarkable happening, like that at Lincoln, or at Fowey in Cornwall—circumstances which our family have read with horror. Oh! the very thoughts of it make me sick. God! of what materials are our law-makers compounded? Give me some more water! They style themselves the porcelain—the china made from the finest clay. The poor, for whom, or against whom the majority of the penal laws are enacted, they call *coarse-ware*. But of all God's creatures, there is the least genuine feeling of true nature in the rulers of the land; this is occasioned by the services for legislation being paid (or rather, preposterously overpaid) in money, instead of honour. Money would corrupt the heart of a demigod, were he not from his nature out of its reach. The rich deluge the earth with blood, to preserve their acres; and retain tinselled menials, that they may loll on soft cushions in ease and indolence, whilst every petty offence which a poor man commits, is marked out for torture.

Sall now handed the stranger some water, "Saying, don't make yourself unhappy, sir! you may depend upon my husband; he's the most surest hand as was ever known, and he has the most genteelest way with him, you can't think; you should only see him at his business."

Ketch. Silence, Sall! don't you see the gentleman's ill?

Stranger. I must go through it.

Ketch. Your brother, sir, you mean! (*Aside to his wife,*) this man's crazy.

Stranger. Aye, true, my brother must go through it. The sudden transition from life to death—the dissolution of the soul from the body—and that by violence the most disgusting and horrible. Who has a right to do this deed?

Ketch. Sir, I am empowered by his Majesty, and the Court of Aldermen.

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Stranger. Pshaw! In the formation of man, God was graciously pleased to endow him with certain rights, (such as his life, his conscience, his day of probation, &c.) which are inalienable. A man may transfer a right to another to control his person, to regulate his conduct, to exact his services, and to receive the profit of them; and for these transfers he may receive an equivalent. But no man can transfer his life to another, nor a right to take it from him.

Ketch. I beg your pardon, sir, I can prove my authority.

Stranger. I am not speaking to you now, brute.

Ketch. (*In an under tone.*) Brute! brute! brute!

Stranger. Life, in the sense of the question, is the union of soul and body; and death, the dissolution of that union. Nothing can pass to the purchaser by such a dissolution: and no equivalent can be received. No man hath a right to destroy his own life.

Ketch. Ah! there you are right! The murderer of Mar's family was guilty of a double murder, in killing himself. Montgomery robbed the law, and so did mother Hibbard try at it, when she cut her throat with a case-knife, although not deep enough. I can't think how any one can take upon themselves to do such a thing. It is, sir, in my opinion, one of the worst crimes a man can be guilty of.

Stranger. True, true—life is given to man to preserve, but not to transfer, not to destroy. "What God hath joined, let no man put asunder." Suicide is certainly a great crime.

Ketch. By G—d, the most damnable of all crimes. If the law kills them, right or wrong, let the law answer for it, or those who made the law; but the malefactors have no right to cheat it.

Stranger. Peace! peace! I must go through the business hard as is the task which brought me here. Now listen to me: ever since my brother has been under condemnation for the offence of which he was found guilty—forgery—nothing has run in the heads of my sisters, but those shocking affairs that occurred at Cheshire, Lincoln, and Fowey; what works they met with them in I don't know, but they seem to give themselves more concern about the probable recurrence of such another circumstance in the person of our ill-fated brother, than the nature of the sentence itself. This may appear odd to you, but so it is; with these notions in their head, my sisters have so wrought upon my feelings, that I believe they have at length deprived me of them altogether, as well as my senses—or I may ask how I came here. And that question puts me in mind of my business; namely, to prevent a similar accident befalling my brother. You, as I suppose, are accustomed to these melancholy matters.

Ketch. If you mean to engage me, you may depend upon its being all right.

Stranger. I wish you would be silent until I have done speaking. The person who now fills the office of executioner in our city, was once servant to my unfortunate brother, and robbed him. By the persuasion, and at the instigation of his family, he prosecuted the man to conviction. This circumstance, as you may suppose, now presents itself to our recollections with strong force; and my sisters will have it, that if the man is allowed to officiate, malice and revenge will induce him to aggravate his former master's sufferings, even if his want of skill do not effect it. Now these are very unpleasant adjuncts to the case; since, therefore, under our hellish laws, the business must be performed, we would rather it were done properly. And now you know the whole purport of my visit. In conclusion, although the sheriffs refuse to remunerate, or have any hand in engaging you, they have consented to your coming down upon the awful occasion, if our family will bear the expense. This being now understood, pray what will be the charges? remember, you must go off by this evening's mail.

Ketch. My charge—why that depends upon circumstances; it's sometimes more and sometimes less, but it's much the best way to have a right bargain before I start, because you see when I go into the country, and a reprieve comes, I expects my money all the same,—that's my way of doing business. I only mention this to prevent mistakes; not that there's much chance for a man under a cast-iron secretary. I should like for a surgeon that I know to have him for an anatomy subject, wouldn't his knives want grinding after cutting about the heart?

Stranger. Keep to the business in hand. What do you mean by sometimes more and sometimes less? pray explain yourself.

Ketch. First, then, sir, ours, like most other professions, depends upon the run of business, upon country assize work, the badness of the times, and affairs in general with the state. When things are going queer at head quarters, they always set the gallows at work to keep the people down, and frighten the ragged rascals, as I heard our under-secretary say, after having been to hear a condemned sermon in Newgate. Hard times you know, sir, fills a prison, and always makes business brisk with me, because the gentlemen at the office, as soon as the prisoners come in fast, are sure to begin hanging two or three for one, to what they did before—this is their way, and I know it well.

Stranger. You will not come to the point; but what do you mean by the gentlemen at the office? I thought the king in council settled these matters.

Ketch. God bless you! how the world is humbugged, to be sure! Why our governor here at Newgate, and one of the clerks down at the transport office, does more business about hanging men in one year, than all the kings that ever reigned in England have done. But, as I was saying, business is never quite the same. Those Ludites gave me many a night's journey; I owe master Lud a glass, if ever I should meet with him, and he shall have it too, for the money he has put into my pocket—there's nothing like country work.* Now, my way of business is much the same as Counsellor P——'s: when I am wanted many ways at once, I take the highest bid, and that I consider all fair. Perhaps you don't know what a lot of money he wants, when he knows there are two or three after him at the same time; he lays it on pretty thick, I can assure you, and you know his business is not half so particular as mine; he may make a hundred blunders every day, and nobody be the wiser. Nobody notices them, and lose no good name; but if I only makes one mistake, I should be sure to lose all my country business, if not that at the Old Bailey too. Now, when I have bargained with you, I may, five minutes afterwards, have a better offer to go another road, but then I, like a man of honour, shall not disappoint you; I must take my chance for that—I only mention it, to let you know it must be considered.

Stranger. Well, well! be quick, I am ill and want to go.

Ketch. Sometimes it happens that I have two or three jobs the same road, then you know I can afford to abate a little in price, because I gets my travelling expenses from all. Then, again, when there's half-a-dozen to be executed at once I makes a difference. Besides, there is another thing to be considered; what sort of rope do you mean to have?

Here the gentleman evidently respired with difficulty, he sighed, or rather groaned, with such force, that I thought his intercostal muscles would be rent asunder. He started on his feet, struck his forehead violently, and again sank into his chair. Ketch told his wife to put some more water in the glass, and at the same time poured the remains of the gin-bottle into it himself. Of this mixture the agitated stranger partook,

* In later days, Ketch spoke equally affectionately of his good friend Swing, promising to treat him with a bowl of punch, if ever he should come across him.

saying, as he put the liquor on the table, "Busy, curious, inquiring fool, what trouble hast thou brought thyself into! Here am I," he continued, muttering to himself, "spell-bound by my sisters folly, and my own fatal curiosity, listening to the man that is to slay my own brother." Then rousing himself he said, "I will, however, now go through it, since I am here. Pray what can you possibly mean by asking me, what sort of rope I will have?"

Ketch. I see you don't understand these things, but as you appear to be a gentleman, I will tell you all about it.

"Good God," said the gentleman, in an under tone of voice, "what a monster am I in company with, and what does not misery bring us acquainted with!—pray proceed."

At this moment his eye caught Ketch drinking the remainder of the gin and water; "so I am drinking out of the same glass with him," he muttered. Ketch, however, with his accustomed *sang froid*, continued. "Here, at the Bailey, the business is not worth following, if it wa'n't for the little pulls besides the regular pay, and the name it gives a man, which brings country practice. It's now all done by contract; the sheriffs only gives me thirty shillings per week, and my man twenty shillings, all the year round, whether there be much or little to do, and this is for catting, pillorying, and all: besides, I have to find my own cats. Pretty sharp work, I can tell you, for such poor pay—eight sessions a-year you know, sir, and there is a talk of making them twelve. I had need of twenty pair of hands to do justice to all as it should be; and some of the aldermen are never satisfied unless I do all the flogging business myself; they think a man has never had enough. Well, as I was saying, I only gets thirty shillings a-week, and curse me if I would do it, but for the same reason Counsellor W——— took up Thistlewood's job, on purpose to get a name; and a name I've got, or else I could not live."

Stranger. But you forget I must go; don't talk so much, but tell me about the rope.

Ketch. Ah! the line!—why, sir, you may have one from two up to five guineas. I have in some cases had ten given me.

Stranger. Do explain what you mean!

Ketch. Here, Sall, open the drawer, and show the gentleman the lines. The order was instantly obeyed, his wife laying upon the table a bundle of ropes, already noosed and fit for use. The gentleman's nerves again began to give way, and it was apparent that he made a great effort to go through the whole scene. "This," said Ketch, taking up a rope, "is the country rope, you see it is a common twist, and the thickest of the lot; now the sheriffs will not allow any but this, which makes a man as long again dying than such a one as this, for which I only charges two guineas—but, if you have one of this kind," showing a very small one, "it's all over in the wink of one of your eyes."

Stranger. But surely this is not strong enough to suspend a man?

Ketch. You leave that to me! so Bellingham said—the man who shot Percival—when I was going to put his on, although his friend, after he paid me for it, told him beforehand that it was all right—he informed him several times, that it was to be a patent sash twist, twice as strong as those which are four times as thick. Now this line, you understand, sir, pinches so tight, that it's done almost before a man can feel it. If the sheriffs had any mercy in them, they would always use *catgut*. But then to be sure I should lose my perquisite. Then, again, if this thin one was to make a slip round to the chin, as you was saying your sister read about, it would come so close, and act so sure, that it would not make much difference; although that never happens where I am; it's only your half-and-half workmen that makes all that mess, you spoke about, at Lincoln; why the thing was so badly done, that Atkinson

would have hung the whole hour before he was dead, if a soldier, of the sixty-ninth, had not lifted him up, and then hung upon his body, poor fellow ! I was so vexed when I heard it.

Stranger. But I always understood that it depended upon the dislocation of the neck.

Ketch. Not a bit of it—not a bit of it ; nothing but a rope to pull, and come up tight to the neck, is wanted. Why, if a man's neck was broke, hanging will put it in ; the surgeons will tell you that—people don't understand it.

Stranger. But the ropes cannot cost the price you speak of.

Ketch. Oh, no ! they cost a little more to be sure ; but I can use which I like ; and those, therefore, who can afford to pay for it must do so ; because it is my perquisite, and I never alters my price ; so say which you will have before she locks them up again in the drawer.

The stranger now became extremely indisposed from the trial his feelings had sustained in the inquiry, and which nothing but a morbid curiosity could have induced him, under the circumstances, to have submitted himself to ; he, therefore, hastily left the place, saying, he would send a friend to complete the arrangement for Ketch's departure into the country the same evening. About an hour subsequently (I afterwards understood) a gentleman came, saying he was an attorney, he desired Ketch to name his price, and proceed upon his journey—leaving him a ten pound note to cover all expenses.

Never, in the whole course of my life, had I the current of reflection set in so hard upon me as immediately after this scene. It was now for the first time I took into my consideration the right, or the expediency (under any circumstances) of the government to sacrifice the life of human beings, under the false plea of necessity. It must be admitted, that the safety of the public is the supreme law of policy ; but the public never yet found security in putting any of its members to death, if we except some instances wherein the claimants to the crown disturbed the peace of the state ; the legislative principle, which assumes an opposite theory or practice is founded upon a fallacy. When I reflect that no attempt has ever yet been made by the ruling powers of the day, to proportion the punishment to the offence ; and that offences are not, in this country, punished according to the degree of moral guilt which they indicate in the offender, but according to the facility with which they can be committed, I blush for the ignorance and barbarity of my fellow men. The medium through which a college-educated legislator looks, tinges his judgment. Lavater says, Smellfungus views all objects through a blackened glass ; another through a prism. Many contemplate virtue through a diminishing, and vice through a magnifying medium. Many who appear to be wise, are quite the reverse ; lengthy speeches, embellished with Latin quotations, are not the touchstones by which wisdom may be detected.

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to explain and reconcile all the incongruities and seeming inconsistencies in man : in the person of our hero were exhibited and blended the extremes ; that is, of feeling, and the want of it. Sometimes proceeding with his calling so coolly, that it seemed as if he was indifferent whether the inhabitants of the whole town were executed by him or otherwise. One day anxiously looking out for business ; the next showing signs of intense feeling ; going into the most outrageous paroxysms of violence and complaint against the authorities, who held the scissors of Atropos to cut the thread upon which the life of evil, or supposed evil doers, depended. When he took it into his head that a mistake had been made, I have seen him in a state of excitement for eight days together uninterruptedly, through the nervous irritability of his nature, and the force of sensibility he would indulge himself

in upon these occasions ; and it frequently required large doses of assafoetida to restore him to calmness.

Upon one occasion his fury exceeded all bounds ; denouncing the whole system as murderous, saying he would, if he ever saw the like again, refuse to do the duty at the last moment, and expose the truth to the public. Four men were found guilty of the same offence, and sentenced to suffer death. After the order for their execution came down, doubts arose in the minds of the sheriffs and some of the aldermen as to the actual guilt of two of them ; with very laudable views of justice, and at the expense of much time and trouble, a case was got up, which it was thought would establish the two men's innocence. Ketch had been in court when they were tried ; he knew two of the prisoners, and some of the witnesses, it being a case in which there were guilty approvers examined, and had subsequently made inquiries, or thrown out his feelers, to ascertain the truth ; the result of which was, that regardless of what others said, he settled in his own mind that two out of the four were innocent, and that the two guilty men were those which were before known to him. The morning, however, arrived for the execution, and he had instructions to prepare for all four, the secretary, as it was said, being obdurate and obstinate regarding the case : about half-past seven, a half hour before the malefactors are usually brought out, Ketch was sent for into the office of the prison, and informed by the sheriffs that two of the men were pardoned ; but as the document had only just arrived, they had deemed it prudent to bring the whole four to the foot of the scaffold, that the present state of feelings of those who were to suffer should not be disturbed by thinking themselves more hardly dealt with than their companions ; he was then told, that as soon as he got the two men upon the scaffold, he was to let the drop fall in sight of the two, without waiting for their coming up or having any explanation.

Ketch's vanity was now highly gratified. " I knew I was right," exclaimed he to himself ; " it's a pity they don't always consult me ; I knew the two yokels had nothing to do with the job ; they don't look like guilty men, and that the judge might have seen with half an eye, if he was not quite stone blind." Returning to his post with much self-satisfaction, he waited for St. Paul's bell to announce the hour of death : the steps which lead up to the platform are in the door-way of the prison kitchen ; here Ketch with his keen eye caught sight of the four unhappy men, all looking for instant death. One was sent up, but Ketch, instead of performing his duty with his usual promptitude, made a circuit three times round him ; and it was not till he encountered the rebuking eye of the sheriff and the ordinary that he recovered himself. Having, at length, made the necessary preparations, the second ascended the stage, when Ketch was again observed to falter in his duty ; presently, however, the drop fell in the presence of the two expectants of death, and as they thought, by accident, when almost at the same instant they found themselves unpinioned, and being hurried along the passage amidst a number of persons anxiously inquiring whether the breakfast was ready. " Come along," said one, " I am very hungry, I don't often get up so early." Another replied, " I shall pay my respects to the neat's tongue ; they are always good here, the best I eat anywhere, I assure you." In solemn and awful parade, preceded by the minister reading the service for the burial of the dead, had these men been marched through long, winding, dark, cold passages, as they expected, to their graves. From the satisfaction and the jollity produced by the near prospect of a sumptuous breakfast with the sheriffs and aldermen, now all the mourners were turned into merry-makers ; and as the bewildered and astonished men had ceased to excite attention as beings about to make the leap from life to death, they could not help for a few minutes consi-

dering themselves as one in a crowd proceeding to a banquet. Coming, however, to an angle in the prison's sinuosities, the laughers, talkers, and not a few gigglers of the dandy species, who make interest to be present upon these occasions, took one course, without bestowing a farewell look upon the wretches who had afforded them amusement; while the dead-alive prisoners were stopped, then informed of their reprieve from death, and desired to go into the transports' yard to await the time for their being sent to the hulks. The reader will already have anticipated, that the men executed were the two that Ketch considered to be innocent, and those that were reprieved the guilty parties. When I saw him he was absolutely foaming at the mouth about the affair. Thinking to appease him, and stop his mouth with his own doctrine, I said, "You see how it is, it all goes by fate; and as they were to be hung, so they must be hung."

"Yes," said Ketch snappishly, "I do see how it is; I see that those who consider themselves wise, and have the government of others, have themselves heads as thick as the great cornerstone of Newgate, opposite St. Sepulchre's Church, upon the spire of which I should like to see a certain head stuck."

This affair, however, not only annoyed Ketch, but was much canvassed before the public. The case of the two men, which were so warmly taken up by the citizens, and laid before those whose province it is to recommend for mercy, being connected with the two unfortunate men who were put to death. Every body asked, Is it not a mistake? and if so, how could it occur? No pains were spared to unravel the mystery; but the usual answer to all inquiries at headquarters was given, viz. "We know best; and decline giving reasons for any course we may deem it prudent and proper to adopt in our official capacity." A clue, however, for the explanation of the affair was obtained; one of the sheriffs, annoyed and provoked that his application to the secretary should prove abortive, and being fully impressed with the notion of the innocence of two of them, the afternoon previously to the day of execution, sate down and wrote a strong and lengthy protest against their being put to death, saying he could not appease his conscience in any other way; this protest he sent to the under-secretary, the same evening while he was engaged in a debate in the parliament house. This document, without a question we must suppose, brought the pardon; but out of that supposition springs several queries, namely, Did the sheriff insert the wrong names? Did he write his protest before or after dinner, and if the latter, how long after? The secretary received the paper about ten o'clock the evening before; but the pardon did not reach Newgate until half-past six the next morning. Did the secretary, in the heat of political controversy, forget the subject, and awake to a recollection of it only at sunrise the next morning, and then in his hurry forget the names? Or was the clerk, who must have been called up on the occasion, not recovered from the previous evening's debauch, and thus the mistake have occurred through him? One feature there is in the case favourable to the sheriff—he demanded a sight of his written protest, which was refused him. The secretary, however, would neither acknowledge an error, or account for delaying the respite throughout the night, and thus rendering the lives of two human beings dependent upon his awaking at a certain hour in the morning. Men have been executed for cowardice, although courage is innate, and cannot very easily be acquired, especially when physical causes operate against it. Carelessness, on the other hand, every man may avoid: and when it affects the life of man, deserves condign punishment. The numerous instances of thoughtlessness regarding human life that came under Ketch's notice, are surprising. He used to say, with a great deal of truth, that at the Old Bailey the judges

never thought anything of condemning a man to death, because there was another trial afterwards (the council); and that the council never thought anything of leaving men for execution, because they considered the judges immaculate, and that by virtue of an oath all witnesses spoke the truth.

A very striking instance of careless conduct, in respect to life, occurred at Gloucester, in the year 1811. It is stated in a Bath paper, with reference to William Townley, who was executed at Gloucester, on Saturday se'nnight, for burglary, that on Friday night preceding, a reprieve for him was put into the post-office, Hereford, addressed by mistake, to "—— Wilton, Esq. Under Sheriff, Herefordshire," instead of Gloucestershire, some time after the post letters for that night had been delivered out, and of course remained until the next morning, when about half-past eleven it was opened by Messrs. Bird and Woulaston, under sheriffs for the County of Hereford; and immediately the importance of its contents to the wretched object of intended mercy was ascertained, an express was humanely sent off with the utmost celerity, by Mr. Bennet, of the hotel, at his own expense, who started about twenty minutes before twelve o'clock, and arrived at Gloucester a little after two, twenty minutes after the culprit had been turned off, and who was then suspended at the drop. Our hero officiated upon this occasion, the account of which I showed him in the newspaper, when he entered into the secret history of many more of a similar character, which had come within his own experience.

Having written all I know of the yeoman of the rope, I must leave his own history under the management of the gentleman into whose hands I have consigned the manuscript, to speak for itself.

THE FIRST ODE OF ANACREON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK, BY E. JOHNSON, ESQ.

Eis λυραν.

OF Atreus' sons I fain would sing,
To Cadmus strike the lyric string;
But still my lyre's unchanging tone
Will ring of love, and love alone.
I change the string—I change the lyre,
And, warming with poetic fire,
O'er the fresh cords my fingers run
In honour of Alcmena's son;
But still I woo my harp in vain,
And love, still love usurps the strain.
Farewell henceforth the prouder praise
Awarded to heroic lays,
My lyre will yield one *only* tone,
And sings of love, and love alone.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF M. THIERS.

BY CALEB CAUSTIC.

THE birthplace of M. Thiers is in the neighbourhood of Aix in Provence, that chivalricity of Troubadours, and the good king René. His sire was a simple cultivator, of whom I shall give some ancient and comical details, in the anecdotal part of these present physiognomies. The precocity of the eldest son of his pains-taking parent, invited the attention of some of the wealthy *Mecænas of Aix*, who wished to withdraw the "little ploughboy that whistled o'er the lea" from the education of the plough to that of the bar. The juvenile Thiers was accordingly placed in an elementary school in the metropolis of Provence. His young ideas, however, shot higher, and when he was pretty well *au fait* at the usual school learning, and being furnished with a subscription purse, he came on foot to Paris. Manuel introduced him to the "liberal Laffitte," who got him on the *Constitutionnel*. The *National* was afterwards established in 1830, to promote the views of the Orleans party, under his *rédaction*. His rapid rise, his recent fall, are well known, but he will rise again, whoever governs, unless some "untoward" event should clip his still unruffled plumage.

The proprietor and editor of the *Pilote* was a liberal patriot, and patron of M. Thiers in his aspiring days. Being then myself an amateur, a tyro, a truant of the press, I frequently looked in, ere the post hour, at the bureau of the evening journal, and have seen our hero pocket his truly honourable recompence for his juvenile and Juvenal paragraphs on the abuses of arbitrary power. M. Laffitte was then looked up to as the patron of talent and enterprise; and, through the introduction of the celebrated conventionalist, Manuel, young Thiers was introduced to the wealthy banker. From the *Pilote*, he was promoted to the *Constitutionnel*, where his rising talent was appreciated by a share in that leading journal of the time, presented to him, as a New Year's Gift, by Laffitte. The "consideration," accruing by this generous proof of patronage, may be estimated by the fact, that the *actions* in that political speculation, which were originally worth one thousand francs, then sold for twenty-five thousand. M. Laffitte's patronage did not stop there; he furnished the "needful" assistance for M. Thiers' excellent "History of the First Revolution." This work was the origin of its author's literary fame, and more substantial fortune. M. Thiers now became a partizan of the house of Orleans, and through which, by the medium, and the sterling means of Laffitte and Casimir Perier, *Le National* was established in January, 1830. M. Thiers was one of the principal editors of that journal up to the period of the expulsion of Charles X. During the *heat* of the "Three Great Days of July," our revolutionary historian was at Montmorency; when the scales of battle were evidently turned in favour of the popular party, he promptly returned to Paris, and ably assisted in publishing proclamations to the "honour and profit" of the Duke of Orleans—and himself. Being hail-fellow-well-met with the dreaded republican party, he engaged to *manage*

them till all was arranged in accordance with his princely patron's views. He kept his word, and thus verified the saying, "Set a Gascon to watch a Gascon." His first, best friend, M. Laffitte, was appointed President of the Council, and Minister of the Finance Department. He named M. Thiers his *Secretary General*. His own talents of transmutation had now golden scope, and he had no reason to complain of the ingratitude of his protégé. An economist in the home (not Hume) meaning of the term, the honourable secretary-general saved the new regime, by his "disinterested" appointments, and elevated the value of his place by his example. The minister Laffitte went out of office, and became, comparatively, a poor man; the secretary, Thiers, left office likewise, and became a rich man—such is the mighty power of mind, as the modern poet says, in his "Money's metamorphoses."

The usefulness of M. Thiers had now been made manifest to the highest powers, who determined to bring him out as an orator in the representative senate. But, as the law then stood, the age required for that ambitious post was fixed at forty years. A provisional law was opportunely past, reducing the required term of fitness for sitting in the parliament house, to thirty years, and M. Dosne (since the *beau-père* of M. Thiers) aided him with the loan of another *house*, by which he passed as an eligible proprietor and payer of the king's taxes; and, to complete the job, the minister's influence brought him into the Chamber. M. Dosne, the complaisant friend, was rewarded by the place of Receiver-General at Brest. Once fairly started on the railway of political ambition, M. Thiers soon left the starting-post of "benefits received" far behind. *En avant, marchons, Anglicised*, "neck or nothing," was now his motto. Laffitte thrown out—his next patron, Sebastiani, was jockeyed—and it was only by a stern and sterling chain-curb, that Casimir Perier secured him, as a factotum, till that minister was pulled up by death, when "Richard was himself again." From that period, his progress was as rapid, and as brilliant too, as a meteor, in court favour. Adopting the motto of his friend, Guizot, that "unpopularity is the strongest proof of a great statesman," M. Thiers succeeded in attaining the most elevated pitch of public disfavour. Nurtured by the liberal press, he tried to crush that press: the former theoretical child, and champion of individual and national liberty, he now laughed to scorn his old associates, and finally became the greatest little minister of the day. If fortune seems at length to have forsaken her spoiled child, it is but a temporary caprice, or rather *ruse* of the moment. He has been twice a minister, and will perform that part a third and last time.* His facility of speech, and flexibility of temperament; his total disregard to those stumbling-blocks of weaker minds, called consistency, public opinion, and political principle, and his own acquired art of pleasing the "ears of kings," render his recall almost certain, and then he will bide his time, make hay again while the sun shines, and if another *successful* storm should totally subvert the new order of things, M. Thiers will be, as usual, found on the winning side, *peu importe*, what style, or title of governing, the winning side may adopt. To

* The prognostications of our correspondent are verified, Thiers being again in power.

what degree of elevation he is destined yet to arrive, depends upon the future lottery of political chances; one thing, however, is certain, that he is not born to blush unseen for the time to come, more than for the time past; and such is his *amor patriæ*, that if the Red-Cap Republic was revived, he would serve *la belle France* under that form of government, for a “con-si-de-ra-ti-on.”

The private fortune of M. Thiers is immense, considering that previous to the revolution he had little more than the slow and precarious products of his grey-goose quill to depend upon. His habits had always been expensive—but he possessed several amiable friends; amongst whom was Madame Dosne, his present *belle-mère*, who, when he was in the lower vale of life, acted *more* than a mother's part. The daughter of that lady, Mad. Thiers, had a ready money dower of nearly two millions of francs, and, being an only child, will succeed to the remaining millions of her “good easy” father. During the late stock-jobbing rage, both father and son-in-law were hit for more than all their ready money, but a luckier hit more than restored their cash and credit. The ministry, in which M. Thiers played so prominent a part, has been cruelly called the “telegraph ministry;” but the honourable gentleman cares not for a' that. Since he paragraphed in *Le Pilote*, he has weathered the storm: and what he has lost in power and popularity, he has gained in good, sound, sterling piastres. In due time, he will be made a peer of France—that is, when he is no longer wanted in the plebeian character. M. Thiers has been pleasantly called the Lilliputian Talleyrand, by some persons who pretend, through a microscope, to have detected a minute *rapprochement* between the *moral* physiognomies of the Leviathan Prince of Politics, and his petty protégé; but as to their moral resemblance, that is not my business; between their mental and political powers there exists a “great gulph.” Thiers was never more than a middling statesman, possessed of an ineffably happy intrepidity of face, an eternal tongue, and lungs that tired out all the sugar-and-water orators who opposed him.

Few ministers ever enjoyed the close, private as well as political, confidence of a royal master, to the extent of M. Thiers: he was *deep* in the sovereign's intimacy, and furnished many *relievos* to the royal mind. Amongst other piquant sources of distraction to beguile the cares of the *citoyen* king, the curious reports of the police were, I am told, regularly honoured by royal perusal. The gaming-house goers formed fertile subjects of recreation; and the losses and gains of the most conspicuous children of chance were duly dieted up to the ruling regal taste of the day. The well-known “*avocat*,” not long since stabbed by a ruined gamester, little thought the results of his adventurous martingale contributed to such loyal and royal *distraction*. My Lord S——, Mrs. O. C——, and the young Count of ——'s casualties—the one thousand pounds lost at *ecarté* by a highly distinguished character—the terrible catastrophes of lower life from those horrible dens of licensed infamy—all supplied food for awful and entertaining meditation to the mind of him whose abhorrence of gaming is well known; and *on* whose mind it is hoped this will operate to the suppression of means so odious and so foreign to his private ideas of morality, for augmenting the public supplies.

THE LIFE OF A SUB-EDITOR.¹

BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

I FIND myself in a dilemma. My modesty (?) is at variance with my love of verity. O the inconvenience of that little pronoun, I! Would that I had in the first instance imitated the wily conduct of the bald-pated invader of Britain. How complacently might I not then have vaunted in the beginning, have caracoled through the middle, and glorified myself at the conclusion of this my auto-biography! What a monstrous piece of braggadocio would not Cæsar's Commentaries have been, had he used the first, instead of the third person singular! How intolerable would have been the presumption of his Thrasonical, "I thrashed the Helvetians—I subjugated the Germans—I utterly routed the Gauls—I defeated the painted Britons!" And on the contrary, for I like to place heroes side by side, how decorously and ingeniously might I not have written, "Edward Percy blackened master Simpkins's left eye—Edward Percy led on the attack upon Farmer Russel's orchard, and Edward Percy fought three rounds with no considerable disadvantage, with the long-legged pieman." Alas! I cannot even shelter myself under the mistiness of the peremptory *we*. I have made a great mistake. But I have this consolation, in common with other great men, that, for our mistake, the public will assuredly suffer more than ourselves. Many a choice adventure, of which I was the hero, must be suppressed. *I* should blush myself black in the face, to say what *he* would relate with a very quiet smile of self-satisfaction. However, as regrets are quite unavailing, unless, like the undertaker's, they are paid for, I shall exclaim with the French soldier, who found his long military queue in the hands of a pursuing English sailor, "Chivalry of the world, *toujours en avant*."

En avant. Have I lingered too long over my school days? Ah, no! In early spring are not the flowers more fresh? Are not the waters of the river more pure, the nearer we go to their source? Even the glorious sun is hailed with the greatest rapture at his rising. It is at the commencement of every thing, as well as of life, that we must look for the greatest enjoyment. No scheme of ambition, of grandeur, or of avarice, but contains its greatest elements of happiness in the conception and its prosecution. The last throb of exultation for success, is the sure herald of the first pang of satiety. The final chorus of fruition is, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." It is the chorus of ages, of time, and of mortality. Let us then go back to the early and fresh days of young life, to the spring-tide of joyous existence, and what reader is there, however *blazé* by the world, that will not gladly attend us?

I have described a wretched schoolboy, let us now view a happy one. It is a fine and breezy summer morning, the sun about an hour

¹ Continued from p. 99.

old. Remark that tall youth springing over the garden railings. The gate is fastened only with a latch, but the exultation of health disdains to lift it. There is a vast and heathy common before him, bounded by lofty hills; behind, an immense expanse of champaign country. On his right is a lovely lake, crisping to the fragrant winds; and on his left, nestling in foliage of antique oaks and majestic elms, sleeps, in rural repose, the village. He pauses for one moment on the green sward—his eyes are upon the golden fretwork of the heavens. You may see by the mantling cheek, that there is a gush of rapture thrilling through his bosom; and his glistening eyes are beautiful, for in them is silent worship. Perhaps the reverie is too joyous, the swelling sensation in his bosom too overpowering, for see, with a bound like that of a startled stag, he is off and away. He is racing with the winds—he is competing with the viewless messengers, that bring health upon their swift wings. He seems to have no object but the enjoyment of rapid motion. He leaps over bush and brake exultingly; and even while we admire him, he is down in the far vale. The cheruping lark rises from the dewy grass; he stops, and his unconscious voice bursts out in a shout of imitative rapture. At first he pours out his soliloquy in mere ejaculations of pleasure; by-and-by these bursts of feeling assume a more regular form; he walks more slowly, and before he has reached on his return, the lake, he has composed a hymn of gratitude to the bountiful Author of all good, that hung the bright and gorgeous canopy above him, and spread the odoriferous and variegated carpet at his feet. He thinks himself unheard, and he shouts out his composition with honest joy. Now he plunges into the lake, and dives, and swims, and gambols amid the tiny waves. He is the personation of animal spirits. He is wild with the sweet and innocent intoxication of nature's beauty. It is six o'clock, and he hears the bell that summons him to his morning studies. The sound strikes him with no dismay. His Greek and Latin are prepared; and he well knows that the hour of his examination will be the hour of his triumph. He looks round, and he sees his master, proud of him and his talents; and schoolfellows, that have all for him the greetings of a love that is not venal, and the homage of admiration that is sincere. Is not all this delightful? and this delight was all mine. Ah my good sir—notwithstanding your bilious look, and pursed-up mouth, it, or something similar to it, was once yours. Notwithstanding the late fall in the funds, does not this description throw you back into yourself—into that close and secret arcanum of your seared heart, that you have always kept sacred for the holier feelings? I'm sure it does—I am almost inclined to believe with the Hebrews, that, though the rest of the mortal frame will perish, there is a minute and indestructible particle within us, a sort of heart of hearts, that shall last eternally, and about it will hang for ever all our virtues and all our youthful associations. It never grows old, though old age forgets it. Be it my office sometimes to remind the worldly, that they have that exhaustless storehouse of happiness within them.

I now began to commit the sin of much verse, and consequently acquired, in the neighbouring village, much notice. No chastising blow, or even word of reproof, fell upon me. My mind was fed upon

praise, and my heart nourished with caresses. In the school I had no equal, and my vanity whispered that such was the case without. However, this vanity I did not show, for I was humble from excessive pride. There are two animals that are almost always certain to be spoiled—a very handsome young man, and the “cock of the school.” Being certainly in the latter predicament, I was only saved from becoming an utter and egregious ass, by the advent of one, the cleverest, most impudent, rascally, agreeable scoundrel, that ever swindled man or deceived woman, in the shape of a wooden-legged usher. He succeeded my worthy friend of the guitar, Mr. Sigismund Pontifex. His name was Riprapton, and he only wanted the slight requisite of common honesty to have made himself the first man of any society in which fate might happen to cast him—and fate had been pleased to cast him into a great many. He was a short, compactly made, symmetrically-formed man, with a countenance deeply indented with the smallpox, and in every hole there was visibly ensconced a little imp of audaciousness. His eyes were such intrepid and quenchless lights of impudence, that they could look even Irish *sang froid* out of countenance. And then that inimitable wooden leg! It was a perfect grace. As he managed it, it was irresistible. He did not progress with a miserable, vulgar, dot-and-go-one kind of gait; he neither hopped, nor halted, nor limped; and though he was wood from the middle of his right thigh downwards, his walk might almost have been called the poetry of motion. He never stumped, but he stole along with a glissade that was the envy and admiration—not exactly of surrounding nations—but of the dancing-master. It was a beautiful study to see him walk, and I made myself master of it. The left leg was inimitably formed; the calf was perhaps a little too round and Hibernian—a fault gracious in the eyes of the fair sex; his ankle and foot were exquisitely small and delicately turned; of course he always wore shorts, with immaculate white cotton or silk stockings. I shall not distinguish the two legs by the terms, the living and the dead one—it would be as great an injustice to the carved as to the calfed one. For the former had a graceful life, *sui generis*, of its own. I shall call them the pulsating and the gyrating legs, and now proceed to describe how they bare along, in a manner so fascinating, the living tabernacle of Mr. Riprapton. The pulsator, with pointed toe, and gently turned calf, would make a progress in a direct line, but as the sole touched the ground, the heel would slightly rise, and then fall, and whilst you were admiring the undulating grace of the pulsator, unobserved and silently you would find the gyrater had stolen a march upon you, and had actually taken the *pas* of its five-toed brother. One leg marched, and the other swam, in the prettiest semicircle imaginable. When he stopped, the flourish of the gyrater was ineffable. The drum-stick in the hand of the big black drummer of the first regiment of foot guards, was nothing to it. Whenever Riprapton bowed, and he was always bowing, this flourish preluded and concluded the salutatory bend. It was making a leg indeed. Many a time, both by ladies and gentlemen, he had been offered a cork leg—but he knew better: had he accepted the treacherous gift, he would have appeared but as a lame man with two legs, now he was a

perfect Adonis with one. I do believe, in my conscience, that Cupid often made use of this wooden appendage when he wished to befriend him, instead of one of his own arrows, for he was really a marvellous favourite with the ladies.

Well, no sooner had my friend with the peg made himself a fixture in the school, than he took me down, not one peg, or two, but a good half dozen. He ridiculed my poetry—he undervalued my drawing—he hit me through my most approved guards at my fencing—he beat me hollow at hopping, though it must be confessed, that I had the advantage with two legs; but he was again my master at “all-fours.” He outtalked me immeasurably, he out-bragged me most heroically, and outlied me most inconceivably. Knowing nothing either of Latin or Greek, they were beneath a gentleman’s notice, fit only for parsons and pedants; and he was too patriotic to cast a thought away upon French. As he was engaged for the arithmetical and mathematical departments, it would have been, perhaps, as well, if he had known a little of algebra and Euclid; but, as from the first day he honoured me with a strict, though patronizing friendship, he made me soon understand that we were to share this department of knowledge in common. It was quite enough if one of the two knew any thing about the matter; besides, he thought it improved me so much, to look over the problems and algebraical calculations of my school-fellows. With this man I was continually measuring my strength; and, as I conceived that I found myself woefully wanting, he proved an excellent moral sedative to my else too rampant vanity. Few, indeed, were the persons who could feel themselves at ease under the withering sarcasms of his intolerable insolence. Much more to their astonishment than to their instruction, he would very coolly, and the more especially when ladies were present, correct the divinity of the parson, the pharmacy of the doctor, and the law of the attorney; and with that placid air of infallibility, that carried conviction to all but his opponents. Once, at a very large evening party, I heard him arguing strenuously, and very triumphantly, against a veteran captain of a merchant ship, who had circumnavigated the world with Cook, that the degrees of longitude were equal in length all over the world, be they more or less—for he never descended to details—and, that the farther south you sailed, the hotter it grew, though the worthy old seaman pointed to what remained of his nose, the end of which had been nipped off by cold, and consequent mortification, in the antarctic regions. As Riprapton flourished his wooden index, in the midst of his brilliant peroration, he told the honest seaman that he had not a *leg* to stand upon; and all the ladies, and some of the gentlemen too, cried out with one accord, “O fie, Captain Headman, now don’t be so obstinate—surely you are quite mistaken.” And then the arch-master of impudence looked round with modest suavity, and in an audible whisper assured the gentleman that sat next to him, that Captain Headman’s argument of the demolished proboscis went for nothing, for that there were other causes equally efficacious as were cold and frost, for destroying gentlemen’s noses. In the sequel, this very learned tutor had to instruct me in navigation. Nothing was too high or too low for him. Had any persons wished to have taken

lessons in judicial astrology, Mr. Riprapton would not have refused the pupil. Plausible ignorance will always beat awkward knowledge, when the ignorant, which is generally the case, make up the mass of the audience.

Notwithstanding the superciliousness of my friendly assistant, I still wrote verse, which was handed about the village as something wonderful. As Riprapton doubted, or rather denied my rhyming prowess, at length I was determined to try it upon himself, and he shortly gave me an excellent opportunity for so doing. Writers who pride themselves on going deeply into the mysteries of causes and effects will tell you, that in cold weather people are apt to congregate about the fire. Our usher, and a circle of admiring pupils, were one day establishing the truth of this profound theory. The timbered man was standing in the apex of the semicircle, his back to the fire-place, and his coat tails tucked up under his arms. He was enjoying himself, and we were enjoying him. He was the hero of the tale he was telling us—indeed, he never had any other than himself—and this tale was wonderful. In the energy of delivery, now the leg of wood would start up with an egotistical flourish, and describe with the leg of flesh, a right-angled triangle, and, then down would go the peg, and up the leg, with the toe well pointed, whilst he greeted the buckle on his foot with an admiring glance. Whilst this was proceeding in the school-room, in the back-kitchen, or rather breakfast-parlour, immediately below, in a very brown study, there sate a very fair lady, pondering deeply over the virtues of brimstone and treacle, and the most efficacious antidote to chilblains. She was the second in command over the domestic economy of the school. Unmarried of course. And ever and anon, as she plied the industrious needle over the heel of the too fragmental stocking, the low melody would burst unconsciously forth of, “Is there nobody coming to marry me? Nobody coming to woo-oo-oo?” Lady, not in vain was the burden of that votive song. There *was* somebody coming.

Let us walk up stairs—Mr. Rip is in the midst of his narrative—speaking thus:—“And, young gentlemen, as I hate presumption, and can never tolerate a coxcomb, perceiving that his lordship was going to be insolent, up went thus my foot to chastise him, and down,”——a crash! a cry of alarm, and then one of derision, and behold the chastiser of insolence, or at least, that part of him that was built of wood, through the floor!

Mr. Cherfeuil opening the door at this moment, and perceiving a great noise, and not perceiving him who ought to have repressed it, for the boys standing round *what remained of him* with us, it was concealed from the worthy pedagogue, who exclaimed, “Vat a noise be here! Vere ist Mr. Reepraaptong?”

“Just *stepped* down *below*, to Miss Brocade, in the breakfast-parlour,” I replied.

“Ah, bah! *c'est un veritable chevalier aux dames*,” said Mr. Cherfeuil, and slamming to the door, he hurried down stairs to reclaim his too gallant representative. We allowed Mr. Riprapton to inhabit for some time, two floors at once, for he was, in his position, perfectly helpless; that admired living leg of his stretched out at its length upon the floor. We soon, however, recovered him; but so much I cannot say

of his composure, for he never lost it. I do not believe that he was ever discountenanced in his life.

"Nobody coming to woo-oo-oo," sang Miss Brocade, below—down into her lap comes mortar, rubbish, and clouds of dust! And, when the mist clears away, there pointed down from above, an inexplicable index. Her senses were bewildered, and being quite at a loss to comprehend the miracle, she had nothing else to do but faint away. When Mr. Cherfeuil entered, the simple and good-natured Gaul found his beloved manageress apparently lifeless at his feet, covered with the *debris* of his ceiling, and the wooden leg of his usher slightly tremulous above him. The fright, of course, was succeeded by a laugh, and the fracture by repairs, and the whole, by the following school-boy attempt at a copy of verses, upon the never-to-be-forgotten occasion.

Ambitious usher! there are few
Beyond you that can go,
In double character, to woo
The lovely nymph below.
At once, both god and man you ape
To expedite your flame;
And yet you find, in either shape,
The failure just the same.

Jove fell in fair Danaë's lap
In showers of glittering gold;
By Jove! his Joveship was no sap!
How could *you* be so bold,
To hope to have a like success,
Most sapient, ciphering master;
And think a lady's lap to bless
With show'rs of *lath* and *plaster*?

That you should fail, when you essay'd
To act the god of thunder,
In striving to enchant the maid,
Was really no great wonder;
But when as *man* you wooing go,
Pray let me ask you whether
You had no better leg to show,
Than one of wood and leather?

These verses are exactly as I wrote them, and I trust the reader will not think that I could now be guilty of such a line, as "*To expedite my flame*," or of the pedantic school-boyism, of calling a house-keeper a nymph. In fact, it is by the merest accident, that I am now enabled to give them in their genuine shape. An old school-fellow, whom I have not seen since the days of syntax, and whose name I had utterly forgotten, having recognized scenes and events that I have described, enclosed them to me but very lately. However, such as they are, they were thought in a secluded village as something extraordinary. The usher himself, affected to enjoy them extremely. They added greatly to my reputation, and what was of more consequence to me, my invitations to dinner and to tea. Truly,

my half holidays were no longer my own. I had become an object of curiosity, and I hope and believe, in many instances, of affection. I was quite cured of my mendacious propensities, by the pain, the horror, and the disgust that they had inflicted upon me at my last school. I invented no more mysteries and improbabilities for myself, but my good-natured friends did it amply for me. Mrs. Cherfeuil asserted she knew scarcely any thing about me—indeed, before I came to her school, she had hardly seen me four times during the whole space of my existence. She only knew that I was the child of a lady, that accident had thrown in her way, a lady whom she knew but shortly, but for whom she acquired a friendship as strong as it proved short; that, from mere sympathy she had been induced to stand godmother to me; that she had never felt authorized, nor did she inquire into the particulars of my birth. Of course, there was a mystery attached to it, but to which she really had no clue; however, she knew, that at least on one side, I came of good, nay, very distinguished parentage. But this, her departed friend assured her, and that most solemnly, that whoever should stigmatize me as illegitimate would do me a grievous wrong. Here was a subject to be canvassed in a gossiping village! Conjecture was at its busy work. I was quite satisfied with the place that the imaginations of my hospitable patrons had given me in the social scale. Nor in the country only did I experience this friendly feeling; most of my vacations were spent in town, at the houses of the parents of some of my school-fellows. I was now made acquainted with the scenic glories of the stage. I fought my way through crowds of fools, to see a child perform the heroic Coriolanus, the philosophical Hamlet, and the venerable and magnificent Lear. Master Betty was at the height of his reputation; and the dignified and classical Kemble had, for a time, to veil his majestic countenance from the play-going eye. Deeply infatuated, indeed, were the molly-coddles with their Betty.

As the diplomatists say, mine was a curious, yet a pleasant position. I felt myself shadowed from all evils by the guardian wings of an unavowed, yet fond and admiring mother; often when in company have I seen her eye glisten, and her face flush, with the mantling blush of triumph, as some one has praised me for some good quality, either real or imaginary. I alone felt and understood, and loved those emotions, that were to all others so mysterious. But she followed one unvarying policy; her's was constantly the language, let who would praise me, of gentle depreciation, but a depreciation always accompanied by a saving clause, that generally made it real commendation. And how very cautious she was of showing me any thing like a preference! Hardly ever did I find myself alone with her, and on those rare occasions when it so happened, her manner was more than ordinarily cold. The words, "who am I?" always, when we were thus situated, burned upon my lips, yet such was the respect with which her deportment inspired me, that I could not utter what was so painful to suppress. Whatever once there might have been, at this period, though perhaps placed in a most romantic situation, there was not a particle of romance in her character. How could there be, when her bosom was continually filled with suppressed tenderness,

and peradventure, fear? That she loved me with a surpassing affection I felt assured, from two little circumstances; the first was, every night, when she thought me soundly asleep, before she retired herself to rest, she came and kissed me, as I lay in bed, first of all ascertaining, by many little manœuvres, if I were soundly asleep. She would stoop down, and as she eased the fulness of her maternal heart, she did it tremblingly and cautiously, like a guilty thing. Once or twice, I purposely let her see that I was awake, and then, as I watched her retire, she did so with a look of such sorrow and disappointment, that I was determined no more to inflict upon her so much pain,—and thus, whilst, in general, the expected benison kept me awake until she came and gave it, I always feigned sleep that I might ensure it, and a sweet night's rest in the bargain, to myself. How she would have comforted herself, had I been seriously ill, I cannot conjecture, for that trial was never put upon her; as, notwithstanding my weakly infancy, and excepting during the low fever, flogged into me by Mr. Root, I was never confined, during the whole course of my life, by any malady, for a single day. Of course I do not reckon the infliction of wounds and the effects of external accidents as sicknesses.

It is now my duty, as well as my greatest pleasure, to put on record the true kindness, the considerate generosity, and the well-directed munificence of a family, a parallel to which can only be found in our own soil—a superior, no where. By the heads of this family, I was honoured with particular notice. Perhaps they never gave a thought about my poetical talent, or the wonderful progress that my master said that I had made in my classics, and my wooden-legged tutor in my mathematics. Their kind patronage sprang from higher motives,—from benevolence; they had heard that I had been forsaken—their own hearts told them that the sunshine of kindness must be doubly grateful to the neglected, and, indeed, to me they were very kind.

Perhaps it may be thought, that I had a quick eye to the failings, and the ridiculous points of those with whom chance threw me in contact. I am sure that I was equally susceptible to the elevation of character that was offered to me, in the person of Mr. ———, the respected father of the family of which I have just made mention. As the noble class to which he belonged, and of which he was the first ornament, are fast degenerating, I will endeavour to make a feeble portrait of a man, that at present finds but too few imitators, and that could never have found a superior. He was one of those few merchant princes,—that was really in all things princely. Whilst his comprehensive mind directed the commerce of half a navy, and sustained in competence and happiness hundreds at home, and thousands abroad, the circle immediately around him felt all the fostering influence of his well-directed liberality, as if all the energies of his powerful genius had been concentrated in the object of making only those about him prosperous. He was born for the good of the many, as much as for the elevation of the individual. Society had need of him, and it confessed it. When its interests were invaded by a short-sighted policy, it called upon his name to advocate its violated rights, and splendidly did he obey the call. He understood England's power

and greatness, for he had assisted in increasing it; he knew in what consisted her strength, and in that strength he was strong, and in his own. As a senator, he was heard in the assembled councils of his nation, and those who presided over her mighty resources and influenced her destinies, that involved those of the world, listened to his warning counsel, were convinced that his words were the dictates of wisdom, and obeyed. This is neither fiction nor fulsome panegyric. The facts that I narrate have become part of our history; and I would narrate them more explicitly, did I not fear to wound the susceptibilities of his still existing and distinguished family. How well he knew his own station, and preserved, with the blandest manners, the true dignity of it! Though renowned in parliament for his eloquence, at the palace for his patriotic loyalty, and in the city for his immense wealth, in the blessed circle, that he truly made social, there was a pleasing simplicity and joyousness of manner, that told, at once, the fascinated guest, that though he might earn honours and distinctions abroad, it was at home that he looked for happiness—and, uncommon as such things are in this repining world—there, I verily believe, he found it. His was a happy lot; he possessed a lady, in his wife, who at once shared his virtues, and adorned them. The glory he won was reflected sweetly upon her, and she wore with dignity and enhanced those honours, that his probity, his talents, and his eloquence had acquired. At the time of which I am speaking, he was blessed with daughters, that even in their childhood had made themselves conspicuous by their accomplishments, amiability of disposition, and gracefulness of manners, and plagued with sons who were full of wildness, waggishness, and worth.

It is too seldom the case that the person accords with the high qualities of the mind. Mr. ——— was a singular and felicitous exception to this mortifying rule. His deportment was truly dignified, his frame well-knit and robust, and his features were almost classically regular. His complexion was florid, and the expression of his countenance serene, yet highly intelligent. No doubt but that his features were capable of a vast range of expression; but, as I never saw them otherwise than beaming with benevolence, or sparkling with wit, I must refer to Master James, or Master Frank, for the description of the austerity of his frown, or the awfulness of his rebuke.

This gentleman's two elder sons, at the time to which I allude, had already made their first step in the world. James was making a tour of the West Indies, the continent being closed against him; and Frank had already begun his harvest of laurels in the navy under a distinguished officer. The younger sons, my juniors, were my school-fellows. Master Frank was two or three years my senior, and, before he went to sea, not going to the same school as myself, we got together only during the vacations; when, notwithstanding my prowess, he would fag me desperately at cricket, out-swim me on the lake, and out-cap me at making Latin verses. However, I consoled myself, by saying, "As I grow older all this superiority will cease." But when he returned, after his first cruise, glittering in his graceful uniform, my hopes and my ambition sank below zero. He was already a man, and an officer—I a school-boy, and nothing else.

Of course, he had me home to spend the day with him—and a day we had of it. It was in the middle of summer, and grapes were ripe only in such well-regulated hot-houses as were Mr. ———'s. We did not enact the well-known fable as it is written—the grapes were not *too* sour—nor did we repeat the fox's ill-natured and sarcastic observation, "That they were only fit for blackguards." We found them very good for gentlemen—though, I fear, Mr. ———'s dessert sometime after owed more to Pomona than to Bacchus for its embellishments. And the fine mulberry-tree on the lawn—we were told that it must be shaken, and we shook it; if it still exist, I'll answer for it, it has never been so shaken since.

The next day we went fishing. Though our bodies were not yet fully grown, we were persons of enlarged ideas; and to suppose that we, two mercurial spirits, could set like a couple of noodles, each with a long stick in our hands, waiting for the fish to pay us a visit, was the height of absurdity. No, we were rather too polite for that; and as it was we, and not the gentlemen of the finny tribe that sought acquaintance, we felt it our duty as gentlemen to visit them. We carried our politeness still farther, and showed our good breeding in endeavouring to accommodate ourselves to the tastes and habits of those that we were about to visit. "Do at Rome as the Romans do," is the essence of all politeness. As our friends were accustomed to be in *naturalibus—vulgice*, stark naked, we adopted their Adamite fashion, and, undressing, in we plunged. Our success was greater with the finny, than was that of any exquisite, with the fair tribe. We captivated and captured pailfuls. We drove our entertainers into the narrow creeks in shoals, and then with a net extended between us, we had the happiness of introducing them into the upper air. The sport was so good, that we were induced to continue it for some hours, but, whilst we were preparing for a multitudinous fry, the sun was actually all the while enjoying a most extensive broil. Our backs, and mine especially, became one continuous blister. Whilst in the water, and in the pursuit, I did not regard it—indeed, we were able to carry home the trophies of our success—and then—I hastened to bed. My back was fairly peeled and re-peeled. I performed involuntarily Mr. St. John's curative process to a miracle. No wonder that I've been ever since free from all, even the slightest symptoms of pulmonary indisposition. However, my excruciating torments gained me two things—experience, and a new skin.

When I had fresh skinned myself, and it took me more than a week to do it, I found that my fellow labourer had flown. I heard that he had suffered almost as severely as myself, but, as he looked upon himself as no vulgar hero, he was too manly to complain, and next Sunday he actually went to church, whilst I lay in bed smarting with pain—yet I strongly suspect, that a new sword, that he had that day to hang by his side, made him regardless to the misery of his back.

That Sunday fortnight I dined with Mr. ———, and of course he did me the honour to converse upon our fishing exploit, and its painful consequences.

"So, Master Percy," said the worthy gentleman, "you think that you and Frank proved yourselves excellent sportsmen?"

"Yes, sir," said I; "I will answer for the sport, if you will only be pleased to answer for the men."

"Well said, my little man!" said Mrs. ——— to me, smiling kindly.

"You see sir, with all submission, I've gained the verdict of the lady, and that's a great deal."

"But I think that you lost your hide. Was your back very sore?" said my host, encouragingly.

"O dear—very sore indeed, sir! Mrs. Cherfeuil said that it looked quite like a new cut steak."

"O it did! did it? but Frank's was not much better," said the senator, turning to his lady.

"Indeed it was not," said she, compassionately.

"Very well," said Mr. ———, very quietly. "I'll tell you this, Master Percy, sportsmen as you think yourselves, you and Frank, after all, whatever you both were when you went into the lake, you turned out two *Johnny Raws*."

"Why, Master Percy," said the lady, "Mr. ——— uses you worse than the sun—that did but scorch—but he roasts you."

"No wonder, madam, as he considers me *raw*," replied I.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FIFTY-FIFTH ODE OF ANACREON.

FROM THE GREEK, BY EDWARD JOHNSON, ESQ.

Eis to cap. (ON SPRING.)

How sweet it is to wander
Where rivulets meander
Through Nature's wild luxuriant bowers,
And meadows redolent of flowers;
Where Zephyr pours his fragrant soul
Into the heathbell's purple bowl;
To sit beneath the leafy vine,
And mark its curling tendrils twine;
How sweet, in such a scene as this,
Consenting Beauty's silent kiss!

SICILIAN FACTS.¹—No. XXXV.

THE TWO STUDENTS.

Two young men, destined for the legal profession, carried on their studies at the university of Catania. Being intimate friends, and from the same part of the country, they resided together in a house, situated a little beyond the arch, called the Portico del Molo. On one side of this gateway stands the superb palace of the Bishop of Catania; on the other, within the town, is the residence of a noble family of the city. Both students were young men; one was about eighteen, his companion somewhat older. Being one evening invited to the house of a friend, when the younger was ready to go, his companion, who had to undergo an examination on the morrow, told him he would follow him shortly, being still engaged in study. The other accordingly left the house by himself. Having passed through the portico, when he came opposite the mansion of the cavaliere we have mentioned, he was surprised to hear a female voice call from the entrance, "Andrea! Andrea!" As this happened to be his name, he approached the door, when a woman immediately put something carefully enveloped in a shawl into his hands, saying, "Here, take it, and when you have delivered it safe, make haste back." With these words she shut the door. It is to be observed that this took place during the last days of the carnival, when many strange adventures happen where least expected, and many jokes are practised on the unsuspecting. What was the young man's astonishment when he perceived that the object so strangely consigned to his care was no other than a new-born infant! Here he was in a situation not a little embarrassing. What was he to do with the child? He felt an honourable scruple to become, by re-delivering it at the house, the means of discovering a secret of which circumstances, unaccountable but perhaps imperative, had rendered him the depositary. He determined, therefore, to carry it to his lodgings, and have it looked after by the housekeeper until morning, when he hoped to find some means of elucidating this extraordinary adventure. When he gave the child, which was richly dressed, to the old woman, she could not avoid testifying her surprise that having been scarcely three months in Catania, he had found a present of such a description already. She, however, promised to take care of it, and comply with his directions.

Having left the child in safe hands, he again set out for the party to which he was invited; but no sooner had he passed the arch, than he perceived near the house from which he had received the infant, a gentleman, who with his back to the wall defended himself against the attack of several persons, exclaiming against the meanness and cowardice of his assailants, who were so many to one. Our student, who was a young man of courage, indignant at the sight, being armed

¹ Continued from p. 107.

with a sword cane, drew, and placing himself by the side of the person, prepared to share his fate. A few thrusts were exchanged, one of the offensive party was wounded, when lights were seen approaching, at the sight of which the aggressors ran off, leaving the others by themselves. The gentleman politely thanked the student for his timely interference, "which," he said, "he hoped one day to find a suitable opportunity of acknowledging; but that, at present, circumstances forbade his making himself known to the person who had so signally obliged him." He also declined further assistance, as the persons who now came up with lights proved to be his own domestics. The student, wishing the stranger good evening, left him, and continued his course to the house of the friend who had invited him. When the servant opened the door, the young man was surprised to perceive that he seemed diverted, and laughed at his appearance. Paying but little attention to this circumstance, he entered the room where the party was assembled; they too began smiling, and he now became aware that the hat which he held in his hand was not his own, which had fallen off in the scuffle, but one he had taken up instead, belonging to some character in mask. It was surrounded by a band of jewels, fastened by a buckle of brilliants of considerable value. To the inquiries of the company on the subject he gave evasive answers; and being anxious to communicate the affair to his friend, who had arrived before him, after a short stay, prevailed on him to return home. As they conversed together on the strangeness of the accidents, they arrived at the Portico del Molo, when it seemed that the adventures of the evening were not yet come to a conclusion; for a figure in black suddenly started up before them, and moving with a slow and solemn pace, disappeared under the archway. As they passed they were startled by a deep groan: looking to ascertain from whence it proceeded, conceiving it some trick to alarm them, they discovered the black figure, which had preceded them, extended on the earth. They found it was a female, enveloped in the long mantle used by the ladies of Catania. She was in a swoon, and our friends conceiving themselves bound to assist this unfortunate person, conveyed her still senseless to their habitation, where the housekeeper put her to bed, and for a long time unsuccessfully tried to bring her to herself: even in this state they could perceive that she was surprisingly beautiful, and not more than sixteen years of age. At length she recovered a little, when the old woman declared that she had fainted from weakness, and that if some nourishment was not immediately administered, she would again fall into a deliquium, which might prove fatal. The friends were generally in the habit of taking their meals at a tavern, so that there was nothing in the house but some conserves and wine; a little being put into her mouth, she swallowed it, and in a few minutes found herself considerably restored; but before she began to speak, the hat of the younger student caught her eye. Alarmed at the sight she sank back on the bed, and seemed threatened with a return of the swoon; eagerly inquiring how it had fallen into his possession, she was somewhat consoled when he told her, what indeed was the truth, that he had found it in the street.

In the meantime the servants, who had been dispatched into Catania, returned, bringing cordials and restoratives necessary in her situation. The students took their leave, giving her in charge to their housekeeper, with directions to pay her every requisite attention. In the morning the old woman informed them that she was still in a weak condition, and greatly in want of quiet and repose. Desirous, therefore, as they were to discover the events that had brought a person so young, so beautiful, and of no ordinary condition, as was evident from her apparel, into the situation from which they had relieved her, they were constrained to defer their curiosity to a more fitting opportunity. All offers of calling in medical assistance she peremptorily declined, earnestly intreating that every thing relating to her might be kept a profound secret, as she had otherwise to apprehend the most distressing consequences. The two following days she continued incapable of removal, and still seemed as little inclined as ever to enter on the subject of her own story. On the third day the housekeeper, either to divert the attention of the young lady from the settled grief which seemed to prey on her, or suspecting the real state of the case, during the absence of her hosts, brought into her chamber the infant delivered to her care by the younger student. As soon as the lady saw the dress of the child she appeared to recognize it, caught it in her arms, covered it with kisses, and then unable to restrain herself, wept long and bitterly over it. Soon after the friends returned with information that the daughter of the Cavaliere T——, who resided near the Portico del Molo, had eloped some evenings before, and that her family, having made fruitless inquiries among their relations and acquaintance, had at length given information to the police, which was making the most exact researches. When the young lady heard this, she exclaimed in an agony of terror, that she was the person sought after; and calling for the two friends, she entreated them to provide for her safety, for she was utterly lost if she fell into the hands of her father. In a few words she then related the circumstances which had led to her extraordinary elopement. She had formed, about a twelvemonth before, an acquaintance with the Prince of C——, a young nobleman of Palermo, who professed an ardent attachment to her; but not having attained his majority, he was still under the control of his mother, who having in view an advantageous match for him with a Palermitan lady of high connexions, would never be induced to consent to a union with a family, which, though respectable, was neither among the most illustrious nor most wealthy in Sicily. The prince therefore promised to marry her privately, and in this hope she had imprudently continued to meet him unknown to her parents, until her lover taking advantage of the affection she entertained for him, she found herself in a condition which rendered it necessary that he should fulfil his engagement without delay, in order to preserve her honour in the eyes of the world, and perhaps her life from the indignation of her father. The prince, on his part, declared that he was ready to make good his promise, even at the risk of incurring his mother's displeasure; but he insisted that the marriage should be private, and kept concealed until a favourable opportunity of divulging it might

occur. It was arranged that she should leave the paternal roof, where she was no longer in security, and accompany him to a villa at some distance from Catania, in which he then resided, having hired it for this purpose. The vigilance of her father and brother, who entertained suspicion that all was not as it should be, obliged them to defer her escape from day to day. At length the near approach of a certain event rendered further postponement dangerous. It was fixed for the evening on which our story commences, when a masked ball was to take place at the Casino de Nobili, at which it was supposed her father and brother would be present, and under shelter of the night their escape from Catania would be undiscovered. To disguise his person more effectually, the prince was to come dressed as for the masquerade, in a habit, which, having seen before, she would be enabled to recognise again.

But before evening came, and their plan could be put into execution, the agitation and anxiety caused by the purpose and preparation to abandon her home, perhaps for ever, unluckily brought on the very event, the apprehension of which had rendered that step necessary. It took place in the apartment of her cameriera, and matters were managed so well, that no suspicion was on this head excited in the family. Information of what had occurred was immediately conveyed to the prince, who sent word that a confidential servant, named Andrea, would call for the infant as soon as it grew dark, and promised, in case the mother was in a condition to be moved, to persist in their scheme for escape. About the hour appointed she heard the clash of arms in the street, and her brother was brought in wounded. What became of the prince she was unable to say; not having come himself, nor sent any of his domestics to account for his not having done so, she was fearful, that enraged at the hostility of her brother, he had come to the resolution of abandoning her. Her father, infuriated at his son's hurt, suspecting too, that the person who had been observed for a length of time to haunt the premises, carried on a clandestine correspondence with his daughter, reproached her bitterly and violently, throwing out threats, which, knowing her situation, alarmed her to such a degree, that she determined, even in the state in which she was to risk an attempt to escape, fearful every moment that some unlucky accident might discover the whole truth to her father. Scarcely had she crossed the paternal threshold, ignorant which way to proceed, and hardly able to sustain herself for weakness, than the two students made their appearance. Trembling with apprehension, she endeavoured to conceal herself, by retiring under the portico, where her strength failing, she had fainted. What became of her afterwards, until she found herself in the house of our students, was known to themselves.

The young men did their best to comfort her, declared they did not doubt the prince's honour, and that it should be their care to bring him to a clear and explicit explanation. They, in fact, resolved to wait on him, detail all the circumstances connected with their share of the adventure, and in case they found him disinclined to do justice to the lady so strangely thrown on their protection, they determined, in the disinterested spirit of chivalry, to call him to account for his

breach of faith with their swords. As there was no time to be lost, they immediately departed on their errand. Soon after they were gone, the housekeeper hurried in to say, that all Catania was in motion, and that the police had received orders to search the lodgings of all students not residing within the walls of the university, as they were always suspected to be concerned when any mischief was on foot. At this intelligence the spirits of the poor girl sunk anew, and she gave herself up for lost. What was to be done? to remain was to insure discovery, and to subject her to all the vengeance of her justly irritated father. She had fortunately concealed on her person jewels of some value, the gift of her lover; mentioning this circumstance, the old woman calculating perhaps on the chance of turning the affair to her own advantage, said, that as any risk was preferable to falling into the hands of her father, weak as she still was, she would hire a lettiga and accompany her to Jaci Reale, where she was acquainted with a certain canon, the bishop's vicario in that town, with whom she had formerly resided as servant. He was a worthy man; the young lady might discover herself to him, and she was sure he would take the most effectual steps either for uniting her to the prince, or reconciling her to her family. At worst, she had the means of supporting herself in concealment for a considerable time, in case matters should not turn out so favourably as she hoped. The distance was only ten miles, and the lettigas were an easy conveyance. The young lady, terrified to distraction, eagerly caught at the offer. The vehicle was procured, into which the harassed mother, her child, and the old woman, hurried with all possible dispatch.

Whilst this event took place in Catania, the students had discovered the abode of the prince, and introducing themselves, had narrated to him the adventures that had befallen the young lady. They found he had been badly wounded in the rencontre with the brother. Being unable to leave the house himself, he had given directions to the confidential servant we have mentioned, to communicate the circumstance to his mistress, and concert a second time the means of escape; but the domestic, to his master's disappointment, only learnt that the lady had already eloped. The prince in the interim had caused inquiries to be made, but without effect. He now testified in lively terms his satisfaction at the tidings brought by the students, and declared that it had always been his intention to do the lady all the justice in his power. It was arranged that the prince should, if the state of his wound permitted, return next day to Catania, and remove his intended bride to his own villa. In case a discovery took place before, the friends were authorized to reveal the whole affair to the Cavaliere T——, and assure him of the prince's intention to repair the honour of his family, by an immediate union with his daughter.

Having effected their object, the brother students returned to Catania with the welcome intelligence. On their arrival at home, their surprise and mortification were great to find that during their absence, the lady, the infant, and the housekeeper had all disappeared. The servants, who had been purposely sent out of the way, could not tell where they were gone. Their promise to the prince considerably perplexed them, as they were fearful he might imagine them privy to her flight.

Whilst they debated on the plan to be pursued, a loud knocking was heard at the door. It was the police, which came to search the premises, which were fortunately among the last examined, being situated without the walls of Catania. The companions instantly comprehended that apprehension of the intended visit had caused the second flight of their terrified guest; but as she had left no clue by which they might trace her retreat, they were as embarrassed as ever. The police having examined the dwelling, withdrew, leaving the students to themselves, who determined next morning early to re-visit the prince, and apprise him of the unexpected event which had taken place during their absence.

In the meantime the juvenile mother, her infant, and the house-keeper had arrived safe at Jaci Reale. The worthy canon hearing her story, readily promised to exert himself in her behalf, and offered her for the present an asylum in his own house. Having ascertained the direction of the prince's villa, he undertook to wait on him on the following day. When our disappointed students, therefore, arrived at the house, they found the young nobleman in company with the vicario, who had already communicated to him the escape of the young lady from Catania, and had engaged him to repair with him on the ensuing day, to Jaci, for the purpose of being united by him to the object of his affection. The Cavaliere T—— was of a noble and honourable family, and the good canon had little doubt of the princess, his mother, being speedily reconciled to a union which it would be no longer in her power to impede. The good-natured students on their part promised to wait on the bride's father, in order to announce to him at once, the joyful intelligence of the recovery and marriage of his daughter with the Prince of C——.

All things succeeded according to their most sanguine expectations. The father was pacified, the princess reconciled, and the lovers lived long and happily, always entertaining a sincere friendship for our students, whom fortune had so strangely rendered the instruments of their mutual felicity.

No. XXXVI.

THE TURK UNBEARDED.

A LIVORNESE FACT.

SOME time since, business brought a Turkish merchant to Leghorn; being a person of liberal disposition, and possessing the means of displaying it, his acquaintance was much sought by the thrifty and calculating Livornese. He was a robust, good-looking man, of about thirty-five, and gloried in a beard of most respectable longitude, as black as jet, which it was his particular care to keep duly trimmed and delicately perfumed. At one of the conversazioni of the place, he fell in with the wife of a certain Signor G——, a gentleman em-

ployed in the dogana, or custom-house, but who happened at this period to be in Florence, whither he had been called by a law-suit. Though a Tuscan, Signor G—— was an almost solitary instance of the kind, subject to occasional fits of jealousy, and when summoned by his affairs to Florence, left his better half with considerable reluctance; but being put to a choice of evils, he wisely preferred leaving his wife for a time, to the risk of losing his money for ever. The lady, as I have said, attracted the Mussulman's attention. Being somewhat of a coquette, the novelty of a Turkish adorer hit her fancy extremely; so that poor Achmet was ere long ensnared in the meshes of Cupid, without a prospect, or even a wish, to extricate himself. Never hearing the fair hint at her being encumbered with a husband, he naturally enough concluded that she was either maid or widow, and consequently fair game, to be wooed and to be won, for he did not set the difference of religion down as a great obstacle. One evening, therefore, whilst engaged, at the house of a friend, in a tender *tête-à-tête*, he offered in tolerable *lingua franca*, for real Italian he neither understood very well nor spoke very intelligibly, to take his Christian enslaver to Constantinople as his wife. Hearing this fair proposal, unwilling, no doubt, to risk the loss of her admirer by a candid explanation, she bantered him without giving a decisive answer to his question. In this manner she put him off from day to day, whilst the enamoured Turk continued to press his suit with more fervour than ever. In the meantime Signor G——, having terminated his affairs, was daily expected from Florence. His lady was not particularly anxious that he should become acquainted with the advantageous offer made her in his absence. But how get rid of her Turkish swain, who besieged her as closely as a beleaguered city? She at length hit on, what she conceived an infallible plan for this purpose. His predilection for his beard was no secret to her, and on this she based her operations. Accordingly, when he next pressed her as usual,—“Really,” she said, “I might be prevailed on but for that odious beard.”

“Odious beard!” reiterated the petrified Turk, “the blessed prophet cannot boast a finer.”

“I don't care,” replied the fair one, “you will never do for me, with that goatlike appendage to your chin.”

In fine, to cut the matter short, the reader must know that the Turk, comprehending but little Italian, understood the lady that she would be his, provided he manifested his love for her by the sacrifice of his beard, and that this once done, she was fairly his own by contract implied and expressed between them. Though the loss cut him to the very soul, he resolved to give his mistress this extreme proof of the intensity of his adoration. Little did the simple follower of Mahomet imagine the wiles of which our fair Christians are capable, and still less did his deceiver conceive a Turk could ever reconcile himself to the loss of his beard.

Next morning a loud knock announced a visitor. The cameriera came running up to tell her mistress, as well as she could for laughing, that the Turk was come.

“*Seccatura!*” said the Signora.

“With a whole levy of Turks at his heels.”

“*Male*,” answered the lady.

“And without a hair on his chin.”

“*Peggio*,” cried her mistress, “what shall we do now?”

Our Turk already, as he conceived, the husband of the lady, in force of the stipulation between them, was come with a dozen stout Turks of his crew, each bearing a nuptial present for the bride, in order to take possession of the lady and her residence, in which he proposed fixing his quarters during his stay in Leghorn. These affairs, by the way, are managed much more simply and with less ado in Constantinople than with us. Having directed his attendants to remain without in the anteroom, until summoned to attend, he hurried in on the wings of love to salute his fair bride. His twelve followers, with all the gravity of Turks, squatted themselves down in the middle of the room, and making themselves quite at home, produced their pipes, and began composedly to send up the odoriferous fumes in volumes to the ceiling. In the meantime the fair Livornese within was sadly embarrassed. In vain she prayed, expostulated, remonstrated, explained. The enraptured Turk would listen neither to excuse or entreaty. Had he not sacrificed his beard? Was not his chin as smooth as her own? Was ever woman more fairly or dearly won? How the scene would have ended we cannot pretend to determine, had it not happened that just at this very critical moment, Signor G—— himself walked in. When he entered the anteroom, and beheld twelve Turks smoking in a circle, like the signs of the zodiac in the days of Phaeton, he almost began to think he had mistaken the house. Upon inquiry what all this meant, one of the grave dozen laconically gave him to understand that the residence now belonged to his master.

“Indeed!” said Signor G——, much edified by the intelligence. “How has that happened?”

“He has married the lady this morning,” puffed out the Mussulman.

“The devil he has!” roared Signor G——. “What! a new husband! and a Turk to boot, after six weeks absence?” And he rushed into the inner apartment. There he found his lady resisting, as we have described, the overtures of the smooth-chinned Turk. “My husband!” cried the lady. “My wife!” said the gentleman. The disappointed Mussulman stood aghast as he heard; whilst the signora began explaining to Signor G—— the meaning of the strange scene, as well as she could, whether entirely to her husband’s satisfaction is uncertain. Be that as it may, he very politely assured his intended successor, that according to the law of the country, wives being only allotted one husband at a time in Italy, and his claim being the prior one, he trusted the other would at least have the goodness to wait for his demise: but this was what the Turk, who had parted with his beloved beard to obtain the lady, was by no means inclined to consent to. Words ensued, and words were on the point of being followed by blows, in which, as there was only one Christian against a round dozen of Turks, the former, though the first husband, would probably have come off second best, had not his servants, seeing how matters

went, called in the police, whose presence put an end to the fracas.

Infuriated at the double loss of his beard and his bride, the Turk continued to threaten vengeance for having been thus victimized, until the police, apprehensive of the consequences, put him by force on board his own vessel, and sent him beardless and wifeless back to Constantinople.

MA VOCATION.

FROM DE BERANGER.

Jetè sur cette boule
Laid chétif et souffrant,
Etouffè dans la foule
Faute d'être assez grand,
Une plainte touchante
De ma bouche sortit,
Le bon Dieu me dit, chante
Chante pauvre petit.

Le char de l'opulence
&c. &c. &c.

Cast on this ball, despised, opprest,
No giant at the very best,
I'm stifled by the throng ;
Whilst in distress for aid I cry,
A voice within me bids me try
The powers of lyric song ;
Yes ! 'tis a voice that sweetly cries,
Rise, hapless Beranger, arise,
And strike the lyre !

Yon dazzling car that passes by
Attracts my gaze—I look, I sigh,
And mourn my humble lot ;
What have I but the rich man's sneers ?
Or shed my melancholy tears,
Unnoticed and forgot ;
But still the voice within me cries,
Rise, hapless Beranger, arise,
And strike the lyre !

Bread is the only boon I ask ;
To live, I ply some humble task,
And drag a galling chain ;
'Tis true I struggle to be free,
But hunger has demands on me,
And does not sue in vain ;
But still the voice within me cries,
Rise, hapless Beranger, arise,
And strike the lyre !

Meet Me To-Night.

Love gave me hopes, too highly wrought;
 Love saw me, but then wayward sought
 A younger man than I;
 In vain to beauty's charms I flee,
 Beauty has charms—but not for me,
 I feel it as I sigh.
 But still the voice within me cries,
 Rise, hapless Beranger, arise,
 And strike the lyre!

But 'tis my lot, whilst here below,
 To bid these dulcet numbers flow
 With vigour and with fire;
 Yes, (or I greatly err,) 'tis mine
 The friendly, festive group to join,
 Whilst goblets of o'erflowing wine
 Some joyous theme inspire;
 'Tis thus the voice within me cries,
 Rise, happy Beranger, arise,
 And strike the lyre!

J. W.

MEET ME TO-NIGHT!

Air—"Guess who it was that stole away my heart."

MEET me to-night,
 When dewy stars are set,
 Silent and bright,
 As angel spirits met:
 Meet me to-night,
 Beneath the trysting tree;
 There will I plight
 My parting vows to thee.

Since we must part,
 I reck not where I go:
 Light of my heart,
 When seas between us flow,
 Wilt thou forget
 The tears I've shed for thee?
 Wilt thou forget?
 O no! it cannot be.

Friends change like flow'rs
 That shun the wintry blast;
 Love blooms in hours,
 Whose summer breath is past:
 But to return,
 And find thee true to me,
 Lightly I'll mourn
 That all are changed but thee.

THE PRESENT STATE OF AGRICULTURE, AND OF THE INTERESTS DEPENDING UPON IT.

"God made the country, but man made the town," is a line, no doubt, familiar to most of our readers; and the assertion that it contains has been very strangely acted upon by those whose pernicious counsels have had but too much influence in regulating our internal polity. Our late rulers, instigated by the one-sided theories of those who have misapplied to themselves the title of political economists, seem to have left the portion of the world that God made entirely to the protection of Providence, caring nought for its adversity, and bestowing no thought upon its prosperity; whilst the man-created town has all their affections: for that they have written, for that they have argued; and, alas! for that, and for its supposed welfare, they have almost exclusively legislated. But such is the divine excellence of the moral government of human affairs, that it is immutably ordained, that every perpetrated injustice shall, in the event, return its injury upon the authors, and the objects of their partiality become always equal, if not greater, sufferers, than are those in whose disfavour the first wrong was attempted to be committed.

This is precisely the case with respect to the agricultural and the commercial interests. Manufactories, machinery, and all those employed in working up the raw articles that the cultivator produces, were sought to be favoured at the expense of those who nourish the teeming bosom from whence all wealth emanates; and to effect this, the visionaries have not hesitated to impoverish the large land proprietor, to beggar the farmer, and reduce the peasant to a physical condition, actually beneath that of a well cared-for beast of burthen. They have already done this; but in doing this, they could not stop at this partial mischief; the large capitalist begins to fear the poverty of the landed proprietor, the owner of the factory anticipates the farmer's beggary, and the overworked and puny mechanic already shares the degradation of the peasant, without his robust frame to bear up against want, and his hardy habits to repel disease. How much of all this has been brought about, it shall be our object in this and a succeeding article, to show.

In the first place, we must say a few words upon the folly of popular clamour. We do not know a greater fallacy than the outcry which has latterly been raised against the agricultural interest. To the mob this cry is peculiarly grateful; the idea that cheap bread is to be obtained, but that they are deprived of it by the avarice and injustice of the higher classes, is a ground of complaint which the Radicals and Destructives are most anxious to impress; for the more discontent, the greater ill-will that they can create, the more likely are they to carry into execution their flagitious designs.

There can be no good government, where one interest, and one so important, is sacrificed to others; the motto of good government is, to use a homely proverb, *to carry the dish even*. But this is not the only error: we have no hesitation in asserting, that in depressing the

agriculturist, we have injured the mass of the people—that cheap bread will not be of that service to the mass, as with it, there is a corresponding lowering of wages, and further, a want of employment—that, in short, in depressing and ruining the agriculturist, we are imitating the foolish people in the fable, who destroyed the goose which laid the golden egg.

Unfortunately this is a question of political economy, upon which it is difficult to induce most people to listen to argument. They cannot imagine that bread may be as (and even more) attainable to the poor man when at a higher price than when at a low, forgetting that, whatever may be the price of bread, in proportion will be the price of labour. The Corn Laws, and the outcry against them, have become a part of the creed of the present generation, more carefully instilled into them from their infancy than that of the Christian church; and has latterly been still more sedulously insisted upon by those mistaken, half-witted people, who style themselves *political economists*—a class who have added more to the misery and the necessities of the nation, than all the evils arising from the debt incurred by our long protracted war; and who, mad in their theoretical absurdity, have reduced us to a state of still greater indigence, when we had full reason to expect that, after so many years of peace, we should have recovered from the exhaustion produced by the incredible and stupendous exertions by which we maintained our position in the scale of nations, closing triumphantly an unequal combat against the whole mass of continental dominion.

The argument of the political economist is in itself plausible. If we can have cheap bread, we can manufacture cheaper, and by so doing we can undersell the whole world. As to the arguments to be opposed to this, we shall not enter upon them now; but we cannot help observing that the lower classes, whom they persuade will be benefited by cheap bread, and who raise the outcry at their suggestion, will, by their own argument, not be benefited by it; for if they are able to manufacture cheaper by having cheap bread, it plainly implies that wages are to be decreased, and by those means, the manufactures will be sold at a less price—the poor man will, therefore, be no better off than before. In fact, in a country like England, he never will. Man and his labour is valued but as a machine, and paid for accordingly; and whatever may be the price of bread, the price of labour will invariably be governed by it.

We hold it, therefore, as an axiom, that whatever may be the price of corn in this country, it will always regulate the price of labour; and that the great and the only one truly beneficial object to be obtained is, that for his labour he may find sufficient employment. The great point at issue between us and the pseudo-political economist is, whether their notions of free trade and reciprocity abroad, or ours of home, as well as of foreign consumption, and fair remuneration to all parties for their industry, will prove the most beneficial to the nation at large. And in debating this question, we must espouse the cause of the agriculturists. It is a very common observation of those who cry for cheap bread, that the agriculturists have had *their day*, that during the war they amassed large fortunes by the high price of corn, &c.

In the first place, those who invested their money in land during the war, paid for it a war price. Money was then cheap, for money is a commodity, although it represents others; and they received but a fair interest for their money. Rents were higher certainly, and occasionally when corn rose to an unexpected price, the farmers were flourishing, but not the landowners. The farmers were the speculators, and gained by the advance, the landowners did not: for as the price of bread raised the price of labour, so did it raise the price of every other commodity. You may now purchase a hat for twenty shillings, for which, during the war, you must have paid thirty shillings. You may now purchase a coomb of wheat for twenty shillings, which, during the war, would have cost thirty shillings. Make the exchange, without calling in the aid of money, and where is the difference? During the war, therefore, the landowner did not gain, as has been erroneously asserted, because his rents were *expended in the country*; and although he received more, he also paid in proportion. It may here be argued, that allowing what we have asserted to be correct, that now that rents have fallen, things having become in proportion cheaper, the agriculturist has no right to complain; and that if the corn laws were repealed to-morrow, although corn would fall still lower, yet as goods would also be still cheaper, that again he would have no right to complain. Here we come to issue.

Were we not in what is called an artificial state, the argument would be good; that is, were there no taxes, no impositions of any kind necessary to be levied to pay the interest of the national debt, and the contingent expenses of the nation: but we have to raise so many millions every year, and this sum is an incubus which lies heavily upon the nation, and which ought at least to be borne equally by all. It is this demand upon the industry of the nation which overthrows at once all the specious arguments of the political economist, by adding to the price of produce in taxing the labour which produces it. Now the expenses of agriculture are certain—and be it also remembered that, from the seasons the produce is uncertain—and the expense of agriculture in this country will always be greater than in any other where the labour is not taxed for the necessities of the nation as it is in this. If, therefore, the price of corn in this country was, from importation, to be reduced so low, that it was lower than the expense of cultivation, it is clear that the land would be abandoned. It has not yet arrived to that, but it has very nearly so, now that wheat is down to forty shillings a quarter. Oppressed as he is, none but the highest tilled, and most productive land, will enable the farmer to recover his outlay, and pay any rent whatever.

The agricultural interest has been cruelly neglected, and most unfairly treated, since the peace. The first blow which it received was from Mr. Peel's Bill for returning to cash payments—a bill brought forward with the best intentions, but productive of the most ruinous consequences. In all legislation, we are perfectly justified in sacrificing the interests of the few to the mass—the nation at large is benefited, although individuals may be impoverished. But these principles can only be acted upon when the interests of a small portion are to be abandoned; if the change affects a very large portion of

the community, then, however correct the principle may be in the abstract, the nation itself will suffer, and not be benefited by so sudden a revulsion. Such was the case when Mr. Peel brought in his bill, so fatal to the landowners, by which one half of the nation were made doubly rich, while the other half were equally impoverished. The fundholders and the creditors on mortgage, &c. found themselves opulent: the agriculturists and debtors (and in the latter were to be classed most of the landowners, who, to provide for their families, had mortgaged their land) found that they were more embarrassed than ever. It may here be asserted there was no loss to the nation, as what one party lost, the other gained. We grant it; but it was a serious loss to the agricultural interest, whose cause we are now espousing.

At the same time, it must be remembered, that the farmers were equally suffering; and their difficulty in paying their rents increased in proportion to the landowner's anxiety to receive them, and diminished power of assisting his tenant. This was principally caused by the recall of the one-pound notes, and the consequent restrictions upon the issues of country banks. This may require a little explanation. The rents are generally paid at Michaelmas, that is, the larger portion of them; and landlords in general have been lately so much pressed by their creditors, that they have not been able to allow that time, which is very important to the farmer. The fact is, there is a third party between the farmer and the people—the cornfactor. Soon after the harvest, corn is cheaper, from the simple fact, that there is so much thrashed out and sent to market, to meet the demands of the landlords; but it will be found that it gradually rises in price from that date. Now the cornfactor purchases the corn when cheap, and holds it till he receives what he considers a remunerating profit from the public. It will therefore be observed, that although the farmer loses by forcing his corn on the market, the public do not gain; the profits are put into the pockets of those who speculate in foreign and British corn, quite indifferent whether the population starve or not, and only trying all they can to raise the price as high as possible.

Now before the issues of the country banks were checked, the farmer had a means of evading this necessity of thrashing out, which was not only injurious to him from the reduced price obtained for his produce, but also from the great waste and injury to his straw, which was thrown out before the cattle could benefit by it, and it could be properly trod by them into manure. The farmer would apply to the country banker, and obtain from him a sufficient advance, upon moderate interest, to meet the demands of his landlord. Those who held the country banks, knew every farmer, and his means, and his character well, and how far he was to be trusted; and they were trusted with many hundreds. By this accommodation, the farmers had the means of holding back their corn until they obtained that price for themselves, which now is obtained by the cornfactors. It must be here observed that in farming, as in all other trades, it is the extra shilling or two which is the profit, for the expenses of cultivation are very considerable. When, therefore, a farmer is obliged to sell his

corn when the market is glutted at two shillings per coomb less than what the public pay to the cornfactor, that two shillings loss will take away all his profits. Allowing a farmer to hold five hundred acres—and till it in the *four-course shift*—he will have two hundred and fifty in grain. Now allowing his land to average eight coombs, or four quarters per acre, the produce will be two thousand coombs. Two shillings a coomb upon two thousand coombs, will make two hundred pounds, which, with an allowance of two hundred pounds more for the other land in grass and turnips, would be quite as much as a farmer would be satisfied to make—much more than now is ever made. We do not say anything about bad crops, for strange to say, although a universal failure may be a loss, yet a moderate crop is now a benefit to the English farmer. If the season is remarkably good, all the crops which are grown in the north of Scotland at very little expense and outlay, ripen well; and then the English farmer, who is obliged to be at so much greater an expense in cultivation, is borne down by the glut in the market. It may here be also observed, that the English farmer is equally injured by the immense importation from Ireland, not only of grain, but of every species of produce.

At the close of the war, it was expected that in the reduction of taxes upon the principle of “carrying the dish even,” the agriculturists would obtain their share of relief from the hands of government; but, on the contrary, there has not been one single burthen taken from their shoulders. They have pretended to do so, but they have not. The tax upon leather was taken off, but that gave no relief. It was a tax not felt when it was on, and, therefore, it was no benefit when taken off. The tax itself was not very productive, because it was low, and it might now be put on again, and quadrupled, and yet not felt; for this reason—it was small in itself, so small that it did not diminish the value of a pair of shoes more than a penny, and no one cares whether he gives seven shillings and sixpence or seven shillings and five pence for a pair of shoes; but the tax was a good indirect tax, which should have remained, for it was productive from the millions of pairs of shoes which are worn every year in this country. The land tax is a very heavy impost, which still remains as a direct tax; and so may also be stated the poor-rates paid by the agricultural interest, and which, in some parishes, have become so heavy that all the farms have been thrown up, and the support of the people has been annexed by the magistrates to parishes adjoining. The malt tax is also an indirect tax very injurious to the farmer and to the nation—and the enormous duty on hops is too well known; and add to them, the *county rates* of every description. The malt and hop duties are much too heavy, and if reduced one half, would, in all probability, be equally productive. They are injurious in other points—it has been the occasion of that curse of the lower classes, gin, having become so generally resorted to; and the reduction of the duty with a view to check smuggling, and increase sale, has proved the best figure in Mr. P. Thomson’s budget, who has been indifferent to demoralization and crime, so long as he could collect a sufficient revenue. Now while these heavy burdens still remain upon the agricultural interest, which has already suffered so much from the alteration in the currency,

how is it that the monied interest, which has gained so much by the above-mentioned alteration, is not made to contribute its share towards the necessities of the state? Surely this is the height of injustice, and no proof of impartial and good government.

The well-grounded complaints of the agricultural interest were brought before the throne, and his Majesty, in his speech, recommended its case to the serious attention of those who were responsible as his ministers. It was then expected, and naturally so, as his Majesty's ministers are known to advise as to the matter to which the speech adverts, that Lord Althorp would bring forward some measure of relief for the agricultural interest. He professed so to do, and after all his professions, what did this enormous relief end in—taking the tax off shepherds' dogs!!

We now come to that part of the question, on the solution of which so many contending interests are concerned, and so many conflicting points are at issue, that it becomes an arena for endless discussion. We must, therefore, in the few pages allotted to this article, pass over much which we would impress upon our readers, and laying before them certain documents, confine ourselves to what we consider should ever be the spirit by which legislators should govern, if they wish to secure peace, competence, and content at home.

Let us first examine whether the agriculturists are so small a portion of the empire that they may with safety be neglected.

The following is the census of the population of England, with their various occupations, in 1831.

1—Agricultural Occupiers	.	.	.	1,500,000	
———— Labourers	.	.	.	4,800,000	
					6,300,000
2—Miners	.	.	.	600,000	
Millers, Bakers, Butchers	.	.	.	900,000	
Artificers, Builders	.	.	.	650,000	
Tailors, Shoemakers, Hatters	.	.	.	1,080,000	
Shopkeepers	.	.	.	2,100,000	
					5,330,000
3—Seamen and Soldiers	.	.	.	831,000	
Disabled Paupers	.	.	.	110,000	
					941,000
4—Manufacturers	.	.	.	2,400,000	
Clerical, Legal, and Medical	.	.	.	450,000	
Proprietors, Annuitants	.	.	.	1,116,398	
					3,966,398
					16,537,398

We have divided the whole population into four classes, because our arguments are intended to prove that foreign consumption, has by the political economists of the present day, been considered as the *ne plus ultra* to be obtained, and that as long as the exports greatly exceed the imports, it is a sure sign of the nation being prosperous.

Now, granting them the full value of this argument, we hold that there is another point equally, if not more vitally important, which is, that home consumption, and the consequent full employment of the industry of the people, is necessary for the well-being of a country.

In our manufactures man does little, machinery does almost every thing. Each year the power of machinery over man becomes more evident, and each year are his services more and more dispensed with. If, therefore, we are to proceed, as we have done, as a manufacturing country, the time will arrive when want of employment must end in anarchy and revolution.

In the first class, we have shown the extent of the agricultural population.

In the second class, the members, whose welfare depends chiefly upon home consumption and home prosperity.

In the third class, those who may be said to be indifferent to either one or the other.

And in the fourth class, the manufacturing interest, and all those to whom it is beneficial that every article should be sold at the cheapest rate.

We will now point out a circumstance which has never, we believe, been adverted to, which is, the effects upon the nation produced by the depression of the agricultural interest—and in juxtaposition to that, we will show the balance of trade in our favour; but let it be remembered that in the one instance the whole population are benefited by the expenditure which formerly took place, while in the other, the labour of man is but trifling compared to the work of machinery, and the profits are as unequally distributed, as but one fourth part of the population, at most, may be said to be benefited.

By the returns made for the property tax in 1815, the annual income, derived from land, in England, Scotland, and Wales, amounted to 35,904,166*l*. Since that period, as we have already shown, and as is incontestable, the value of land is decreased one half, that is, allowing three per cent. to have been the rental at that time, not more than one and a-half is now to be obtained; consequently, the sum which was formerly spent in home consumption, and in that species of consumption so valuable, is reduced by one half—that is to say, there is now 17,952,083*l*. less rental obtained from land, and, therefore, that sum less circulated through the country for the benefit of those who live and prosper by home consumption. Do not the manufacturers lose by this, as well as others?—most undoubtedly.

Excess of value of exports over imports, from 1814 to 1815.

1814 . . .	19,817,791	1820 . . .	16,512,818	1826 . . .	13,355,910
1815 . . .	15,637,152	1821 . . .	20,668,670	1827 . . .	17,162,234
1816 . . .	21,766,508	1822 . . .	22,933,459	1828 . . .	17,715,196
1817 . . .	19,573,973	1823 . . .	16,699,571	1829 . . .	22,854,128
1818 . . .	16,680,711	1824 . . .	21,387,402	1830 . . .	23,746,059
1819 . . .	12,638,875	1825 . . .	12,198,122	1831 . . .	21,715,116

The reader will observe the fluctuations which take place in this table: the average return to this country will be about seventeen millions—the exact loss of money spent in home consumption, by the depression of the agricultural interest. But we find that our matter is much too voluminous for one article, and we shall, therefore, revert to the subject in our next number.

THE UNEQUAL MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

“ Joy—joy to the young and happy pair,
The youth is learned, the maiden fair,
They are rich in friends, and in gold and lands,
And love has united their willing hands.”
Thus the smiling world its sentence passed ;
But the honeymoon has ceased to last,
And already contending views divide
The wearied bridegroom and sullen bride.

From whence can such early jars proceed ?
Alas ! the riddle too well I read ;
They share no feelings and thoughts in kind,
They are not linked in the chains of mind.
He has a name and a glory won,
Genius exults in her gifted son ;
And she is soulless, and weak, and vain,
A cold, light daughter of Fashion's train.

He loves to gather from Learning's store
The treasures of scientific lore ;
Or trace the deeds of a former age
In the classic or historic page ;
And oft when the poet's strain beguiles,
He ventures to seek the muse's smiles,
And the lyre of few can boast a tone
So sweet and so perfect as his own.

She to light trifles devotes her hours,
Weaves in gay garlands her greenhouse flowers,
Turns over the leaves of a vain romance,
Then bends on the mirror a lengthened glance ;
Perchance devising some art of dress
To heighten her native loveliness,
At the welcome time when, observed of all,
She shines in the bright and crowded hall.

His speech and his actions bear impress
Of the calm, deep power of holiness ;
In the earliest spring-tide of his days,
He sought not Pleasure's delusive ways ;
And though votive crowds his steps pursue,
His spirit is like the sunflower true,
To earthly objects it is not given,
But it rests its steadfast gaze on heaven.

No thoughts sublime in her mind have birth,
Her hopes, her wishes are all of earth ;
She hears him dwell upon holy themes,
As though his speech were of fabled dreams.
O! the gifted feel a pang intense,
When they lavish their burning eloquence,
To meet with the careless, cold reply,
Of hardened and heartless levity.

What marvel, then, that his steps he bends
To the quiet hearths of congenial friends ;
Or seeks discourse with the wise and good
In his study's peaceful solitude ;
She feels no joy at his coming tread,
But turns in disquietude and dread
From the powers his varied speech displays,
To hang on a coxcomb's lisping praise.

Ye sons of mind, will my words avail—
Will ye study the moral of my tale ?
Ye are raised above our common race—
Descend not then from your starry place,
To choose a bride from a grovelling sphere,
Who will shrink from your talents in servile fear ;
Ye must shadow your glories from her sight,
Lest, like Psyche, she die in the blaze of light.

Your wedded bliss can be found alone
In her whose genius can prize your own,
Your taste improve, and your thoughts inspire,
With kindred spirit and answering fire :
The world may extol your honoured name,
And bind your brows with the wreath of fame ;
But its praise is light as the ocean foam,
Compared to the kindly words of home.

Knowledge may surely some skill impart,
To teach you to read the human heart ;
O! then combine, in your choice for life,
The enlightened friend and devoted wife ;
One who with glad, exulting glow,
Will share your triumph and fame below,
But with holier fervor and deeper love,
Assist your steps to a world above.

JAPHET, IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

AND as I lay in bed, thinking that I was now nearly twenty years old, and had not yet made any discovery, my heart sank within me. My monomania returned with redoubled force, and I resolved to renew my search with vigour. So I told Timothy the next morning, when he came into my room, but from him I received little consolation; he advised me to look out for a good match in a rich wife, and leave time to develop the mystery of my birth; pointing out the little chance I ever had of success. Town was not full, the season had hardly commenced, and we had few invitations or visits to distract my thoughts from their object. My leg became so painful, that for a week I was on the sofa, Timothy every day going out to ascertain if he could find the person whom we had seen resembling me, and every evening returning without success. I became melancholy and nervous. Carbonnell could not imagine what was the matter with me. At last I was able to walk, and I sallied forth, perambulating, or rather running through street after street, looking into every carriage, so as to occasion surprise to the occupants, who believed me mad; my dress and person were disordered, for I had become indifferent to it, and Timothy himself believed that I was going out of my senses. At last, after we had been in town about five weeks, I saw the very object of my search, seated in a carriage, of a dark brown colour, arms painted in shades, so as not to be distinguishable but at a near approach; his hat was off, and he sat upright and formally. "That is he!" ejaculated I, and away I ran after the carriage. "It is the nose," cried I, as I ran down the street, knocking every one to the right and left. I lost my hat, but fearful of losing sight of the carriage, I hastened on, when I heard a cry of "Stop him, stop him!" "Stop him," cried I, also, referring to the gentleman in black in the carriage.

"That won't do," cried a man, seizing me by the collar; "I know a trick worth two of that."

"Let me go," roared I, struggling; but he only held me the faster. I tussled with the man until my coat and shirt were torn, but in vain; the crowd now assembled, and I was fast. The fact was, that a pickpocket had been exercising his vocation at the time that I was running past, and from my haste, and loss of my hat, I was supposed to be the criminal. The police took charge of me—I pleaded innocence in vain, and I was dragged before the magistrate, at Marlborough Street. My appearance, the disorder of my dress, my coat and shirt in ribbons, with no hat, were certainly not at all in my favour, when I made my appearance, led in by two Bow Street officers.

"Who have we here?" inquired the magistrate.

"A pickpocket, sir," replied they.

¹ Continued from p. 138.

"Ah! one of the swell mob," replied he. "Are there any witnesses?"

"Yes, sir," replied a young man, coming forward. "I was walking up Bond Street, when I felt a tug at my pocket, and when I turned round, this chap was running away."

"Can you swear to his person?"

There were plenty to swear that I was the person who ran away. "Now, sir, have you any thing to offer in your defence?" said the magistrate.

"Yes, sir," replied I; "I certainly was running down the street; and it may be, for all I know or care, that this person's pocket may have been picked—but I did not pick it. I am a gentleman."

"All your fraternity lay claim to gentility," replied the magistrate; "perhaps you will state why you were running down the street."

"I was running after a carriage, sir, that I might speak to the person inside of it."

"Pray who was the person inside?"

"I do not know, sir."

"Why should you run after a person you do not know?"

"It was because of his *nose*."

"His *nose*?" replied the magistrate angrily. "Do you think to trifle with me, sir? You shall now follow your own nose to prison. Make out his committal."

"As you please, sir," replied I; "but still I have told you the truth; if you will allow any one to take a note, I will soon prove my respectability. I ask it in common justice."

"Be it so," replied the magistrate; "let him sit down within the bar till the answer comes."

In less than an hour, my note to Major Carbonnell was answered by his appearance in person, followed by Timothy. Carbonnell walked up to the magistrate, while Timothy asked the officers in an angry tone, what they had been doing to his *master*. This rather surprised them, but both they and the magistrate were much surprised when the major asserted that I was his most particular friend, Mr. Newland, who possessed £10,000 per annum, and who was as well known in fashionable society, as any young man of fortune about town. The magistrate explained what had passed, and asked the major if I was not a little deranged; but the major, who perceived what was the cause of my strange behaviour, told him that somebody had insulted me, and that I was very anxious to lay hold of the person, who had avoided me, and who must have been in that carriage.

"I am afraid, that after your explanation, Major Carbonnell, I must, as a magistrate, bind over your friend, Mr. Newland, to keep the peace."

To this I consented, the major and Timothy being taken as recognizances, and then I was permitted to depart. The major sent for a hackney coach, and when we were going home he pointed out to me the folly of my conduct, and received my promise to be more careful for the future. Thus did this affair end, and for a short time I was more careful in my appearance, and not so very anxious to look into carriages; still, however, the idea haunted me, and I was often very

melancholy. It was about a month afterwards, that I was sauntering with the major, who now considered me to be insane upon that point, and who would seldom allow me to go out without him, when I again perceived the same carriage, with the gentleman inside as before.

"There he is, major," cried I.

"There is who?" replied he.

"The man so like my father."

"What, in that carriage? that is the Bishop of E——, my good fellow. What a strange idea you have in your head, Newland; it almost amounts to madness. Do not be staring in that way—come along."

Still my head was turned quite round, looking at the carriage after it had passed, till it was out of sight; but I knew who the party was, and for the time I was satisfied, as I determined to find out his address, and call upon him. I narrated to Timothy what had occurred, and referring to the Red Book, I looked out the bishop's town address, and the next day after breakfast, having arranged my toilet with the utmost precision, I made an excuse to the major, and set off to Portland Place. My hand trembled as I knocked at the door. It was opened. I sent in my card, requesting the honour of an audience with his lordship. After waiting a few minutes in an ante-room, I was ushered in. "My lord," said I, in a flurried manner, "will you allow me to have a few minutes' conversation with you alone?"

"This gentleman is my secretary, sir, but if you wish it, certainly, for although he is my confidant, I have no right to insist that he shall be yours. Mr. Temple, will you oblige me, by going up stairs for a little while."

The secretary quitted the room, the bishop pointed to a chair, and I sat down. I looked him earnestly in the face—the nose was exact, and I imagined that even in the other features I could distinguish a resemblance. I was satisfied that I had at last gained the object of my search. "I believe, sir," observed I, "that you will acknowledge, that in the heat and impetuosity of youth we often rush into hasty and improvident connexions."

I paused, with my eyes fixed upon his. "Very true, my young sir; and when we do we are ashamed, and repent of them afterwards," replied the bishop, rather astonished.

"I grant that, sir," replied I; "but at the same time, we must feel that we must abide by the results, however unpleasant."

"When we do wrong, Mr. Newland," replied the bishop, first looking at my card, and then upon me, "we find that we are not only to be punished in the next world, but suffer for it also in this. I trust you have no reason for such suffering?"

"Unfortunately, the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, and, in that view, I may say that I have suffered."

"My dear sir," replied the bishop, "I trust you will excuse me, when I say, that my time is rather valuable; if you have any thing of importance to communicate—any thing upon which you would ask my advice—for assistance you do not appear to require, do me the favour to proceed at once to the point."

"I will, sir, be as concise as the matter will admit of. Allow me,

then, to ask you a few questions, and I trust to your honour, and the dignity of your profession, for a candid answer. Did you not marry a young woman early in life? and were you not very much pressed in your circumstances?"

The bishop stared. "Really, Mr. Newland, it is a strange question, and I cannot imagine to what it may lead, but still I will answer it. I did marry early in life, and I was at that time not in very affluent circumstances."

"You had a child by that marriage—your eldest born—a boy?"

"That is also true, Mr. Newland," replied the bishop, gravely.

"How long is it since you have seen him?"

"It is many years," replied the bishop, putting his handkerchief up to his eyes.

"Answer me, now, sir;—did you not desert him?"

"No, no!" replied the bishop. "It is strange that you should appear to know so much about the matter, Mr. Newland, as you could have hardly been born. I was poor then—very poor; but although I could ill afford it, he had £50 from me."

"But, sir," replied I, much agitated; "why have you not reclaimed him?"

"I would have reclaimed him, Mr. Newland—but what could I do—he was not to be reclaimed; and now—he is lost for ever."

"Surely, sir, in your present affluence, you must wish to see him again?"

"He died, and I trust he has gone to heaven," replied the bishop, covering up his face.

"No, sir," replied I, throwing myself on my knees before him, "he did not die, here he is at your feet, to ask your blessing."

The bishop sprang from his chair. "What does this mean, sir?" said he, with astonishment. "You my son!"

"Yes, reverend father—your son; who, with £50 you left ——"

"On the top of the Portsmouth coach!"

"No, sir, in the *basket*."

"My son! sir,—impossible; he died in the hospital."

"No, sir, he has come out of the hospital," replied I; "and as you perceive, safe and well."

"Either, sir, this must be some strange mistake, or you must be trifling with me," replied his lordship; "for, sir, I was at his death-bed, and followed him to his grave."

"Are you sure of that, sir?" replied I, starting up with amazement.

"I wish that I was not, sir—for I am now childless; but pray, sir, who, and what are you, who know so much of my former life, and would have thus imposed upon me?"

"Imposed upon you, sir!" replied I, perceiving that I was in error. "Alas! I would do no such thing. Who am I? I am a young man who is in search of his father. Your face, and especially your nose, so resembled mine, that I made sure that I had succeeded. Pity me, sir—pity me," continued I, covering up my face with my hands.

The bishop, perceiving that there was little of the impostor in my appearance, and that I was much affected, allowed a short time for me

to recover myself, and then entered into an explanation. When a curate, he had had an only son, very wild, who would go to sea in spite of his remonstrances. He saw him depart by the Portsmouth coach, and gave him the sum mentioned. His son received a mortal wound in action, and was sent to the Plymouth hospital, where he died." I then entered into my explanation in a few concise sentences, and with a heart beating with disappointment, took my leave. The bishop shook hands with me as I quitted the room, and wished me better success at my next application.

I went home almost in despair. Timothy consoled me as well as he could, and advised me to go as much as possible into society, as the most likely chance of obtaining my wish, not that he considered there was any chance, but he thought that amusement would restore me to my usual spirits. "I will go and visit little Fleta," replied I, "for a few days; the sight of her will do me more good than any thing else." And the next day I set off to the town of —, where I found the dear little girl, much grown, and much improved. I remained with her for a week, walking with her in the country, amusing her, and amused myself with our conversation. At the close of the week I bade her farewell, and returned to the major's lodgings.

I was astonished to find him in deep mourning. "My dear Car-bonnell," said I, inquiringly, "I hope no severe loss?"

"Nay, my dear Newland, I should be a hypocrite if I said so; for there never was a more merry mourner, and that's the truth of it. Mr. M——, who, you know, stood between me and the peerage, has been drowned in the Rhone; I now have a squeak for it. His wife has one daughter, and is *enceinte*. Should the child prove a boy, I am done for, but if a girl, I must then come in to the barony, and £15,000 per annum. However, I've hedged pretty handsomely."

"How do you mean?"

"Why they say that when a woman commences with girls, she generally goes on, and the odds are two to one that Mrs. M—— has a girl. I have taken the odds at the clubs to the amount of £15,000; so if it be a girl I shall have to pay that out of my £15,000 per annum, as soon as I fall into it; if it is a boy, and I'm floored, I shall pocket £30,000 by way of consolation for the disappointment. They are all good men."

"Yes, but they know you never pay."

"They know I never do now, because I have no money; but they know I will pay if I come into the estate; and so I will, most honourably, besides a few more thousands that I have in my book."

"I congratulate you, with all my heart, major. How old is the present Lord B——?"

"I have just been examining the peerage—he is sixty-two; but he is very fresh and hearty, and may live a long while yet. By-the-by, Newland, I committed a great error last night at the club. I played pretty high, and lost a great deal of money."

"That is unfortunate."

"That was not the error; I actually paid all my losings, Newland, and it has reduced the stock amazingly. I lost £750. I know I ought not to have paid away your money, but the fact was, as I was hedg-

ing, it would not do not to have paid, as I could not have made up my book as I wished. It is, however, only waiting a few weeks, till Mrs. M——— decides my fate, and then, either one way or the other, I shall have money enough. If your people won't give you any more till you are of age, why we must send to a little friend of mine, that's all, and you shall borrow for both of us."

"Borrow!" replied I, not much liking the idea; "they will never lend me money."

"Won't they," replied the major; "no fear of that. Your signature, and my introduction, will be quite sufficient."

"We had better try to do without it, major; I do not much like it."

"Well, if we can, we will; but I have not fifty pounds left in my desk; how much have you?"

"About twenty," replied I, in despair at this intelligence; "but I think there is a small sum left at the banker's; I will go and see." I took up my hat and set off, to ascertain what funds we might have in store.

I must say, that I was much annoyed at this intelligence. The money-lenders would not be satisfied unless they knew where my estates were, and had examined the will at Doctors' Commons; then all would be exposed to the major, and I should be considered by him as an impostor. I walked down Pall Mall in a very unhappy mood, so deep in thought, that I ran against a lady, who was stepping out of her carriage at a fashionable shop. She turned round, and I was making my best apologies to a very handsome woman, when her earrings caught my attention. They were of alternate coral and gold, and the fac simile in make to the chain given by Nattée to Fleta. During my last visit, I had often had the chain in my hand, and particularly marked the workmanship. To make more sure, I followed her into the shop, and stood behind her, carefully examining them, as she looked over a quantity of laces. There could be no doubt. I waited till the lady rose to go away, and then addressed the shopman, asking the lady's name. He did not know—she was a stranger; but perhaps Mr. H———, the master did, and he went back to ask the question. Mr. H——— being at that moment busy, the man stayed so long, that I heard the carriage drive off. Fearful of losing sight of the lady, I took to my heels, and ran out of the shop. My sudden flight from the counter, covered with lace, made them imagine that I had stolen some, and they cried out, "Stop thief," as loud as they could, springing over the counter, and pursuing me as I pursued the carriage, which was driven at a rapid pace.

A man perceiving me running, and others, without their hats, following, with the cries of "Stop thief," put out his leg, and I fell on the pavement, the blood rushing in torrents from my nose. I was seized, roughly handled, and again handed over to the police, who carried me before the same magistrate in Marlborough Street.

"What is this?" demanded the magistrate.

"A shoplifter, your worship."

"I am not, sir," replied I; "you know me well enough, I am Mr. Newland."

"Mr. Newland!" replied the magistrate, suspiciously; "this is strange, a second time to appear before me upon such a charge."

"And just as innocent as before, sir."

"You'll excuse me, sir, but I must have my suspicions this time. Where is the evidence?"

The people of the shop then came forward, and stated what had occurred. "Let him be searched," said the magistrate.

I was searched, but nothing was found upon me. "Are you satisfied now, sir?" inquired I.

"By no means. Let the people go back and look over their laces, and see if any are missing; in the mean time I shall detain you, for it is very easy to get rid of a small article, such as lace, when you are caught."

The men went away, and I wrote a note to Major Carbonnell, requesting his attendance. He arrived at the same time as the shopman, and I told him what had happened. The shopman declared that the stock was not correct; as far as they could judge, there were two pieces of lace missing.

"If so, I did not take them," replied I.

"Upon my honour, Mr. B——," said the major, to the magistrate, "it is very hard for a gentleman to be treated in this manner. This is the second time that I have been sent for to vouch for his respectability."

"Very true, sir," replied the magistrate; "but allow me to ask Mr. Newland, as he calls himself, what induced him to follow a lady into the shop?"

"Her ear-rings," replied I.

"Her ear-rings! why sir, the last time you were brought before me, you said it was after a gentleman's nose—now it appears you were attracted by a lady's ears; and pray, sir, what induced you to run out of the shop?"

"Because I wanted particularly to inquire about her ear-rings, sir."

"I cannot understand these paltry excuses; there are, it appears, two pieces of lace missing. I must remand you for further examination, sir; and you also, sir," said the magistrate, to Major Carbonnell; "for if he is a swindler, you must be an accomplice."

"Sir," replied Major Carbonnell, sneeringly, "you are certainly a very good judge of a gentleman, when you happen by accident to be in his company. With your leave, I will send a note to another confederate."

The major then wrote a note to Lord Windermear, which he despatched by Timothy, who, hearing I was in trouble, had accompanied the major. And while he was away, the major and I sat down, he giving himself all manner of airs, much to the annoyance of the magistrate, who at last threatened to commit him immediately. "You'll repent this," replied the major, who perceived Lord Windermear coming in.

"You shall repent it, sir, by God," cried the magistrate, in a great passion.

"Put five shillings in the box for swearing, Mr. B——. You fine

other people," said the major. "Here is my other confederate, Lord Windermear."

"Carbonnell," said Lord Windermear, "what is all this?"

"Nothing, my lord, except that our friend Newland is taken up for shoplifting, because he thought proper to run after a pretty woman's carriage; and I am accused by his worship of being his confederate. I could forgive his suspicions of Mr. Newland in that plight; but as for his taking me for one of the swell mob, it proves a great deficiency of judgment; perhaps he will commit your lordship also, as he may not be aware that your lordship's person is above caption."

"I can assure you, sir," said Lord Windermear, proudly, "that this is my relative, Major Carbonnell, and the other is my friend, Mr. Newland. I will bail them for any sum you please."

The magistrate felt astonished and annoyed, for, after all, he had only done his duty. Before he could reply, a man came from the shop to say that the laces had been found all right. Lord Windermear then took me aside, and I narrated what had happened. He recollected the story of Fleta in my narrative of my life, and felt that I was right in trying to find out who the lady was. The magistrate now apologized for the detention, but explained to his lordship how I had before made my appearance upon another charge, and with a low bow we were dismissed.

"My dear Mr. Newland," said his lordship, "I trust that this will be a warning to you, not to run after other people's noses and ear-rings; at the same time, I will certainly keep a look out for those very ear-rings myself. Major, I wish you a good morning."

His lordship then shook us both by the hand, and saying that he should be glad to see more of me than he latterly had done, stepped into his carriage and drove off.

"What the devil did his lordship mean about ear-rings, Newland?" inquired the major.

"I told him that I was examining the lady's ear-rings, as very remarkable," replied I.

"You appear to be able to deceive every body but me, my good fellow. I know that you were examining the lady herself." I left the major in his error, by making no reply.

When I came down to breakfast the next morning, the major said, "My dear Newland, I have taken the liberty of requesting a very old friend of mine to come and meet you this morning. I will not disguise from you that it is Emmanuel, the money-lender. Money you must have until my affairs are decided one way or the other; and, in this instance, I will most faithfully repay the sum borrowed, as soon as I receive the amount of my bets, or am certain of succeeding to the title, which is one and the same thing."

I bit my lips, for I was not a little annoyed; but what could be done? I must have either confessed my real situation to the major, or have appeared to raise scruples, which, as the supposed heir to a large fortune, would have appeared to him to be very frivolous. I thought it better to let the affair take its chance. "Well," replied I, "if it must be, it must be; but it shall be on my own terms."

"Nay," observed the major, "there is no fear but that he will consent, and without any trouble."

After a moment's reflection I went up stairs, and rang for Timothy. "Tim," said I, "hear me; I now make you a solemn promise, on my honour as a gentleman, that I will never borrow money upon interest, and until you release me from it, I shall adhere to my word."

"Very well, sir," replied Timothy; "I guess your reason for so doing, and I expect you will keep your word. Is that all?"

"Yes; now you may take up the urn."

We had finished our breakfast, when Timothy announced Mr. Emmanuel, who followed him into the room. "Well, old cent per cent, how are you?" said the major. "Allow me to introduce my most particular friend, Mr. Newland."

"Auh! Master Major," replied the descendant of Abraham, a little puny creature, bent double with infirmity, and carrying one hand behind his back, as if to counterbalance the projection of his head and shoulders. "You vash please to call me shent per shent. I wish I vash able to make de monies pay that. Mr. Newland, can I be of any little shervice to you?"

"Sit down, sit down, Emmanuel. You have my warrant for Mr. Newland's respectability, and the sooner we get over the business the better."

"Auh, Mr. Major, it ish true, you was recommend many good—no, not always good, customers to me, and I was very much obliged. Vat can I do for your handsome young friend? De young gentlemen always vant money; and it is de youth which is de time for de pleasure and enjoyment."

"He wants a thousand pounds, Emmanuel."

"Dat is a large sum—one tousand pounds! he does not vant any more?"

"No," replied I, "that will be sufficient."

"Vel, den, I have de monish in my pocket. I will just beg de young gentleman to sign a little memorandum, dat I may von day receive my monish."

"But what is that to be?" interrupted I.

"It will be to promise to pay me my monish, and only fifteen per shent, when you come into your own."

"That will not do," replied I; "I have pledged my solemn word of honour, that I will not borrow money on interest."

"And you have given de pledge, but you did not swear upon de book?"

"No, but my word has been given, and that is enough; if I would forfeit my word with those to whom I have given it, I would also forfeit my word with you. My keeping my promise, ought to be a pledge to you that I will keep my promise to you."

"Dat is vell said—very vell said; but den we must manage some oder way. Suppose—let me shee—how old are you, my young sir?"

"Past twenty."

"Auh, dat is a very pleasant age, dat twenty. Vell, den, you shall shign a leetle bit of paper, that you pay me £2,000 ven you come into your properties, on condition dat I pay now one tousand. Dat is very fair—ish it not, Mr. Major?"

"Rather too hard, Emmanuel."

"But de rishque—de rishque, Mr. Major."

"I will not agree to those terms," replied I; "you must take your money away, Mr. Emmanuel."

"Vell, den—vat vill you pay me?"

"I will sign an agreement to pay you £1,500 for the thousand, if you please; if that will not suit you, I will try elsewhere."

"Dat is very bad bargain. How old, you shay?"

"Twenty."

"Vell, I shuppose I must oblige you, and my very goot friend, de major."

Mr. Emmanuel drew out his spectacles, pen, and inkhorn, filled up a bond, and handed it to me to sign. I read it carefully over, and signed it; he then paid down the money, and took his leave.

It may appear strange to the reader that the money was obtained so easily, but he must remember that the major was considered a person who universally attached himself to young men of large fortune; he had already been the means of throwing many profitable speculations into the hands of Emmanuel, and the latter put implicit confidence in him. The money-lenders also are always on the lookout for young men with large fortunes, and have their names registered. Emmanuel had long expected me to come to him, and although it was his intention to have examined more particularly, and not to have had the money prepared, yet my refusal to sign the bond, bearing interest, and my disputing the terms of the second proposal, blinded him completely, and put him off his usual guard.

"Upon my word, Newland, you obtained better terms than I could have expected from the old Hunks."

"Much better than I expected also, major," replied I; "but now, how much of the money would you like to have?"

"My dear fellow, this is very handsome of you; but, I thank Heaven, I shall be soon able to repay it; but what pleases me, Newland, is your perfect confidence in one, whom the rest of the world would not trust with a shilling. I will accept your offer as freely as it is made, and take £500, just to make a show for the few weeks that I am in suspense, and then you will find, that with all my faults, I am not deficient in gratitude." I divided the money with the major, and he shortly afterwards went out.

"Well, sir," said Timothy, entering, full of curiosity, "what have you done?"

"I have borrowed a thousand to pay fifteen hundred when I come into my property."

"You are safe then. Excellent, and the Jew will be bit."

"No, Timothy, I intend to repay it as soon as I can."

"I should like to know when that will be."

"So should I, Tim, for it must depend upon my finding out my parentage." Heigho, thought I, when shall I ever find out who is my father?

I dressed and went out, met Harcourt, dined with him, and on my return the major had not come home. It was then past midnight, and feeling little inclination to sleep, I remained in the drawing-room

waiting for his arrival. About three o'clock he came in, flushed in the face, and apparently in high good humour.

"Newland," said he, throwing his pocket-book on the table, "just open that, and then you will open your eyes."

I obeyed him, and to my surprise took out a bundle of bank-notes; I counted up their value, and they amounted to £3,500.

"You have been fortunate, indeed."

"Yes," replied the major; "knowing that in a short time I shall be certain of cash, one way or the other, I had resolved to try my luck with the £500. I went to the hazard table, and threw in seventeen times—hedged upon the deuce ace, and threw out with it—*voila*. They won't catch me there again in a hurry—luck like that only comes once in a man's life; but, Japhet, there is a little drawback to all this. I shall require your kind attendance in two or three hours."

"Why what's the matter?"

"Merely an affair of honour. I was insulted by a vagabond, and we meet at six o'clock."

"A vagabond—but surely, Carbonnell, you will not condescend—"

"My dear fellow, although as great a vagabond as there is on the face of the earth, yet he is a peer of the realm, and his title warrants the meeting—but after all, what is it?"

"I trust it will be nothing, Carbonnell, but still it may prove otherwise."

"Granted; and what then, my dear Newland? we all owe Heaven a death, and if I am floored, why then I shall no longer be anxious about title or fortune."

"It's a bad way of settling a dispute," replied I, gravely.

"There is no other, Newland. How would society be held in check if it were not for duelling? We should all be a set of bears living in a bear-garden. I presume you have never been out?"

"Never," replied I, "and had hoped that I never should have."

"Then you must have better fortune, or better temper than most others, if you pass through life without an affair of this kind on your hands. I mean as principal, not as second. But, my dear fellow, I must give you a little advice, relative to your behaviour as a second; for I'm very particular on these occasions, and like that things should be done very correctly. It will never do, my dear Newland, that you appear on the ground with that melancholy face. I do not mean that you should laugh, or even smile, that were equally out of character, but you should show yourself perfectly calm and indifferent. In your behaviour towards the other second, you must be most scrupulously polite, but at the same time never give up a point of dispute, in which my interest may be concerned. Even in your walk be slow, and move, as much as the ground will allow you, as if you were in a drawing-room. Never remain silent; offer even trivial remarks, rather than appear *distract*. There is one point of great importance—I refer to choosing the ground, in which, perhaps, you will require my unperceived assistance. Any decided line behind me would be very advantageous to my adversary, such as the trunk of a

tree, post, &c., even an elevated light or dark ground behind me is unadvisable. Choose, if you can, a broken light, as it affects the correctness of the aim; but as you will not probably be able to manage this satisfactorily, I will assist you. When on the ground, after having divided the sun fairly between us, I shall walk about unconcernedly, and when I perceive a judicious spot, I will take a pinch of snuff and use my handkerchief, turning at the same time in the direction in which I wish my adversary to be placed. Take your cue from that, and with all suavity of manner, insist as much as you can upon our being so placed. That must be left to your own persuasive powers. I believe I have now stated all that is necessary, and I must prepare my instruments."

The major then went into his own room, and I never felt more nervous or more unhinged than after this conversation. I had a melancholy foreboding—but that I believe every one has, when he, for the first time, has to assist at a mortal rencontre. I was in a deep musing when he returned with his pistols and all the necessary apparatus, and when the major pointed out to me, and made me once or twice practise the setting of the hair triggers, which is the duty of the second, an involuntary shudder came over me.

"Why, Newland, what is the matter with you? I thought that you had more nerve."

"I probably should show more, Carbonnell, were I the principal instead of the second, but I cannot bear the reflection that some accident should happen to you. You are the only one with whom I have been on terms of friendship, and the idea of losing you, is very, very painful."

"Newland, you really quite unman me, and you may now see a miracle," continued Carbonnell, as he pressed his hand to his eye, "the moisture of a tear on the cheek of a London *roué*, a man of the world, who has long lived for himself and for this world only. It never would be credited if asserted. Newland, there was a time when I was like yourself—the world took advantage of my ingenuousness and inexperience; my good feelings were the cause of my ruin, and then by degrees I became as callous and as hardened as the world itself. My dear fellow, I thought all affection, all sentiment, dried up within me, but it is not the case. You have made me feel that I have still a heart, and that I can *love you*. But this is all romance, and not fitted for the present time. It is now five o'clock, let us be on the ground early—it will give us an advantage."

"I do not much like speaking to you on the subject, Carbonnell; but is there nothing that you might wish done in case of accident?"

"Nothing—why yes. I may as well. Give me a sheet of paper." The major sat down and wrote for a few minutes. "Now, send Timothy and another here. Timothy, and you, sir, see me sign this paper, and put my seal to it. I deliver this as my act and deed. Put your names as witnesses." They complied with his request, and then the major desired Timothy to call a hackney-coach. "Newland," said the major, putting the paper, folded up, in my pocket, along with the bank-notes, "take care of this for me till we come back."

"The coach is at the door, sir," said Timothy, looking at me, as if to say, "What can all this be about?"

"You may come with us and see," said the major, observing Tim's countenance, "and put that case into the coach." Tim, who knew that it was the major's case of pistols, appeared still more alarmed, and stood still without obeying the order. "Never mind, Tim, your master is not the one who is to use them," said the major, patting him on the shoulder.

Timothy relieved by this intelligence, went down stairs with the pistols; we followed him. Tim mounted on the box, and we drove to Chalk Farm. "Shall the coach wait?" inquired Timothy.

"Yes, by all means," replied I, in a low voice, "We arrived at the usual ground, where disputes of this kind were generally settled; and the major took a survey of it with great composure.

"Now observe, Japhet," said he, "if you can contrive——; but here they are. I will give you the notice agreed upon." The peer, whose title was Lord Tineholme, now came up with his second, whom he introduced to me as Mr. Osborn. "Mr. Newland," replied the major, saluting Mr. Osborn in return. We both took off our hats, bowed, and then proceeded to our duty. I must do my adversary's second the justice to say, that his politeness was fully equal to mine. There was no mention on either side of explanations and retractions—the insult was too gross, and the character of his lordship, as well as that of Major Carbonnell, was too well known. Twelve paces were proposed by Mr. Osborn, and agreed to by me—the pistols of Major Carbonnell were gained by drawing lots—we had nothing more to do but to place our principals. The major took out his snuff-box, took a pinch, and blew his nose, turning towards a copse of beech trees.

"With your permission, I will mark out the ground, Mr. Osborn," said I, walking up to the major, and intending to pace twelve paces in the direction towards which he faced.

"Allow me to observe that I think a little more in this direction, would be more fair for both parties," said Mr. Osborn.

"It would so, my dear sir," replied I, "but submitting to your superior judgment, perhaps it may have not struck you that my principal will have rather too much of the sun. I am incapable of taking any advantage, but I should not do my duty if I did not see every justice done to the major, who has confided to me in this unpleasant affair. I put it to you, sir, as a gentleman and man of honour, whether I am claiming too much?" A little amicable altercation took place on this point, but finding that I would not yield, and that at every reply I was more and more polite and bland in my deportment, Mr. Osborn gave up the point. I walked the twelve paces, and Mr. Osborn placed his principal. I observed that Lord Tineholme did not appear pleased; he expostulated with him, but it was then too late. The pistols had been already loaded—the choice was given to his lordship, and Major Carbonnell received the other from my hand, which actually trembled, while his was firm. I requested Mr. Osborn to drop the handkerchief, as I could not make up my mind to give a signal which might be fatal to the major. They fired and Tineholme fell immediately—the major remained on his feet

for a second or two, and then sank down on the ground. I hastened up to him. "Where are you hurt?"

The major put his hand to his hip—"I am hit hard, Newland, but not so hard as he is. Run and see."

I left the major, and went up to where Lord Tineholme lay, his head raised on the knee of his second.

"It is all over with him, Mr. Newland, the ball has passed through his brain."

I hastened back to the major, to examine his wound, and, with the assistance of Timothy, I stripped him sufficiently to ascertain that the ball had entered his hip, and probing the wound with my finger, it appeared that it had glanced off in the direction of the intestines; the suffusion of blood was very trifling, which alarmed me still more.

"Could you bear removal, major, in the coach?"

"I cannot tell, but we must try; the sooner I am home the better, Japhet," replied he faintly.

With the assistance of Timothy, I put him into the hackney-coach, and we drove off, after I had taken off my hat and made my obeisance to Mr. Osborn, an effort of politeness which I certainly should have neglected, had I not been reminded of it by my principal. We set off, and the major bore his journey very well, making no complaint, but on our arrival he fainted as we lifted him out. As soon as he was on the bed, I despatched Timothy for a surgeon. On his arrival he examined the wound, and shook his head. Taking me into the next room, he declared his opinion, that the ball had passed into the intestines, which were severed, and that there was no hope. I sat down and covered up my face—the tears rolled down and trickled through my fingers—it was the first heavy blow I had yet received. Without kindred or connexions, I felt that I was about to lose one who was dear to me. To another, not in my situation, it might have only produced a temporary grief at the near loss of a friend; but to me, who was almost alone in the world, the loss was heavy in the extreme. Whom had I to fly to for solace—there was Timothy and Fleta—one who performed the duty of a servant to me, and a child. I felt that they were not sufficient, and my heart was chilled.

The surgeon had, in the meantime, returned to the major, and dressed the wound. The major, who had recovered from his weakness, asked him his candid opinion. "We must hope for the best, sir," replied the surgeon.

"That is to say, there is no hope," replied the major; "and I feel that you are right. How long do you think that I may live?"

"If the wound does not take a favourable turn, about forty-eight hours, sir," replied the surgeon; "but we must hope for a more fortunate issue."

"In a death-bed case you medical men are like lawyers," replied the major, "there is no getting a straight forward answer from you. Where is Mr. Newland?"

"Here I am, Carbonnell," said I, taking his hand.

"My dear fellow, I know it is all over with me, and you of course know it as well as I do. Do not think that it is a source of much regret to me to leave this rascally world—indeed it is not; but I do

feel sorry, very sorry, to leave you. The doctor tells me I shall live forty-eight hours; but I have an idea that I shall not live so many minutes. I feel my strength gradually failing me. Depend upon it, my dear Newland, there is an internal hemorrhage. My dear fellow, I shall not be able to speak soon. I have left you my executor and sole heir. I wish there was more for you—it will last you, however, till you come of age. That was a lucky hit last night, but a very unlucky one this morning. Bury me like a gentleman.”

“My dear Carbonnell,” said I, “would you not like to see somebody—a clergyman?”

“Newland, excuse me. I do not refuse it out of disrespect, or because I do not believe in the tenets of Christianity; but I cannot believe that my repentance at this late hour can be of any avail. If I have not been sorry for the life I have lived—if I have not had my moments of remorse—if I have not promised to amend, and intended to have so done, and I trust I have—what avails my repentance now? No, no, Japhet, as I have sown so must I reap, and trust to the mercy of Heaven. God only knows all our hearts, and I would fain believe that I may find more favour in the eyes of the Almighty, than I have in this world from those who—but we must not judge. Give me to drink, Japhet—I am sinking fast. God bless you, my dear fellow.”

The major sank on his pillow, after he had moistened his lips, and spoke no more. With his hand clasped in mine he gradually sank, and in a quarter of an hour his eyes were fixed, and all was over. He was right in his conjectures—an artery had been divided, and he had bled to death. The surgeon came again just before he was dead, for I had sent for him. “It is better as it is,” said he to me. “Had he not bled to death, he would have suffered forty-eight hours of extreme agony from the mortification which must have ensued. He closed the major’s eyes and took his leave, and I hastened into the drawing-room and sent for Timothy, with whom I sate in a long conversation on this unfortunate occurrence, and my future prospects.

My grief for the death of the major was sincere; much may indeed be ascribed to habit from our long residence and companionship; but more to the knowledge that the major, with all his faults, had redeeming qualities, and that the world had driven him to become what he had been. I had the further conviction, that he was attached to me, and, in my situation, anything like affection was most precious. His funeral was handsome, without being ostentatious, and I paid every demand upon him which I knew to be just—many, indeed, that were not sent in, from a supposition that any claim made would be useless. His debts were not much above £200, and these debts had never been expected to be liquidated by those who had given him credit. The paper he had written, and had been witnessed by Timothy and another, was a short will, in which he left me his sole heir and executor. The whole of his property consisted in his house in St. James’s Street, the contents of his pocket-book entrusted to my care, and his personal effects, which, especially in bijouterie, were valuable. The house was worth about £4,000, as he had told me. In his pocket-book were notes to the amount of £3,500, and his

other effects might be valued at £400. With all his debts and funeral expenses liquidated, and with my own money, I found myself in possession of about £8,000,—a sum which never could have been credited, for it was generally supposed that he died worth less than nothing, having lived for a long while upon a capital of a similar value.

“I cannot but say,” observed Timothy, “but this is very fortunate. Had the major not persuaded you to borrow money, he never would have won so large a sum. Had he lived he would have squandered it away; but just in the nick of time he is killed, and makes you his heir.”

“There is truth in your observation, Timothy; but now you must go to Mr. Emmanuel, that I may pay him off. I will repay the £1000. lent me by Lord Windermear into his banker’s, and then I must execute one part of the poor major’s will. He left his diamond solitaire as a memento to his lordship. Bring it to me, and I will call and present it.”

This conversation took place the day after the funeral, and, attired in deep mourning, I called upon his lordship, and was admitted. His lordship had sent his carriage to attend the funeral, and was also in mourning when he received me. I executed my commission, and after a long conversation with his lordship, in which I confided to him the contents of the will, and the amount of property of the deceased, I rose to take my leave.

“Excuse me, Mr. Newland,” said he, “but what do you now propose to do? I confess I feel a strong interest about you, and had wished that you had come to me oftener without an invitation. I perceive that you never will. Have you no intention of following up any pursuit?”

“Yes, my lord, I intend to search after my father; and I trust that by husbanding my unexpected resources, I shall now be able.”

“You have the credit, in the fashionable world; of possessing a large fortune.”

“That is not my fault, my lord: it is through Major Carbonnell’s mistake that the world is deceived. Still I must acknowledge myself so far participator, that I have never contradicted the report.”

“Meaning, I presume, by some good match, to reap the advantage of the supposition.”

“Not so, my lord, I assure you. People may deceive themselves, but I will not deceive them.”

“Nor undeceive them, Mr. Newland?”

“Undeceive them I will not; nay, if I did make the attempt, I should not be believed. They never would believe it possible that I could have lived so long with your relative, without having had a large supply of money. They might believe that I had run through my money, but not that I never had any.”

“There is a knowledge of the world in that remark,” replied his lordship; “but I interrupted you, so proceed.”

“I mean to observe, my lord, and you, by your knowledge of my previous history, can best judge how far I am warranted in saying so; that I have as yet steered the middle course between that which is

dishonest and honest. If the world deceives itself, you would say that, in strict honesty, I ought to undeceive it. So I would, my lord, if it were not for my peculiar situation; but at the same time I never will, if possible, be guilty of direct deceit; that is to say, I would not take advantage of my supposed wealth, to marry a young person of large fortune. I would state myself a beggar, and gain her affections as a beggar. A woman can have little confidence in a man who deceives her before marriage."

"Your secret will always be safe with me, Mr. Newland; you have a right to demand it. I am glad to hear the sentiments which you have expressed, they are not founded perhaps upon the strictest code of morality; but there are many who profess more who do not act up to so much. Still I wish you would think in what way I may be able to serve you, for your life at present is useless and unprofitable, and may tend to warp still more, ideas which are not quite as strict as they ought to be."

"My lord, I have but one object in allowing the world to continue in their error relative to my means, which is, that it procures for me an entrance into that society in which I have a moral conviction that I shall find my father. I have but one pursuit, one end to attain, which is, to succeed in that search. I return you a thousand thanks for your kind expressions and good will; but I cannot, at present, avail myself of them. I beg your lordship's pardon, but did you ever meet the lady with the ear-rings?"

Lord Windermear smiled. "Really, Mr. Newland, you are a very strange person; not content with finding out your own parents, you must also be searching after other people's; not that I do not commend your conduct in this instance; but I'm afraid, in running after shadows, you are too indifferent to the substance."

"Ah, my lord! it is very well for you to argue who have had a father and mother, and never felt the want of them; but if you knew how my heart yearns after my parents, you would not be surprised at my perseverance."

"I am surprised at nothing in this world, Mr. Newland; every one pursues happiness in his own way; your happiness appears to be centred in one feeling, and you are only acting as the world does in general; but recollect that the search after happiness ends in disappointment."

"I grant it but too often does, my lord; but there is pleasure in the chace," replied I.

"Well, go, and may you prosper. All I can say is this, Mr. Newland; do not have that false pride not to apply to me when you need assistance. Recollect it is much better to be under an obligation, if such you will consider it, than to do that which is wrong; and that it is a very false pride which would blush to accept a favour, and yet not blush to do what it ought to be ashamed of. Promise me, Mr. Newland, that upon any reverse or exigence, you will apply to me."

"I candidly acknowledge to your lordship, that I would rather be under an obligation to any one but you; and I trust you will clearly appreciate my feelings. I have taken the liberty of refunding the

£1,000 you were so kind as to place at my disposal as a loan. At the same time I will promise, that if at any time I should require your assistance, I will again request leave to become your debtor." I rose again to depart.

"Farewell, Newland; when I thought you had behaved ill, and offered to better you, you only demanded my good opinion; you have it, and have it so firmly, that it will not easily be shaken." His lordship then shook hands with me, and I took my leave.

(To be continued.)

"THE LUCK OF EDEN HALL;" * OR, THE FAIRY GOBLET.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

THERE came a youth to our golden isle,
And he vow'd a vow, and he smiled a smile;
And he won the heart of a maiden as bright
As ever drew sigh from a gallant knight:
And away they fled when the moon was up,
And the revellers drained the wassail cup,—
Away they fled o'er the moorlands wild,
And the Musgrave raved for his only child.

"Go saddle my gallant gray," he cried,
"And let twenty horsemen mount and ride
As though heaven itself by their speed might be won;
No low-born churl will I have for son.
By the blood of the Musgrave, no child of mine
Shall wed with one of a nameless line!"
So saying he mounted his gallant gray,
And with twenty armed followers rode away.

The Lady of Musgrave all that long night
Wept for her lord, and her daughter's flight:
Her maids, as they looked on her sad face, sighed,
And to soothe her with guileless speech they tried.
'Tis easy to talk; but a *mother's love*
Hath the *brooding wings* of a *turtle dove*;
And where was there ever a mother knew cheer,
While danger or sorrow her child came near?

* At Eden-hall, the ancient seat of the Musgrave family, in Cumberland, is a beautiful painted drinking glass, called "Fairy Goblet," or "Luck of Eden-hall," from a legend which says, that the old butler, going to draw water from St. Cuthbert's well, surprised a company of fairies, who were amusing themselves upon the green near the holy spring, where they left the above-named cup, singing as they fled away at the butler's approach—

"If this cup either break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Eden-hall."

Now the seneschal he was a kindly man,
 And to comfort his lady he thus began :
 " Courage, sweet mistress ! there's hope in store ;
 Thus much have I learned from the fairy's lore.
 To night when I went to St. Cuthbert's spring,
 As they sate on the green, in their magic ring,
 I seized on a cup they had filled with dew,
 And brought it—see, lady,—to comfort you."

" Oh look !" said her maidens, as forth he drew
 The fairy's glass from his cloak to view :
 And well might they look ; for no mortal's glass
 Did ever that elfin cup surpass,
 Nor mortal hand ever painted such flowers
 As wreathed its brim ; nor in Eden's bowers
 Ever blossomed such roses and hearts-ease bright,
 As laughed into life on its frost-work white.

But the lady scarce deigned her sweet eyes to lift,
 Though to gaze on the charms of a fairy gift :
 " What comfort to me can that bauble bring ?"
 " Hush, lady ! I heard the fairies sing,—
 ' If this glass, that I hold, either break or fall,
 Farewell the luck of Eden-hall !' "
 Then the Lady of Musgrave grew pale with fear,—
 " Go, lock up that goblet, and hold it full dear ;

" If on aught so brittle our house depend,
 The luck of the Musgraves will soon have an end :"
 And so fearful was she that the glass would break,
 That it kept her all night, at her beads, awake.
 But the bugle was sounded at last, and then
 Came the baron home, with his merry men,
 And his daughter fair, as a bonnie bride,
 With her gallant knight at her palfrey's side.

Her father had pardoned young Isabel's flight,
 For a peer of France was her own true knight ;
 And the fairy cup it was filled for all,
 And christened " the luck of Eden-hall."
 Fair maidens, pride of our golden isle,
 Our England dear, 'tis like ye'll smile
 At this rude display of my burdie art,
 Yet lay up the *moral*, my sisters, *to heart*.

Yes a moral may lurk in a fairy tale,
 Like a bee in the bells of the Asphodel,—
 That she, who in maidenly grace would pass,
 Must be *charily* kept ; like the fairy's glass
 From the holy fount, or the delicate flowers,
 That flourish and bloom in elysian bowers.
 The crystal of virtue is fragile as fair,
 And no rude touch may it safely bear.

THE CONDUCT OF THE CHINESE TOWARDS EUROPEANS CONSIDERED.

THOUGH we have wished to abstain most scrupulously from all the heats of party violence, yet we do not affect to keep ourselves absolutely neutral; for when the well-being of society appears to be endangered, conduct so apathetic might well be construed into pusillanimity: still less do we wish to insure the reprehension of being outrageously violent for those interests which we have conscientiously espoused. Blind partizanship is but another term for incipient madness. Though we consider the whole tendency of the Whig administration to have been, not only mischievous, but actually destructive; though we think that they have alternately proved themselves cowardly and rash; and that, though the blindness inflicted upon them by their ambitious ignorance was continually couched by their degrading fears, yet at those periods when they saw the most clearly, they possessed but a sort of purblind political vision;—though we freely admit all this, and admit it with sorrow, still their worst enemies cannot refuse to do them the justice of confessing, that they originated some good measures, and advocated others; and that, though themselves but inefficient servants of the country, they were themselves served by many good men, who ought not to be made to share the abuse lavished upon them, nor identified with their vacillations, their ignorance, or their temerity.

We think that the present liberally conservative government is not only salutary, but salvatory to the nation; not only called for by the best interests of this country, but necessary to the peace of all nations, and the general cause of civilization; yet we have marked with disgust the intemperate manner in which a portion of the press has prostituted itself, in what we cannot help considering a most venal advocacy; and that, too, not so much by judicious defence of the present, as by rabid abuse of the late, men in power. Now all this is not only defeating the ends of justice, but abhorrent to good taste. Column after column of accumulated abuse have not only been heaped upon all the members of the late administration, but also upon all those who have served their country in official and difficult stations under them; as if it had been a necessary consequence, that immediately the Whigs took power and made appointments, that all the diplomatic *employés* of the country should be seized with a sudden imbecility, the distinguished officers of the army part with their high gallantry, and the heroes of our navy lose all their wonted good sense, coolness, and intrepidity; the more especially if any of these had been so unfortunate as to be deputed by the late government to the offices they held, or now hold.

These reflections are forced upon us by considering the very delicate position in which Lord Napier finds himself placed at Canton; and by the cry of some of the hounds that bay at the heels of those in office having been already opened, though as yet but feebly, on that

gallant and clear-sighted officer. It is not now so much the question, whether it was judicious to place him in the unenviable situation he now occupies, as to the manner in which he is to be supported in it, with that discretion, so as neither to dishonour the august king, of whom he is the representative, or heap ridicule and shame on the mighty nation that has confided to him her interests and her dignity, and which he is bound to maintain even at the risk of his life.

The majority of our readers are, no doubt, so well acquainted, through the medium of the diurnal and weekly press, with the facts of this singular conjuncture of circumstances involved in our relations with China, that it will be only necessary for us to give the merest outline of the affair. At the dissolution of the East India Company as a mercantile body, Lord Napier was sent out to Canton in a sort of doubtful character, to do the best he could for the British and European interests with the earth-born celestials. There is no question but that he had instructions to make himself as much of an accredited ambassador as he could. The viceroy of Canton, from some sinister motives, probably of private gain, omits to notify the dissolution of the Company to the Chinese court, and he seems to be taken by surprise, and almost petrified with fright, at finding an official character sent out. Concealment of his duplicity becomes impossible, or only possible by keeping Lord Napier's arrival for some time in abeyance, in order to concoct his plans, either of escape, subterfuge, or mystification. This viceroy, Loo, therefore energetically bids his lordship to remain at Macao, and not to presume, until further orders, to approach Canton. However, Lord Napier, knowing that if he were to wait for the permission, he must arrive at a good old age before he attained it, and, in the meantime, the interests he was sent out to protect, must remain unguarded, and the majesty of his nation all the while insulted, comes up to Canton unpermitted, which constitutes the first ground of offence; his lordship will not call his letter of credentials "a petition," is the second; and upon these two causes issue is joined.

Now, as concerns ourselves, and by the term we mean the nation at large, the question may be considered under two points; firstly, have we the right to force our diplomatic relations and our commerce upon a nation against the wishes of its rulers? and secondly, if we have the right, have we the power?

The question of the right is a most delicate one; especially in these ultra-moral times—these times of hypocrisy, pretention, and protocolling. With the democrat and the radical, the matter would be settled at once. "*The greatest happiness principle*," would carry it triumphantly. If it would increase the happiness of the myriads who compose the celestial empire, to introduce our commerce, and with our commerce our civilization among them, the Tartar dynasty, and the Tartar aristocracy, that reign over and crush them, would be held but as dust in the scale. But we will not take up this too wide, too popular, and too *ad captandum* ground. We should not like the principle applied to ourselves. We rather think that the mildest of us would resent an American regeneration forced upon us in this manner—even supposing our transatlantic brethren understood, and we

acknowledged it, the "*greatest happiness principle*," far better than ourselves. Indeed, if such a doctrine were to be subscribed to, as a rule of right, every nation would be constituting itself a judge between the rulers and the ruled of those countries that surrounded it; and we should have an eternal system of intervention established. Though it is a "consummation devoutly to be wished," we give up our right to *force* a commerce upon a willing people, in defiance of their rulers.

But there are other principles upon which we may most justly insist, that may bring about this very consummation—the opening of trade, and diffusion of prosperity and useful knowledge to millions. Let the sins of ignorant tyranny fall upon the heads of the tyrants. We are not to be compelled to put our candle under a bushel because our neighbour dislikes light; and, since the celestial empire deigns to take its station in common with other nations upon the face of this our earth-formed globe, this porcelain nation must be content to consider itself as one of the family, and be amenable, with the rest, to international laws.

We think that every community that has sufficient strength, either by position, alliance, wealth, or military power, to preserve its integrity, has also a right to resist and resent every contumely from another community, and not only to resist and resent, but also, as far as it may lay in its power, to remove the causes that produced the insult. We do not think that any European nation would bear to be stigmatised by another European nation, not only as barbarians, but as *outside barbarians*, and its king to be insulted by such an official notification as the following; that he, an inferior minister of the Chinese crown, "turns back to the hitherto *highly and most reverently submissive conduct of the King of England to the celestial empire*."

We do not affirm that if such an insult had passed between France and England, that it would have produced immediate war, but it would certainly have been followed by the aggrieved party making such a demand for explanation and apology, that if not instantaneously, fully, and unequivocally given, war would directly ensue. Now, let the casuists extend their ingenuity, and tell us why the celestial empire should be an exception to the rule. There can be but one answer—that it is they, the people who compose it, who are the outside barbarians, and that we must defer to them as such, in all that relates to our interests, to the preservation of those who are now within the reach of their power, and, above all, in every thing that regards our honour. This, the best defence that can be made for them, is, upon the very face of it, absurd. We must consider the Chinese either as a civilized nation, and one responsible for their own acts, or as barbarians; if as the former, we have an undoubted right to demand with the strong hand, ample satisfaction, not only for their present conduct, but for a long debt of past indignities; if, as the latter, according to the usages of nations we see no valid objection to treating them just in the manner that our superior military and naval power can enable us to do, even to the occupation of a portion of their territory.

Considering all the nations of the earth as one family, we see no reason why one of them, because it has remained for ages, occupying

so large a portion of the common soil, in a state of moral and political idiotcy, shall not only deny to the surrounding members all the advantages that may be derived from an interchange of its various productions, but also insult them when they come to them with the most friendly and the most beneficent intentions. We think that we have made out a strong case, showing that no delicacy should be used towards the celestials; and if it be expedient to use power to compel them to our and their own good, we ought not for a moment to hesitate to use it.

But the Chinese are too wise ever to give us the pretence; if we have recourse to force, we have only to exhibit, not to employ it. They dread, of all things, war. The very loudness of their bullying in all their edicts, betrays the magnitude of their fears. The aboriginal Chinese are a nation above all others industrious, and given to commerce. Their extreme populousness makes trade of vital importance to them. Now these myriads of workers, to use the language of the hive, are ground down to the very earth, that is scarcely large enough to contain them, by a dynasty of Tartar barbarians, who have no other rule of government than force, and no other policy but hypocrisy. These ruling powers may be compared to a large cancer, extending over a body too replete with blood, and of a temperament too redundant. This power predominates only by pain and corruption, and throws out its detestable fibres in every direction. Gladly would the nation throw it off, but it is of that searching nature, so deeply engrained in the system, that this delivery cannot be effected by a self-effort; but the least assistance from without would at once destroy the vast disease. We state this only to show, that if it be expedient to display power upon this difference with our unsocial exclusives, how effective it would be to the purposes of good to all, but to those who thrive by the perpetuation of evil.

Now let us see, for a moment, to what the arrogant policy of the celestials, and the truckling subserviency of the lords of the ocean have reduced the British residents, and the whole European trade. Look at this picture, all ye who are proud of the unconquered name of Englishmen, and see what a figure your adventurous brethren display before a nation which exists but in externals, and have no other rule of dignity than etiquette. The picture we give is from one resident on the spot; indeed, from the very highest, as well as the ablest, hand.

“ Here we are, cooped up in a small corner, at the uttermost extremity of an enormous empire. The commerce, and the persons of the merchants, borne down by the most arbitrary, unnecessary, and violent restrictions. The import and export duties are so onerous, that fair trading is almost at an end; and every beneficial mercantile speculation is carried on by *smuggling*. The mandarins, who are placed to protect the customs, participate in the fruits of the iniquity of defrauding them, and, on all sides, we see only exaction, violence, or fraud. Such is the state of affairs at Canton. At Lintin, an island near Macao, every house has a receiving ship, from which the Chinese traders, or more properly speaking, smugglers, are supplied with all manner of goods, from a bale of cotton to an opium pill. Then, again, some of the houses extend their transactions to the north, and have, in general, been successful. J—— and M—— have two vessels on the sly at present, and another cargo just arrived, in readiness to send out. These facts are a convincing proof of the readiness of the people to participate in the advantages of trade;

but a parcel of savage Tartars deny to our industrious nation the boon desired. The smuggling here, at Canton, by the government officers themselves, and the aptitude and readiness of all classes for the same system of operations at Linton, and along the coasts, up to the very wall of China, completely refute the assertion of the monopolists, that the celestials are anti-commercial. They are, beyond comparison, the most orderly, industrious, hard-working, trading people I ever met with. The government is Tartar—and barbarian in the extreme; and the imbecility of all their ideas, opinions, and measures, would be considered remarkable, even in old women and children inhabiting a civilized state. The weakness of the government in enforcing their own edicts, is more than ludicrous. They attempted two plans to prevent Lord Napier's coming to Canton, from Macao. They issued four edicts, ordering his lordship away. They even entreated him humbly, as a favour, to go; and this very day, (August 19th, 1834,) out comes a tremendously long edict, recapitulating all things, and pointing out the consequences of his obstinacy; which are, that the trade will be stopped *for ever*. The export trade has been stopped for three days, and things are likely to come to a stand still for a little time. His lordship has the *Imogene* and *Andromache* at the *Boyne* to support him. I think that the general opinion is, that the viceroy will be afraid to carry his threats into execution. They are in a strange taking about the two ships. *Howqua* and *Mowqua*, *Susqua* and *Gouqua*, *Chinquia* and *Fatqua*, and half a dozen more quas came to his lordship yesterday, to know what he was doing, and when he was going away, to which his lordship replied, 'That it was a dead secret in his own breast, which he would disclose to no man but the viceroy, when he admitted him.' The viceroy will not receive Lord Napier's letter unless it be styled a *petition*; and he will not give his lordship an audience, a privilege enjoyed by the former chief of the East India Company; and then he complains that he does not know what has brought him here, (at Canton.) Lord Napier will not receive his orders or communications through the Hong merchants, as being beneath the dignity of the king's commission. The viceroy says, 'that the laws of the celestial empire admit of nothing else,' and with the view of forcing him away, by setting the merchants against him, he has stopped the shipping of cargoes, and now threatens the whole trade. If the merchants will but stick by his lordship, and suffer a temporary sacrifice of that small part of the trade which is not smuggled, I think that we should soon bring the viceroy to his bearings.

"A Tartar is daily expected, with a commission to inquire into the affairs of the province. This viceroy, Loo, is perhaps acting his present part with the view of conciliating the Tartar; but, should the expected Tartar have an eye to the government of Canton himself, he will be sure to find his vice-majesty in the wrong. I think that you have hazarded a very safe opinion,* (alluding to the notice quoted

* *China, an Outline of the Government, Laws, and Policy, and of the British and Foreign Embassies, and Intercourse with that Empire,* By PETER AUBER, Secretary to the Directors of the East India Company.

This is a work that may be emphatically called, practical. All that the Chinese will permit us to know of themselves is here lucidly set forth; and those who may be compelled, or who are desirous, to have dealings with them, may learn what they have to expect. That they are a set of over-reaching rogues, and very cowardly and silly withal, is quite apparent; and though Mr. Auber has stood forward the advocate and the panegyrist of the East India Company, even from his own showing, we think that Company has behaved almost as sillily, and in a manner quite as cowardly, as those with whom they have to contend. Whenever their servants, residing at Canton, acted with any thing like common spirit, it was sure to draw down reproof from their masters. "Our trade, our trade—preserve our darling trade," was the continual cry, the reiterated command. Acting upon this principle, the Chinese invariably got the better. The insults, the degradations that our countrymen have received at their hands cannot be fully comprehended, and even scarcely believed, until this volume has been perused. That firmness, nay, even violence, is the only method of proving to them that other beings are men besides those who were born in the celestial empire, was fully exemplified by the only instance we have of spirit, in that of Mr. Innes, a gentleman *not* belonging to the Company. He, having occasion to visit a mandarin, one of his servants rushed out of a dark pas-

† The weapon with which the attack on Mr. Innes made was a large wooden-knife, or hatchet, and repeated blows were struck without any return.

below, that appeared in our Number for last March,) in stating that a revolution may possibly be the consequence of 'the change.' I have always been of the same opinion, although I do not see the necessary consequence, of our taking possession as we have done in India. If we have a commercial treaty with a government whose people are willing to trade, and that treaty secures to us every possible advantage, public or private, that we can enjoy in any other public state, that is all that we require; more would be cumbrous; and I say, that we should not demand such a treaty for ourselves only, but for the whole civilized commercial world; and then the interference and intrigues of other nations would be set aside. Now, I am decidedly of opinion, both from the weakness of the government evinced on every occasion, from the gallant exploit of the brave Captain Weddel with his merchant ships from London in 1634, exactly two hundred years ago, to that of Sir Murray Maxwell at the Boyne; and, above all, the determined attack of jolly old Innes on the Chop-house—that every act of determination on our part has been followed by concession on theirs, and every concession of ours, has been followed by accumulated insult and injury from them. Now, with such a wretched government, equally opposed to the wishes of its people, as to the trade of the foreigner, why not

sage, and slapped his face.† Mr. Innes goes to the hoppo, or chief police magistrate, and demands justice. The hoppo laughs in his face. Mr. Innes then says, that if he have not justice before eight that evening, he will fire the mandarin's house. The hoppo smiles again, and hops off over the water to his festal enjoyments. A little after eight, in a wonderful fright, he hops back, seeing the mandarin's house in a blaze. And Mr. Innes gets ample justice for the assault by committing arson. The Company's factory, and Company, of course, do not know how sufficiently to express their indignation at such unwarrantable conduct; and we owe our gratitude to Mr. Innes for showing us so much of the Chinese character. Upon mature reflection on all the evidence advanced in this volume, we feel convinced that the Chinese will not carry on with us an authorized trade, upon the footing we wish to establish. It is no use saying that the Americans, and other nations, did what we wish to do; they did it as far as the Chinese were concerned, under the auspices of the president and factory of the East India Company. They looked upon all foreigners in the aggregate as one set, and to the factory as responsible for their behaviour. When Lord Napier arrives to supersede the factory, and the celestials find that they are no longer dealing with a body of truckling and subservient merchants, but, that they are in actual contact with a powerful, a warlike, and, worst of all, intelligent government, great will be the wagging of chins in consternation, and the agitation of peacock's feathers in perplexity. We think that his lordship will be reminded, that he is a long way off home, and, that so great a personage will require all the ships that lay in Canton river to convey him thither. The upshot of all this will be, a forced trade—disturbances in China—perhaps a revolution—a settlement on her coast, and, in a century or two, a second edition of India. That these results will benefit the Chinese at large, and advance the cause of humanity, there can be little doubt; yet that these future advantages will be obtained at the cost of much present misery is equally certain. The volume that has called from us these remarks, we hesitate not to say, should be very generally perused. To the merchant such perusal is a matter of the most urgent necessity. We have much doubt of the success of the first speculations. As obstinacy generally begets a wish to either overcome or punish it, we cannot help entertaining the immoral hope, that if the authorized trade be refused to us, or rendered worthless by impediments or extortion, that our ships will spread themselves over the coasts, and smuggle all they can. Even upon the "fitness of things," as philosopher Square hath it, we hardly know whether it be morally right that an imbecile despotism should defer the blessings of civilization to so many millions, lest they should learn to think, and find themselves not quite so well off under a government so paternal, as they ought to be; and that we should not be permitted to bring about that reform from without, which cowardice or selfishness will not allow to originate within. However, we leave this matter to the casuists; we know that we have the clergy with us in this view, and, if it be allowed to interfere for the spiritual welfare of a nation, against that nation's wishes, surely something might be hazarded for their temporal advantage also. * We shall conclude by saying, that this work on China is got up with the temperate good sense of a man inured to business: and it is not only a valuable, but a most opportunely produced volume.—*Metropolitan Magazine for March.*

make a just demand, followed up by the power adequate to enforce it? Would not such a demand, so supported, be followed by immediate concession? Should they refuse, destroy their batteries and war-junks along the coasts—meddle not with their merchant vessels, interrupt not their trade, nor disturb the tranquillity of their towns. Hold possession of some strong point along the coast, until they give in, and the question is set at rest for ever. The people of England must, and will, have the ports open.

“I am sure that it would be a bloodless victory. No war made upon the people—no prizes taken—nothing but an active insisting, and a cramming of civilization down those Tartar throats, that engulf the substance of the people, who hate, and abominate them.”

We have quoted this letter thus fully, because it emanates from one acting, nay, we might almost say, directing on the spot. It displays completely the state of the question, and the position of all parties. Our readers may rely implicitly upon the statements that it contains, though they may not be disposed to go the lengths of the gallant writer.

Every one understands—indeed, it is a thing not altogether of rare occurrence, that, on seeking legitimate results, on a minor scale, we are often placed in a situation to demand and obtain, after a struggle, that which we could never have aimed at in the first instance. We have no right, as we have shown in the first part of this article, to *cram civilization down the throats* of any one, or to interfere, uncalled for, between the ruled and the rulers. Yet we have a right to demand reparation for injury and insult; have a right to be treated with respect; and in enforcing those rights, we have no doubt but that our ultimate views would be attained. Indeed, if the actions of modern European potentates may be cited as precedents, our right of intervention is by no means so limited, as our love of justice has induced us to lay it down. We have seen certain dynasties forced upon unwilling subjects, certain forms of government insisted upon, or the ultimatum of war threatened, and all these doings have been justified on the score of expediency. The invading, or aggressing monarch, has manifested that the salvation of his own people required such unpleasant interference with the affairs of others; and the plea has been generally allowed, at least, by those writers from whom we have most to fear in their remarks upon the spirited conduct of Napier. But we again say, that we abandon all the advantages derivable from these examples. The Chinese have already afforded us just grounds for bringing them to a due sense of our relative situations, and the rest will naturally follow.

But though we may appear to repeat what has appeared in most of the daily prints, we cannot refrain from giving our readers a few of the celestial documents; because, in the first place, we have them from the fountain head; and in the second, it will more fully impress upon our countrymen the excessive arrogance of these insulting barbarians. This is the first document issued by Loo:

“Loo, Governor of Canton, &c. to the Hong Merchants.

“The Hee (or naval officer) of the Heangshan district, with others, has reported ‘that an English war-vessel, having on board one barbarian eye, had anchored at Cabreta point. On inquiry it was stated that he was to examine and have superintendence of the said nation’s merchant vessels coming to Canton to trade, &c. As duty requires, a report is made.’

“According to this, I have examined and find, that hitherto, outside barbarians trading at Canton have only had *tae-pans* (chief supercargoes) buying and selling goods. They have been permitted to request permits, and then to come to Canton. But ordinarily they have only had permission to reside at Macao. The English have traded at Canton upwards of a hundred years, and with regard to all the regulations, there has long been mutual tranquillity. The said hong merchants before reported, that this year the English Company is dissolved. The barbarian *eye*, who has now come, is of course for the superintendence and examination of this business. But the barbarian *eye* is not comparable with the *tae-pans*. If he wish to come to Canton, it will be necessary to make first a clear report, requesting the imperial will on the subject. As to the commercial affairs, if there be circumstances absolutely requiring the establishment of other regulations, a petition of requests must also be sent, after inquiry and deliberation on the part of the hong merchants, through them, that a memorial may be prepared, and obedience called for.

“Uniting these circumstances, this order is issued. When the order is received by the said merchants, let them immediately go in person to Macao, and ascertain clearly from the barbarian *eye*, for what he has come to Canton province. Let them also inquire fully and minutely as to what other regulations require to be now established, since this year the said nation's Company has been dissolved. Then let them report in answer, to afford evidence on which to make a plain and full memorial, for directions as to what conduct is to be observed, and to what obedience is to be required.

“And let them authoritatively enjoin the established laws of the *celestial empire*, that, with exception of the *tae-pans*, and other barbarian merchants trading at Canton, none can be permitted to come to Canton, without a report having been made, and the *mandate* received. The said barbarian *eye*, having to examine concerning and superintend the affairs of commerce, may reside at Macao. If he wishes to come to Canton, he must inform the said merchants, that they may previously petition me, the governor, and I will, by post-conveyance, send a memorial, and all must respectfully wait till the mandate of the great emperor has been received. Then orders will be issued to require obedience. Oppose not! A special order.

“Taoukwang 14th year, 6th moon, 15th day, (July 21st, 1834.)”

Here was the laying a foundation-stone of a very pretty edifice of etiquette, the erection of which would have consumed a few years, and brought much gold into the hands of all the parties concerned who were not *outside barbarians*. However, as Napier did not wish to play the fool thus scientifically and chronically, he comes to Canton instant, and Loo again fulminates.

“On this occasion, the barbarian *eye* (that is, head-man, principal man) Lord Napier, has come to Canton, without having at all resided at Macao, to wait for orders; nor has he requested or received a permit from the superintendent of customs, but has hastily come up to Canton. A great infringement of the established laws! The custom-house writers and others, who presumed to admit him to enter, are sent with a communication, requiring their trial. But in tender consideration for the said barbarian *eye*, being a new comer, and unacquainted with the statutes and laws of the *celestial empire*, I will not strictly investigate; but it is not expedient that the said barbarian *eye* should long remain at Canton provincial city; it must be required, that, when the commercial business, regarding which he has to inquire and hold jurisdiction, is finished, he immediately return to Macao. And hereafter, without having requested and obtained a permit, he cannot be permitted to come to Canton.

“As to the object of the said barbarian *eye's* coming to Canton, it is for commercial business. The *celestial empire* appoints officers—civil ones to rule the people—military ones to intimidate the wicked. The petty affairs of commerce are to be directed by the merchants themselves. The officers have nothing to hear on the subject. In the trade of the said barbarians, if there are any changes to be made in regulations, &c.—in all cases, the said merchants are to consult together, and make a joint statement to the superintendent of customs and to my office. Whether (the proposals) shall be allowed or disallowed must be learned by waiting for a reply publicly. If any affair be to be newly commenced, it is requisite to wait till a respectful memorial be made, clearly reporting to the great emperor, and his *mandate* received; then it may be commenced, and orders may be issued requiring obedience.

"The great ministers of the *celestial empire* are not permitted to have private intercourse, by letter, with outside barbarians. If the said barbarian *eye* throws in private letters, I, the governor, will not at all receive or look at them.

"With regard to the barbarian factory of the Company, without the walls of the city, it is a place of temporary residence for barbarians coming to Canton to trade. They are permitted only to eat, sleep, buy, and sell in the factories; they are not permitted to bring up wives and daughters, nor are they permitted to go out to ramble about. All these are points decided by fixed and certain laws and statutes, which will not bear to be confusedly transgressed.

"To sum up—The *nation* has its laws; it is so everywhere. Even England has its laws. How much more the *celestial empire*! How flaming bright are its great laws and ordinances. More terrible than the awful thunderbolt! Under this whole bright heaven, none dares to disobey them. Under its shelter are the four seas. Subject to its soothing care are the ten thousand kingdoms. The said barbarian *eye*, having come over a sea of several myriads of miles in extent, to examine and have superintendence of affairs, must be a man thoroughly acquainted with the principles of high dignity. And in his person he sustains the duties of an officer—an '*eye*.' He must necessarily in every affair act in accordance with reason. Then only can he control and restrain the barbarian merchants.

"I, the governor, looking up, will embody the extreme wish of the *great emperor* to cherish with tenderness the men from a distance. And assuredly I will not treat slightly the outside barbarians. But the *national laws* are extremely strict and closely drawn; we dare not in the least transgress. Let the said barbarian *eye* be very careful not to listen to the artful instigations of evil men, enticing him, until he fails of the object of the said nation's king in sending him so far.

"Uniting all, I issue this order to be enjoined. When the order reaches the said merchants, let them immediately act in obedience to it, and enjoin the order on the said barbarian *eye*, that he may know it thoroughly.—Oppose it not.

"The said merchants have had intercourse with the barbarians for many years. Their knowledge of their language and feelings must be good. The linguists and compradors are more closely allied to the barbarians. If they truly explain clearly, opening and guiding the understanding, the said barbarian *eye* assuredly cannot but obey. If there should be disobedience and opposition, it must be owing to the bad management of the said merchants, and to the instigation of the linguists. Assuredly, the said merchants shall be reported against that they may be punished; and on the linguists the laws shall be instantly put in full force.* Their respectability—their lives are concerned. Tremble fearfully hereat. Make not repentance (necessary.) These are the orders.

"Taoukwang 14th year, 6th moon, 21st day. (July 27th 1834.)"

Now this is a mixture of paternal tenderness and tyrannical decision truly risible. The abuse is bad enough, and sufficiently hard for a nation in the van of civilization, and alike supereminent in arts and arms, (always excepting the celestial empire,) to digest; but the understrappers actually outdo their chief in vituperation.

"The '*domestics*' at the custom-house station behind the factories, (on the river side, in front,) have reported, as follows:—

"In examining we perceived, during the night of the 18th of the present moon, about midnight, the arrival of a barbarian ship's boat at Canton, bringing *four English devils*, who went into the barbarian factories to reside. After having searched and examined, we could find no permit or pass. And having heard by report that there is at present a ship of war of the said nation anchored in the outer seas; but not having been able to learn for what purpose, we think that such coming as this is manifestly a clandestine stealing into Canton. Whether or not the hong merchants and linguists are in any way consorting with them, we must—making our report—request you, as our duty requires, to examine.—This is a list of the four barbarians' names:—Lord Napier, who we hear is a war commander, Davis, Morrison, Robinson."

"Taoukwang 14th year, 6th moon, 25th day. (July 31st, 1834.)"

* "A phrase for capital punishment."

If Loo was dreadful before, he now becomes awful, and thus he admonishes the Hong merchants to

“Immediately obey, and in accordance with the tenor of the several previous orders, ascertain clearly for what the said barbarian eye has come to Canton, and why, in disobedience to the regulations, he has not requested a red permit. Let them instantly—the same day—report in answer. At the same time, let them order and compel him immediately, with speed, to return to Macao, and reside there, waiting till I, the governor, have made a prepared report, to request the imperial will to be made known, that it may be obeyed. He must not linger about at Canton. Should there be any opposition, the said merchants will be held solely responsible. Tremble hereat—intensely—intensely tremble. These are the orders.

“Taoukwang 14th year, 6th moon, 25th day. (July 31st, 1834.)”

We think, in the words of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, that this is “an excellent quarrel as it stands;” and that England has a just ground to demand satisfaction; and if it is only demanded as England ought to demand it, the demand and the compliance will be simultaneous.

It only remains for us to say, that Lord Napier has called together the European merchants at Canton, and formed them into a Chamber of Commerce; and that they have cordially acquiesced in all the measures that his lordship has yet adopted. These few men, in the very teeth of danger, have nobly done their duty; they must not be deserted—they must not be sacrificed. To abandon them—to nullify the acts of the brave Napier—to crouch at the feet of the effeminate cowards—to receive their loathed contumely for anything like concession—would be revolting to our interests, to our reputation, and to our honour; it would place a foul blot upon England's escutcheon that would look hideous beside the emblazoning of Waterloo; we must not *how-tow*, for very shame we dare not do it. This cannot be looked upon as a question of party. Indeed, those now at the head of affairs are most careful of the nation's dignity; and one of them has done more than any modern, or even ancient, to advance it. We know that nothing pusillanimous can creep into the counsels of such men. As they are high-born, brave, and noble, they will gloriously maintain the national dignity equally on the confines of the distant empire of China, as on the seas that surround our island; and as they are humane, prudent, and intelligent, they will at once see that the course of firmness is the course of humanity; and Napier will be supported in supporting the rights of civilization, whilst he so firmly maintains those of England. We know that he will value, just as much as it deserves, the snarling of that portion of the press, which would lacerate the heels of their fathers to win a dubious smile from their superiors. It is not such writers who can give, or who can injure reputation. We know that all of his countrymen whose good opinion is worth the winning is with him, and we cannot believe that the present liberal government (liberal in the best sense of the word) can be against him.

Who that is acquainted with English history has not glowed when he read the noble and undaunted conduct of Queen Elizabeth's ambassador, when he stood covered in the haughty presence of the ferocious Muscovite? Though the representation of English sovereignty was threatened that he should have his hat nailed to his head,

he bore himself undauntedly, and even compelled the admiration of the fierce barbarian. Is a Chinese viceroy more to be dreaded than a Russian czar, or is William the Fourth less a monarch than Elizabeth? We feel assured that the national honour is safe in the person of Lord Napier. We shall conclude by expressing our wish, that the fiat may go forth from head quarters, to silence the disgusting yelping that has been already begun at the spirited conduct of our representative at Canton; and, that though tea may be for a few months a little dear, that the nation may think that we have something that should be dearer to us than tea.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

WE parted in silence, we parted by night,
 On the banks of that lonely river,
 Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,—
 We met—and we parted for ever.
 The night-bird sang, and the stars above,
 Told many a touching story,
 Of friends long past to the kingdom of love,
 Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence,—our cheeks were wet,
 With the tears that were past controlling;
 We vow'd we would never—no never forget,
 And those vows at the time were consoling:
 But the lips that echoed the vow of mine,
 Are cold as that lonely river;
 And that eye, the beautiful spirit's shrine,
 Has shrouded its fires for ever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
 And my heart grows full to weeping;
 Each *star* is to me as a *sealed book*,
 Some tale of that loved one keeping.
 We parted in silence, we parted in tears,
 On the banks of that lonely river;
 But the odour and bloom of those bygone years,
 Shall hang round its water for ever.

THE PASHA OF MANY TALES.—No. XVI.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S OWN."

"MUSTAPHA," said the Pasha, "I feel as the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, in the tale of Yussuff, related by Menouni, full of care; my soul is weary—my heart is burnt as roast meat."

Mustapha, who had wit enough to perceive that he was to act the part of Giaffar, the vizier, immediately replied, "O Pasha! great and manifold are the cares of state. If thy humble slave may be permitted to advise, thou wilt call in the Chinese dog with two tails, who hath as yet repeated but one of his tales."

"Not so," replied the Pasha "I am weary of his eternal ti-tum, tilly-lilly, which yet ringeth in mine ears. What else canst thou propose?"

"Alem penah! refuge of the world, wilt thou be pleased to order out thy troops, and witness their exercise of djireed? The moon is high in the heavens, and it is light as day."

"Not so," replied the Pasha; "I am tired of war and all that appertains to it. Let the troops sleep in peace."

"Then, O Pasha! will you permit your slave to send for some bottles of the fire-water of the Giaour, that we may drink and smoke until we are elevated to the seven heavens?"

"Nay, good vizier, that is as a last resource, for it is forbidden by the laws of the prophet. Think once more, and thou must have no more brains than a water melon, if this time thou proposest not that which will give me ease."

"Thy slave lives but to hear, and hears but to obey," replied Mustapha. "Then will it please my lord to disguise himself, and walk through the streets of Cairo; the moon is bright, and the hyena prowls not now, but mingles his howlings with those of the jackall afar off."

"Your face is whitened, Mustapha, and it pleaseth us. Let the disguises be prepared, and we will sally forth."

In a short time the disguises were ready, the vizier taking care that they should be those of Armenian merchants, knowing that the Pasha would be pleased with the similarity to those worn by the Great Alraschid: two black slaves, with their swords, followed the Pasha and his vizier at a short distance. The streets were quite empty, and they met with nothing living except here and there a dog preying on the garbage and offal, who snapped and snarled as they passed by. The night promised nothing of adventure, and the Pasha was in no very good humour, when Mustapha perceived a light through the chinks of a closed window in a small hovel, and heard the sound of a voice. He peeped through, the Pasha standing by his side. After a few seconds the vizier made signs to the Pasha to look

¹ Continued from p. 153.

in. The Pasha was obliged to strain his fat body to its utmost altitude, standing on the tips of his toes to enable his eyes to reach the cranny. The interior of the hovel was without furniture, a chest in the centre of the mud floor appeared to serve as table and repository of every thing in it, for the walls were bare. At the fire-place, in which were a few embers, crouched an old woman, a personification of age, poverty, and starvation. She was warming her shrivelled hands over the embers, and occasionally passed one of her hands along her bony arm, saying, "Yes, the time has been—the time has been."

"What can she mean," said the Pasha to Mustapha, "by the time has been?"

"It requires explanation," replied the vizier; "this is certain, that it must mean something."

"Thou hast said well, Mustapha; let us knock and obtain admittance." Mustapha knocked at the door of the hovel.

"There's nothing to steal, so you may as well go," screamed the old woman; "but," continued she, talking to herself, "the time has been—the time has been."

The Pasha desired Mustapha to knock louder. Mustapha applied the hilt of his dagger, and thumped against the door.

"Ay—ay—you may venture to knock now, the sultan's slippers are not at the door," said the old woman; "but," continued she as before, "the time has been—the time has been."

"Sultan's slippers! and time has been!" cried the Pasha. "What does the old hag mean? Knock again, Mustapha?"

Mustapha reiterated his blows.

"Ay—knock—knock—my door is like my mouth. I open it when I choose, and I keep it shut when I choose, as once was well known. The time has been—the time has been."

"We have been a long time waiting here, and I am tired of waiting; so, Mustapha, I think the time is come to kick the door open. Let it be done."

Whereupon Mustapha put his foot to the door, but it resisted his efforts. "Let me assist," said the Pasha, and retreated a few paces; he and Mustapha backed against the door with all their force. It flew open, and they rolled together on the floor of the hovel. The old woman screamed, and then jumping on the body of the Pasha, caught him by the throat, crying, "Thieves! murder!" Mustapha hastened to the assistance of his master, as did the two black slaves, when they heard the cries, and with some difficulty the talons of the old Jezebel were disengaged from the throat of the Pasha, who, in his wrath, would have immediately sacrificed her. "Lahnet be Shitan! Curses on the devil!" exclaimed the Pasha; "but this is pretty treatment for a Pasha."

"Knowest thou, vile wretch, that thou hast taken by the throat, and nearly strangled, the Lord of Life—the Pasha himself?" said Mustapha.

"Well," replied the old woman coolly, "the time has been—the time has been."

"What meanest thou, cursed hag, that the time has been?"

"I mean, that the time has been, when I have had more than one Pasha strangled. Yes," continued she, squatting down on the floor, and muttering, "the time has been."

The Pasha's rage was now a little appeased. "Mustapha," said the Pasha, "let this old woman be carefully guarded; to-morrow afternoon we will understand the meaning of those strange words, 'the time has been.' Depend upon it, thereby hangs a good story; we will have that first—and then," whispered the Pasha, "her head off afterwards."

The old woman, hearing the order to take her into custody, again repeated, "Ah, very well—the time has been." The slaves laid hold of her; but she defended herself so vigorously with her teeth and nails, that they were under the necessity of gagging her, and tying her hand and foot. They then hoisted her on their shoulders, and marched off with her to the palace, followed by Mustapha and the Pasha, the latter quite delighted with his adventure. When the divan of the ensuing day had closed, the old woman was ordered to be brought into the presence of the Pasha; and as she refused to walk, she was brought on the shoulders of four of the guards, and laid on the floor of the council-chamber. "How dare you rebel against the sublime commands?" inquired Mustapha with severity.

"How dare I rebel!" cried the old woman, with a shrill voice. "Why, what right has the Pasha to drag me from my poor hovel; and what can he want with an old woman like me? It's not for his harem, I presume?"

At this remark the Pasha and Mustapha could not help laughing: having recovered his gravity, Mustapha observed, "One would imagine, old carrion that thou art, that the idea of such a punishment as the bastinado had never entered your mind."

"There you are mistaken, Mr. Vizier, for I have suffered both the bastinado and the bowstring."

"And the bowstring! Holy prophet! what a lying old hag!" exclaimed the Pasha.

"No lie, Pasha, no lie!" screamed the old woman in her wrath. "I have said it—and the bowstring. Yes, the time has been, when I was young and beautiful; and do you know why I suffered? I'll tell you—because I would not hold my tongue—and do you think that I will now, that I'm an old piece of carrion? Yes—yes—the time has been."

"Fortunately, then," replied Mustapha, "you are not required by the Pasha to hold your tongue. You are required to do the very contrary, which is, to speak."

"And do you know why I received the bowstring?" screamed the old hag. "I'll tell you—because I would not speak; and I do not intend so to do now, since I find that you wish that I should."

"Then it appears," said the Pasha, taking the pipe out of his mouth, "that the bastinado was as ill managed as the bowstring. We do these things better at Cairo. Hear me, old mother of Shitan! I wish to know what you mean by that expression which is ever in your mouth, 'time has been.'"

"It means a great deal, Pasha, for it refers to my life—you want the story."

“Exactly,” replied Mustapha, “so begin.”

“You must pay me for it—it is worth twenty pieces of gold.”

“Do you presume to make conditions with his sublime Highness the Pasha?” exclaimed Mustapha. “Why, thou mother of Afrits and Ghouls, if thou commencest not immediately, thy carcase shall be thrown over the walls for the wild dogs to smell at, and turn away from in disgust.”

“Vizier, I have lived long enough to trust nobody. My price is twenty pieces of gold counted out in this shrivelled hand before I begin; and without they are paid down—not *one word*.” And the old beldame folded her arms, and looked the Pasha boldly in the face.

“God is great!” exclaimed the Pasha. “We shall see.” At his well-known signal the executioner made his appearance, and holding up the few scattered grey hairs which still remained upon her head, he raised his scimitar, awaiting the nod which was to be succeeded by the fatal blow.

“Strike, Pasha, strike!” cried the old woman scornfully. “I shall only lose a life of which I have long been weary; but you will lose a story of wonder, which you are so anxious to obtain. Strike—for the last time, I say. “Time has been”—before time shall be no more!”

“That is true, Mustapha,” observed the Pasha. “I forgot the story. What an obstinate old devil; but I must hear the story.”

“If it appears good to your absolute wisdom,” said Mustapha in a low voice, “would it not be better to count down to this avaricious old hag, the twenty pieces of gold which she demands? When her story is ended, it will be easy to take them from her, and her head from her shoulders. Thus will be satisfied the demands of the old woman, and the demands of justice.”

“Wallah Thaib! it is well said, by Allah! Your words are as pearls. Count out the money, Mustapha.”

“His Highness the Pasha has been pleased, in consideration of the fear and trembling with which you have entered his presence, to order that the sum which you require shall be paid down,” said Mustapha, pulling out his purse from his girdle. “Murakkas, you are dismissed,” continued the vizier to the executioner, who let go the old woman, and disappeared. Mustapha counted out the twenty pieces of gold, and shoved them towards the old woman, who after some demur, as if imagining that they ought to have been brought to her, got up and took possession of them. She counted them over, and returned one piece as being of light weight. Mustapha, with a grimace, but without speaking, exchanged it for another.

“By the beard of the prophet!” muttered the Pasha; “but never mind.”

The old woman took out a piece of dirty rag, wrapped up the gold pieces, and placing them in her vest, smoothed down her dirty garments, and then commenced as follows:—

“Pasha, I have not always lived in a hovel. These eyes were not always bleared and dim, nor this skin wrinkled and discoloured. I have not always been covered with these filthy rags—nor have I always wanted or coveted the gold which you have just now bestowed upon me. I have lived in palaces—I have commanded there. I have

been robed in gold—I have been covered with jewels. I have dispensed life and death—I have given away provinces. Pashas have trembled at my frown—have received by my orders the bowstring—for at one time I was the favourite of the grand sultan. Time has been.”

“It must have been a long time ago, then,” observed the Pasha.

“That is true,” replied the old woman; “but I will now narrate my adventures. I was born in Georgia, where, as your Highness knows, the women are reckoned to be more beautiful than in any other country, except indeed Circassia; but, in my opinion, the Circassian women are much too tall, and on too large a scale, to compete with us; and I may safely venture my opinion, as I have had an opportunity of comparing many hundreds of the finest specimens of both countries. My father and mother, although not rich, were in easy circumstances: my father had been a janissary in the sultan’s immediate employ, and after he had collected some property, he returned to his own country, where he purchased some land and married. I had but one brother, who was three years older than myself, and one of the handsomest youths in the country. He was disfigured a little by a scarlet stain on his neck, somewhat in shape resembling a bunch of grapes, and which our national dress would not permit him to conceal. My father intending that he should serve the sultan, brought him up to a perfect knowledge of every martial exercise. Even at fourteen years old, few could compete with him in the use of the bow, and throwing the djireed, and as a horseman he was perfect. As for me, I was, I am certain, intended for the sultan’s seraglio, for as a child, I was beautiful as a houri. My father was a man who would not scruple to part with his children for gold, provided he obtained his price. I was considered, and I believe that I was, the most beautiful girl in the country, and every care was taken that I should not injure my appearance or hurt my complexion by domestic labour or exposure. I was not permitted to assist my mother, who, induced by my father’s orders, waited upon me. I was indulged in every whim, and I grew up as selfish and capricious as I was beautiful. Smile not, Pasha—time has been.

“One day, when I was about fourteen years old, I was sitting at the porch, when a large body of Turkish cavalry suddenly made their appearance from a wood close to the house, and surrounded it. They evidently came for me, for they demanded me by name, threatening to burn the house down to the ground, if I was not immediately delivered up. Our house, which was situated near the confines of the country, had been constructed for defence, and my father expecting assistance from his neighbours, refused to acquiesce to their terms. The assault was made, my father and mother, with all their household were murdered, my brother severely wounded, the house plundered and burnt to the outside walls. I was of course a prisoner as well as my brother. He was tied, wounded as he was, upon one horse, and I upon another, and in a few hours the party had regained the frontiers. A young man, handsome as an angel, was the leader of the band, and I soon perceived that all his thoughts and attentions were directed to me. He watched me with the greatest solicitude

when we halted, procured me every comfort, and was always hovering about my presence. From the discourse of the soldiers I discovered that he was the only son of the Grand Vizier at Stamboul. He had heard of my beauty, had seen me, and offered a large sum to my father, who had refused, as his ambition was that I should belong to the Sultan—in consequence I had been carried off by force. I could have loved the beautiful youth, although he had murdered my father and mother, but it was the taking me by force which steeled my heart, and I vowed that I never would listen to his addresses, although I was so completely in his power. During the time that I had been in his possession I had never spoken one word, and it came into my head that I would pretend to be dumb. In three weeks we arrived at Constantinople. Since I had quitted the country I had never seen my brother; his wound was too severe to allow him to travel with the same rapidity, and it was not until years afterwards that I knew what had become of him. I was taken to Osman Ali's house, and allowed a few days to repose from the fatigue of the journey; after which, as I was still but a child, I was ordered to be instructed in music, dancing, singing, and every other accomplishment, considered necessary for the ladies of a harem. But I adhered to my resolution; every method to induce me to speak was tried in vain; even blows, torture from pinching, and other means were resorted to, but would not induce me to swerve from my resolution; at last they concluded that I was either born dumb, or had become so from fright at the time that the attack and slaughter of my family took place. I was eighteen months in the harem of Osman Ali, and never spoke one word."

"Mashallah! but this is wonderful," exclaimed the Pasha—"a woman hold her tongue for eighteen months! Who is to believe this?"

"Not at all wonderful," replied the old woman, "when you recollect that she was required to speak. Once, and once only, did I nearly break through my resolution. Two of the principal favourites were conversing in my presence.

" 'I cannot imagine,' said one, 'what Ali can see in this little minx to be so infatuated with her. She is very ugly—her mouth is large—her teeth are yellow—and her eyes not only have no expression, but look different ways. She has one shoulder higher than the other; and worse than all, being dumb, cannot be taught any thing but dancing, which only shows her ugly broad feet.'

" 'That is all true,' replied the other. 'If I was Ali, I should employ her as a common slave; she is fit for nothing but to roll up and beat carpets, boil rice, and prepare our coffee. A little of the slipper on her mouth would soon bring her to her senses.'

"I must own that I was near breaking through my resolution that I might have indulged my revenge, and had not the door suddenly opened, I should have proved to them that I could have spoken to some purpose, for never would I have ceased until they had both been sown up in sacks and cast into the Bosphorus. But I restrained myself, although my cheeks burned with rage, and I more than once put my hand to my jewelled dagger.

"I was often visited by Osman Ali, who in vain attempted to make

me speak; a harsh guttural sound was all which I would utter to express pain or pleasure. At last, being convinced that I was dumb, he exchanged me with a slave merchant for a beautiful Circassian girl. He did not state my supposed infirmity, but gave as his reason for parting with me, that I was too young, and required to be taught. As soon as the bargain was struck, and the merchant had received the money which had been given by Ali to effect the exchange, I was spoiled of my dress and ornaments, put in a litter to be conveyed to the house of the slave-merchant. As your Highness may imagine, not a little tired of holding my tongue for a year and a half——."

"By the beard of the Prophet, we can believe you in that point, good woman. You may proceed."

"Yes, yes, I may proceed. You think women have no resolution, and no souls—be it so—and what you dignify with the name of perseverance in your own sex, you call obstinacy in ours. Be it so—time has been.

"I was no sooner in the litter than I let loose my tongue, and called out to the women who were appointed to conduct me to the door of the harem—'Tell Osman Ali, that now I am no longer his slave, that I have found my tongue.' Then closing the curtains, I was carried away. As soon as I arrived, I told the merchant all that had passed, and the reason why Ali had parted with me. The merchant, who was astonished at having made so good a bargain, laughed heartily at my narrative. He told me that he intended me for the seraglio of the Sultan—flattered me by declaring that I should be certainly the favourite, and advised me to profit all I could by the masters he would provide. In the mean time, Osman Ali having heard from the women the message I had sent, was very wroth, and came to the slave-merchant to procure me again; but the slave-merchant informed him that the Kishlar Aga of the Sultan had seen me, and ordered me to be reserved for the imperial seraglio; by this falsehood, screening himself, not only from Ali's importunities but also from his vengeance. I took the advice of my master, and in a little more than a year became a proficient in music and most other accomplishments; I also learnt to write and read, and to repeat most of the verses of Haffez, and other celebrated poets. At seventeen I was offered to the Kishlar Aga as a prodigy of beauty and talent. The Kishlar Aga came to see me, and was astonished; he saw at once that I should immediately become first favourite, and after having heard me sing and play, he demanded my price, which was enormous. He reported me to the Sultan, stating that he had never beheld such perfection, and at the same time informing him of the exorbitant demand of the slave-merchant. The Sultan, who had lately felt little interest in the inmates of his harem, and was anxious for novelty, ordered the sum to be paid, and I was conducted to the seraglio in a royal litter.

"That I was anxious to be purchased by the Sultan I confess: my pride rebelled at the idea of being a slave, and if I was to be so, at least I wished to be the slave of the Sultan. I indulged the idea that I should soon bring him to subjection, and that the slave would lord

it over her master, and that master, the dispenser of life and death, honour and disgrace, to millions. I had made up my mind how to behave; the poets I had read had taught me but too well. Convinced that a little wilfulness would, from its novelty, be most likely to captivate one who had been accustomed to dull and passive obedience, I allowed my natural temper to be unchecked. The second day after my arrival, the Kislär Aga informed me that the Sultan intended to honour me with a visit, and that the baths and dresses were prepared. I replied, that I had bathed that morning, and did not intend to bathe again—as for the dresses and jewels I did not require them, and that I was ready to receive my lord, the Sultan, if he pleased to come. The Kislär Aga opened his eyes with astonishment at my presumption, but not venturing to use force to one who in his opinion would become the favourite, he returned to the Sultan, reporting to him what had passed. The Sultan, as I expected, was more amused at the novelty than affronted at the want of respect. ‘Be it so,’ replied he, ‘this Georgian must have a good opinion of her own charms.’

“In the evening the Sultan made his appearance, and I prostrated myself at his feet, for I did not wish to proceed too far at once. He raised me up and appeared delighted.

“‘You were right, Zara,’ said he, ‘no jewels or dress could add to the splendour of thy beauty.’

“‘Pardon me, O gracious lord,’ replied I, ‘but if thy slave is to please thee, may it be by her natural charms alone. If I have the honour to continue in thy favour, let me adorn myself with those jewels which ought to decorate the chosen of her master—but as a candidate I have rejected them, for who knows but in a few days I may be deserted for one more worthy of your preference?’

“The Sultan was delighted at my apology, and I certainly was pleased with him. He was then about forty years of age, very handsome and well made; but I was still more gratified to find that my conversation amused him so much that he remained with me for many hours after his usual time for retiring. This gave promise of an ascendancy which might survive personal charms. But not to detain your Highness, I will at once state, the Sultan soon thought but of me. Not only my personal attractions, but my infinite variety, which appeared natural, but was generally planned and sketched out previous to his visits, won so entirely upon him, that so far from being tired, his passion, I may say his love, for me, was every day increased.”

“Well, it *may be* all true,” observed the Pasha, looking at the wrinkled and hideous object before him. “What do you say, Mustapha?”

“O Pasha! we know not yet her history. The mother of your slave, as I have heard from my father, was once most beautiful. She is still in our harem, and *pooh*,” said Mustapha, spitting, as if in abhorrence.

“Right, good Vizier—right—recollect, Pasha, what I have said. Time has been.” The Pasha nodded, and the old woman proceeded.

“Once sure of the Sultan’s affections, I indulged myself in greater

liberties—not with him, but with others; for I knew that he would laugh at the tricks I might play upon his dependants, but not be equally pleased with a want of respect towards himself; and other people of the harem were the objects of my caprice and amusement. So far from preventing him from noticing the other women in the harem, I would recommend them, and often have them in my apartments when he would visit me, and wish to be alone. I generally contrived to manage a little quarrel about once a month, as it renewed his passion. In short, the Sultan became, as I intended, so infatuated, that he was my slave, and at the same time I felt an ardent attachment to him. My power was well known. The presents which I received from those who required my good offices were innumerable, and I never retained them, but sent them as presents to the Sultan, in return for those which he repeatedly sent to me. This indifference on my part to what women are usually too fond of, increased his regard.”

“By the holy prophet, but you seemed fond enough of gold just now,” observed the Pasha.

“Time has been,” replied the old woman. “I speak not of the present.”

“For two years I passed a happy life; but anxious as the Sultan was, as well as myself, that I should present him with an heir, that happiness was denied me, and eventually was the cause of my ruin. The queen mother, and the Kishlar Aga, both of whom I had affronted; were indefatigable in their attempts to undermine my power. The whole universe, I may say, was ransacked for a new introduction into the seraglio, whose novelty and beauty might seduce the Sultan from my arms. Instead of counterplotting, as I might have done, I was pleased at their frustrated efforts. Had I demanded the woolly head of the one, and poisoned the other, I had done wisely. I only wish I had them now—but I was a fool—it cannot be helped—but time has been.

“Like most of the sex, the ruling passion of the Sultan was vanity, a disease which shows itself in a thousand different shapes. He was peculiarly proud of his person, and with reason, for it was faultless, with one little exception, which I had discovered, a wen, about the size of a pigeon’s egg, under the left arm. I had never mentioned to him that I was aware of it; but a circumstance occurred which annoyed me, and I forgot my discretion.

“The Kishlar Aga had at last discovered a Circassian slave, who he thought would effect the purpose. She was beautiful, and I had already engrossed the Sultan’s attentions for more than two years. Men will be fickle, and I expected no otherwise. What I required was the dominion over the mind; I cared little about the Sultan’s attentions to other women. Like the tamed bird which flies from its cage, and after wandering a short time, is glad to return to his home and re-assume his perch, so did I consider it would be the case with the Sultan. I never, therefore, wearied him with tears or reproaches, but won him back with smiles and good-humour. I expected that this new face would detach him for a short time, and for a fortnight he never came into my apartment. He had never been away so long before, and I was rather uneasy. He visited me one morning, and I

asked him to sup with me. He consented, and I invited three or four of the most beautiful women of the seraglio, as well as the lady of his new attachment to meet him. I thought it wise so to do, to prove to him that I was not displeased, and trusting that the Circassian might suffer when in company with others of equal charms, who from neglect might reassume their novelty. The Circassian was undeniably most beautiful, but, without vanity, she was by no means to be compared to me; she had the advantage of novelty, and I hoped no more, for I felt what a dangerous rival she might prove if her wit and talents were equal to her personal charms. The Sultan came, and I exerted myself to please, but to my mortification, I was neglected; his only attentions and thoughts were on my rival, who played her part to admiration, yielding to him that profound respect and abject adulation, which, on my part, had been denied him, and which he probably, as a novelty from a favourite, set a higher price upon. At last, I was treated with such marked insult, that I lost my temper, and I determined that the Sultan should do the same. I handed him a small apple. 'Will my lord accept this apple from the hand of his slave? is it not curious in shape? It reminds me of the wen under your majesty's left arm.'

"The Sultan coloured with rage.

"'Yes,' replied I, laughing, 'you have one of them, you know very well.'

"'Silence, Zara,' cried the sultan, in a firm tone.

"'And why should I be silent, my lord? Have not I spoken the truth?'

"'False woman! deny what you have falsely uttered.'

"'Sultan, I will not deny the truth. I will, if you command me, hold my tongue.'

"'Your slave has been honoured by my lord's attentions, and denies the assertion as a calumny,' observed my rival.

"'Peace, wretch, thou hast proved thyself unworthy of the honour, by thy lying tongue.'

"'I tell thee, Zara, silence, or you shall feel my indignation.'

"But I was now too angry, and I replied, 'My lord, you well know that I once held my tongue for eighteen months; I therefore can be silent when I choose; but I can also speak when I choose, and now I do choose to speak. I have said it, and I will not retract my words.'

"The Sultan was white with rage; my life hung upon a thread; when the Circassian maliciously observed, 'The bastinado might induce her to retract.'

"'And shall,' exclaimed the Sultan, clapping his hands.

"The Kíslar Aga appeared, in obedience to the Sultan's orders; the executioner of the harem, and two slaves, stretched me on the floor—I made no resistance or complaint; my jewelled slippers were taken off, and all was ready for the disgraceful punishment.

"'Now, Zara, will you retract?' said the sultan, solemnly.

"'No, my lord, I will not. I repeat, that you have a wen under your left arm.'

"'Strike,' cried the Sultan, in a paroxysm of rage. The bamboos

fell, and I received a dozen blows. I bore them without a cry; I was too much choked by my feelings.

“ ‘Now, Zara, will you retract?’ exclaimed the Sultan, in a subdued tone.

“ ‘Never, Sultan; I will prove to you that a woman has more courage than you may imagine; if I die under the punishment, my rival shall not have even the pleasure of a groan. You ask me to retract. I will not swerve from the truth. You have, and you know you have, and so does that vile parasite by your side, know that you have, a wen under your left arm.’ I was faint with the pain, and my voice was weak and trembling.

“ ‘Proceed,’ said the Sultan.

“ ‘When I had received thirty blows, I fainted with the agony, and the Sultan ordered them to desist. ‘I trust, Zara, you are now sufficiently punished for your disobedience.’ But I heard him not; and when the Sultan, perceiving that I did not reply, looked at me, his heart melted. He felt how arbitrary, how cruel he had been. The Circassian went to him; he ordered her, in a voice of thunder, to be gone, me to be unbound by the other ladies, laid on the sofa, and restoratives to be procured. When I came to my senses, I found myself alone with the Sultan. ‘Oh! Zara,’ said he, as the tears stood in his eyes, ‘why did you tempt me thus—why were you so obstinate?’

“ ‘My lord,’ answered I, in a feeble voice, ‘leave your slave, and go to those who can teach their tongues to lie. I have never deceived you, although I may have displeased you. I have loved you with fidelity and truth. Now that you have witnessed what I can suffer rather than be guilty of falsehood, you ought to believe me. Take my life, my lord, and I will bless you; for I have lost you, and with you I have lost more than life.’

“ ‘Not so, Zara,’ replied the sultan; ‘I love you more than ever.’

“ ‘I am glad to hear you say so, my lord, ‘although it is now of no avail. I am no longer yours, and never will be. I am unfit to be yours; my person has been contaminated by the touch of Ethiopian slaves—it has been polluted by the body of the executioner—it has been degraded by a chastisement due only to felons. Oblige me, as a last proof of your kindness, by taking a life which is a burthen to me.’

“ ‘Despot as he was, the Sultan was much moved; he was mortified at having yielded to his temper, and his passionate affection for me had returned. He entreated my pardon, shed tears over me, kissed my swelled feet, and humiliated himself so much, that my heart relented—for I loved him dearly still.

“ ‘Zara,’ exclaimed he, at last; ‘will you not forgive me?’

“ ‘When, my lord, have I ever shown myself jealous? True love is above jealousy. This evening, to please you, although I have lately been neglected, did I not request your new favourite to meet you? In return, I was grossly insulted by neglect, and studied attentions to her. I was piqued, and revenged myself—for I am but a woman, and I was wrong in so doing, but having told the truth, I was right in not retracting what I had said. Now that you have degraded me, now

that you have rendered me unworthy of you, you ask me to forgive you.'

" 'And again I implore it, my dearest Zara!'

" 'There are my jewels, my lord. I have no other property but what I have received, and cherished as presents from you. Your treasurer well knows that. Take my jewels, my lord, and present them to her, they will make her more beautiful in your sight—to me they are now worthless. Go to her, and in a few days you will forget that ever there was such a person as the unhappy, the neglected, the disgraced, and polluted Zara.' And I burst into tears, for even with all his ill usage, I was miserable at the idea of parting with him; for what will not a woman forgive to a man who has obtained her favour and her love?

" 'What can I do to prove that I repent?' cried the Sultan. 'Tell me, Zara. I have supplicated for pardon, what more can I do?'

" 'Let my lord efface all traces and memory of my degradation. Was not I struck by two vile slaves, who will babble through the city? Was not I held down by an executioner? These arms, which have wound round the master of the world, and no other, polluted by his gripe.'

" The Sultan clapped his hands, and the Kiskar Aga appeared. 'Quick,' exclaimed he; 'the heads of the slaves and executioner who inflicted the punishment.' In a minute the Kiskar Aga appeared; he perceived how matters stood, and trembled for his own. He held up the three heads, one after another, and then returned them to the sack of sawdust in which they had been brought.

" 'Are you satisfied now, Zara?'

" 'For myself, yes—but not for you. Who was it that persuaded you to descend from your dignity, and lower yourself, by yielding to the instigations of malice? Who was it that advised the *bastinado*? As a woman, I am too proud to be jealous of her; but as one who values your honour and your reputation, I cannot permit you to have so dangerous a councillor. Your virgins, your omras, your princes, will all be at her mercy; your throne may be overturned by her taking advantage of her power.'

" The Sultan hesitated.

" 'Sultan, you have but to choose between; if she be alive to-morrow morning, I am dead by my own hand. You know I never lie.'

" The Sultan clapped his hands, the Kiskar Aga again appeared. 'Her head,' said he, hesitatingly. The Kiskar Aga waited a little, to ascertain if there was no reprieve, for too hasty a compliance with despots is almost as dangerous as delay. He caught my eye—he saw at once, that if not her head, it would be his own, and he quitted the room. In a few minutes he held up by its fair tresses the head of my beautiful rival; I looked at the distorted features, and was satisfied. I motioned with my hand, and the Kiskar Aga withdrew.

" 'Now, Zara, do you forgive me? Now do you believe that I sincerely love you, and have I obtained my pardon?'

" 'Yes,' replied I, 'I do, Sultan; I forgive you all; and now—I will permit you to sit by me, and bathe my feet.'

" From that day I resumed my empire with more despotic power

than ever. I insisted that I should refuse his visits when I felt so inclined, and when I imagined that there was the slightest degree of satiety on his part, he was certain to be refused admittance for a fortnight. I became the depositary of his secrets, and the mover of his councils. My sway was unlimited, and I never abused it. I loved him, and his honour and his welfare were the only guides to my conduct.

"But your Highness will probably be tired, and as I have now told how it was that I suffered the bastinado; you will perhaps wait till to-morrow for the history of the bowstring."

"I believe that the old woman is right," said Mustapha, yawning, "it is late. Is it your Highness's pleasure that she shall return to-morrow evening?"

"Be it so; but let her be in close custody, Mustapha—you remember."

"Be chesm—on my eyes be it. Guards, remove this woman from the sublime presence."

"It appears to me," said the Pasha to Mustapha, "that this old woman's story may be true. The description of the harem is so correct—commanding one day, bastinadoed the next."

"Who can doubt the fact, your sublime Highness. The lord of life dispenses as he thinks fit."

"Very true; he might send me the bowstring to-morrow."

"Allah forbid!"

"I pray with you; but life is uncertain, and it is our fate. You are my vizier to day, for instance, what may you be to-morrow?"

"Whatever your Highness may decide," replied Mustapha, not much liking the turn of the conversation. "Am not I your slave—and as the dirt under your feet—and shall I not bow to your sovereign pleasure and my destiny?"

"It is well said, and so must I, if the caliph sends me a Capitan Badji, which Allah forbid. There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet."

"Amen," replied Mustapha. "Will your Highness drink of the water of the Giaour?"

"Yes, truly; for what says the poet? 'We are merry to-day, and to-morrow we die.'"

"Min Allah—God forbid! That old woman has lived a long while, why shouldn't we?"

"I don't know; but she has had the bowstring and is not yet dead. We may not be so fortunate."

"May we never have it at all; then shall we escape, O Pasha."

"True, Mustapha; so give me the bottle."

THE MAID OF MALAHIDE.*

A BALLAD.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

THE dark-eyed maid of Malahide
Her silken bodice laced,
And on her brow with virgin pride,
The bridal chaplet placed :
Her heart is beating high, her cheek
Is flushed with rosy shame,
As laughing bridemaids slily speak
The gallant bridegroom's name.

The dark-eyed maid of Malahide
Before the altar stands,
And Galtrim claims his blushing bride,
From pure and holy hands ;—
But hark ! what fearful sounds are those ?
“ To arms, to arms ! ” they cry ;—
The bride's sweet cheek no longer glows,
Fear sits in that young eye.

The gallants all are must'ring now,
The bridegroom's helm is on ;—
One look, upon that wreathed brow,
One kiss, and he is gone !
The feast is spread ; but many a knight,
That should have graced that hall,
Will sleep anon, in cold moonlight,
Beneath a gory pall.

The garlands, bright with rainbow dyes,
In gay festoons are hung,
The starry lamps outshine the skies,
The golden harps are strung ;
But she, the moving spring of all,
Hath sympathy with none
That meet in that old festive hall ;—
And now the feast's begun.

Hark, to the clang of arms ! 'tis he,
The bridegroom chief, returned,
Crowned with the wreath of victory,
By his good weapon earned ?

* In the church of Malahide, in Ireland, are the tomb and effigy of the Lady Maud Plunket, sister of the first Lord Dunsany, of whom it is recorded that “ she was maid, wife, and widow, in one day.” Her first husband, Hussey, Baron of Galtrim, was called from the altar to head “ a hosting of the English against the Irishry,” and was brought back to the bridal banquet a corpse upon the shields of his followers.—*Fifteenth Century.*

'Twas Evening when I left the Vale.

Victorious bands indeed return ;
 But on their shields they bear
 The laurelled chief, and melt, though stern,
 At that young bride's despair.

"Take—take the roses from my brow,
 The jewels from my waist ;—
 I have no need of such things now :"
 And then her cheek she placed
 Close to his dead cold cheek, and wept,
 As one may wildly weep,
 When the *last* hope the heart had kept
 Lies buried in the deep.

Long years have passed, since that young bride
 Bewailed her widow'd doom ;
 The holy walls of Malahide
 Still shrine her marble tomb ;
 And sculpture there has sought to prove,
 With rude essay of art,
 What form she wore in life, whose love
 Did grace her woman's heart.

'T WAS EVENING WHEN I LEFT THE VALE!

Air—" *The Maid of Snowdon.*"

'T WAS evening when I left the vale,
 That nursed my boyish years,—
 My father's manly cheek was pale,
 My mother's wet with tears ;
 Then borne upon the breeze of night,
 I heard the distant bells
 Come o'er those waters, coldly bright,
 With all their breathing spells ;—
 Sweet village bells ! sweet village bells !
 With all their breathing spells.

The stars are in the blue sky set,
 And light is on the sea,
 And some that parted—now are met—
 But who shall welcome me ?
 They light not home's unwreathed bowers,
 Of whom my spirit tells,
 Nor come, as when in happier hours
 I heard those village bells ;—
 Sweet village bells ! sweet village bells
 With all their breathing spells.

THE OXONIAN:—No. IX.¹*Parvi sunt foris arma nisi est consilium domi.*

LAST Wednesday being the day on which my old friend had fixed for coming to Oxford, I was walking to the Star Inn, towards the afternoon, with the view of meeting him, when I encountered Sir Anthony, who was accompanied as usual by his little dogs. After he had informed me that he did not feel any pleasure now at having passed his little go, and had made some further observations concerning the different shopkeepers whom he intended to cut, for having had the impudence to send a Roman Catholic to parliament, he told me that there was a very queer-looking old fellow just got down from a yellow gig opposite the Star; and that, since I was expecting an old clergyman and his nephew, perhaps he might be the very person; especially as he had a fresh-looking youngster with him. I had no sooner got this piece of information, than I unloosened my coat-button from Sir Anthony's fingers, and wishing him good afternoon, proceeded to the inn above-mentioned, where indeed I was fortunate enough to find the old gentleman already occupied in seeing his horse Bob fed; for it is to be observed, that he has a particular affection for this horse, who is now twenty-three years old, and has carried him about on his parish rounds as long as I can remember. My old friend no sooner saw me, than he shook me by the hand after his usual hearty manner, saying that he knew I did not mind gloves with a friend, and then turning round towards his nephew, bade me observe whether Timothy was not grown a full six inches since I last saw him. The old gentleman boasted a new black coat, which he said he had got made for him in honour of Oxford, where he had not been for forty years. He wore his usual broad-brimmed hat, with some new crape, which he had put on, he informed me, on coming to Oxford, out of respect for a late member of the royal family; and in other respects, was dressed in his usual old-fashioned style, which suited very well with his long white hair. As for his nephew, he was indeed quite a freshman in appearance, having a huge white hat on his head, a yellow neckcloth, and very tight nankeen trowsers, below which might be discerned some blue-worsted stockings. Since I do not perceive that I shall have a better opportunity, I will further observe of this gentleman in this place, that he is the son of Mr. Llewellyn's sister, and was taken up by him at her death, in return for some very ungenerous treatment that he once received from her.

I did not stay long with them that evening, since I made no doubt of Mr. Llewellyn being tired with his journey of two days, although he would not own it, for he prides himself upon being very strong. However, I was with them at breakfast the next morning, and after every thing had been settled to the old gentleman's satisfaction, concerning Timothy's entrance on the books of Jesus' College, and his matriculation, we took a walk round the town, beginning at Radcliffe Square.

Brazenose College was the first building in this square that Mr. Llewellyn wished to see; "for," said he, "I should like to satisfy

¹ Continued from p. 160.

myself, whether the old nose over the gateway is still in existence." Accordingly we directed our steps thither the first thing, and the old gentleman had no sooner taken a full survey of the gate, than he informed me, that he was quite sure the nose had grown at least an inch longer in the last forty years. "Besides," said he, "I perceive it is newly gilt, which, I suppose, was done in honour of the installation, unless indeed it be intended to preserve it from the rain." Then turning round to me, he added, "Upon my word, sir, you must be very gay fellows in Oxford now-a-days, when you take such care of your noses." After this sally he stepped up to the porter, who was standing at the entrance of the lodge, and asked him how long he had been at Brazennose, for that he should like to know who it was that had taken it into his head to paint all over white the statue of Cain and Abel; or rather, as he considered it to be, of Sampson and a Philistine. The porter not being able to answer this question, he pursued him with a variety of other interrogatories, as to the names of any old fellows of the college who might still be alive. "For," added he, "you must know that I am a Brazennose man myself, although I have no gown on; and a very good college it is, only I am sorry to see how they have treated poor Sampson." Saying these words, he took out his money bag, for he never uses a purse, and put a sovereign into the porter's hands, giving him to understand that he should like to have it spent among the servants of the college in ale, when it should be Betty Morley's day.

From Brazennose we walked on round by Radcliffe library, down High Street, the eldest of my companions remarking to me, all the while, the number of alterations that he perceived, and every now and then giving me some anecdote of old times. As for Timothy, he was not yet recovered from his matriculation, which, he said, had frightened him very much, especially that part of it, which consists in writing down your name in Latin. "But," said he, "there was a very good-natured old chap who helped me through, and when I did not know what Latin to put for my father's profession, since my father was dead, he told me to put 'Armiger,' which I did. However," he went on, "I have gained one thing by it at any rate, and that is, this Latin book full of oaths, which the old fellow gave me for nothing, and I intend learning to construe the first five pages to-night, if I can get an Ainsworth; because if I don't do this, I shall never know what I have been swearing about, and perhaps may break my oath some day by accident." His uncle commended this plan very much, adding, to me, in a whisper, that Timothy was very sharp for his age, and had already read four plays of Euripides. As we were walking along the street, I could perceive Timothy every now and then, when he thought nobody was looking, put his hand into his coat pocket and draw out his book. This at last was observed by his uncle, who, thinking it right to give him a lesson in good manners, bade him understand, that now he was a member of the most famous university in the world, it did not become him to read a book in the street, unless he had his cap and gown on. "And this reminds me," said he, "that you have got no cap and gown yet, so we will turn in at my old tailor's, and buy them for you, since I do not like to see you in the street with a hat." Upon this the old gentleman quickened his step, and in a few minutes

we were at Mr. Joy's, opposite Wadham College, where he had his nephew fitted very much to his satisfaction in new academicals. As we came out, he observed, that old Mr. Joy, he supposed, was dead, but that he thought he could perceive a likeness to him in his son. "And now, Timothy," said he, "I must remind you always to have your clothes of this person, for from what he said to me, I find him to be a regular honest Tory, besides which, he is a very good tailor, as I see by his eye; and it is better to have even a bad coat made by a Tory, than a good coat made by a Whig." As he had finished these words, we were again in High Street, upon which the old gentleman inquired of me who were all those gay fellows in hats, walking up and down. "For," said he, "I scarce think they can all be apprentices, so I suppose they must be visitors, according to which, Oxford must have a great many visitors just now, for I do not see above five or six gentlemen with caps and gowns on." Upon my telling him that all those whom he took for visitors were Oxford men, for that caps and gowns were very little worn in daytime, he would hardly believe me at first, since in his time, he said, the young men might never appear in High Street without the regular academicals, and silk stockings besides. But when at last he was persuaded of the truth, he put on a very grave face, and said it was a bad sign of the times, which he hoped Timothy would never countenance. "Indeed," said he, to his nephew, "I shall expect you to wear your cap and gown; even if you walk so far as Abingdon; for it was so in my time; nay, we used even to row on the Isis in our academicals, but this last I will excuse you in hot weather." Timothy answered to this, that he would do just what his uncle wished, especially if he found it down in his Latin book, which he should consider himself very wicked if he did not obey to the full. He then asked me how many boys I thought there were at Jesus, and whether the Easter holidays would last more than a week, for that if they lasted longer than a week, he should be able to go home to his uncle's, and construe the whole book to him, which he hoped to have quite perfect by that time. This speech put the old gentleman nearly into good humour again; but since he still kept declaiming against the use of hats, I explained to him that if we were not so strict in that particular as we used to be, we were much stricter in other things of more importance, such as the examinations, and the conduct of the young men, who were much more steady than formerly. To this Mr. Llewellyn answered, that what I said might be very true, but that if the young men were more steady, they had no business for that reason to leave off caps and gowns. Whilst this conversation was going on, we had passed through Christ Church, after which we went to all the other places in Oxford worth seeing, not excepting the New Clarendon. Nor did we reach my lodgings, where we were to dine, till five o'clock, Mr. Llewellyn observing, as he entered the door, that the young men whom he had met in the streets, were not half such fine looking hearty fellows as the young men of his time, which was to be accounted for, he supposed, by their reading so hard; "for which reason, Timothy," said he, "you must promise me not to read more than six hours a day, for I do not want you to be a learned scholar, but a good strong parson, which is a much better thing."

I had Fancely to dine with us, since he was acquainted with Mr. Llewellyn, from having stayed part of a summer vacation at our house. Accordingly, by this help, my old friend was kept up at a constant pitch of high glee, till it was time for Young's, the debating society; for he has a wonderful quantity of spirits at his disposal, and is never so delighted as when telling anecdotes after his own peculiar style of wit. After tea, Fancely, who has a great hate for politics and debates, went with Timothy to Jesus College, with the view of settling him in his new rooms, (for he was to reside at once,) whilst the old gentleman took my arm, and was escorted by me in safety to the debating rooms, which to our good fortune were open that very evening, it being Thursday. As we passed through the vestibule, I was pleased to perceive Classman, with Grumblemore, and one or two others, standing round the fire. They were engaged, it seemed, in some political disputation, of which I could only hear the last words of Grumblemore, affirming with a loud voice that the ministers could not stand for the next three months. This was no sooner heard by my companion, than, breaking from my arm, he walked up to the fire and said very steadily, "Sir, I beg leave to say that I do not agree with you at all on that point." It is not to be wondered that Grumblemore was startled in some degree by this intruder, however since he has a great respect for age in practice, although he considers such respect to be very absurd in theory, he made a low bow, and walking up to me he asked me, in an under tone, if that was the old gentleman that I had been talking of bringing to the debating society; "for," said he, "if he is, there is Classman here, not going to speak to night, who knows the new speakers better than you, and will tell him their names as they get up. As for me, you know I always take a particular seat on the left, that I may have my own set about me." These last words he said with some show of importance, for, if I do not mistake, he is rather vain of being distinguished as a radical. Meanwhile the old gentleman had been making himself at home with Classman, and since the room was not as yet so full but we had our choice of seats, we took him between us, and set down at about the third row on the right hand. Although I make no doubt of my worthy friend having been something of a spectacle, no one stared at him in the least, except when once or twice he whispered in rather a louder tone than usual. One thing that he could by no means comprehend, was how the not having been introduced could prevent us from speaking to those who sat next to us. "For," said he, "in my time, I would have you know we were much more men of the world, and did not mind talking to any one." Some time after this, he observed to me, that he was quite sure young fellows were much cleverer now than they used to be, for, that in his time the young men used to let government go on just as it pleased, and mind nothing but hunting and shooting, whereas now a-days your young men were not content without a senate and orators of their own.

Just as he had concluded these words, the business of the evening commenced, upon which he became very silent till three or four speeches had been got through. Then turning to me, he asked what the subject was, "for," said he, "I have been listening to one speech after another, till at last I cannot, for the world, make out what it is

all about." I answered that the subject was "the present ministry," which he no sooner understood, than he whispered that he could now perceive very clearly what was the meaning of the speeches. "But for my own part," said he, "I think the best plan would be, to have a board, with the subject painted upon it in large letters, put up in the place of a picture, over the head of that tall young gentleman in the high seat. Just as I have it in my church for the Psalms, only that I have a slate instead of a board." A few minutes after this, when Grumblemore got up, he whispered me, "I have no doubt, that young fellow will make a fool of himself; and then if the short stout gentleman in black, who keeps his hand on the table when he speaks, will only attack him with one of his sound arguments, and turn him over, it will please me very much. By-the-by," added he, turning to Classman, "will you be so good as to tell me who that short gentleman in black is? for I must say I like him very much, since he talks just like a newspaper." When Classman had satisfied him in this particular, he said that he was very sorry to trouble him again, but that he should be much pleased with knowing who that gentleman was with the reddish hair, for that he spoke and moved himself like a real orator, although he was a Whig. Classman told him the name and college of this gentleman also; adding, that if there were any one else that he wanted to be described, he should be very happy to give an account of him. This language was very pleasing to the old gentleman, who accordingly said to me in a whisper, that my friend Classman was a very excellent young man; "besides," said he, "he seems to have the whole things on his fingers' ends, and is, moreover, as I perceive, a stout Tory." After this eulogium he turned round again to Classman, and offering him a pinch of snuff, inquired the names and characters of various other persons who had been speaking, to all which questions my friend answered in his usual lively manner.

"That gentleman," said he, "of whom you asked last, is Mr. Longwind. He always begins his speeches very steadily, but, after four or five sentences, makes a point of diverging off into something else, to which, when you attempt to follow him, he has already got into another subject. By these means he will often lead you a chase through our finances, our foreign relations, the state of our trade, our ministry, and our poor laws, till at last you are fain to take your breath, which he makes advantage of, by losing himself in another train of argument, which neither himself nor his auditors can comprehend a whit better."

"Then," said the old gentleman, "he must be a Whig, for I never knew a Tory who was not a plain spoken person; but pray, who is that gentleman with his two thumbs in his pocket?" "That, sir," answered Classman, "is Mr. Ramble. You perceive he is getting up, as he says, to remark how necessary it is that one should keep close to the argument, and how wholly the present argument has been lost sight of for the last hour. And yet, if you will observe what he says, you will find that he himself is to be blamed more than any one else in this particular."

Mr. Llewellyn listened for a few minutes, and then answered, that

his informer was quite right. "But," says he, "I dare say he would do better if he could, only he ought not to blame the others. However, be so good as to tell me who that young gentleman is, who seems to be in such a fright." "That man, sir," answered Classman, "is a young fellow who is going to make his maiden speech. I was with him this morning, when he told me that he had set up by heart one Whig and one Tory speech, of his own making, so that he might have a better chance of an opportunity for speaking." At this moment there was a loud noise, raised by the whole room; for it seems, the young fellow, being at a loss, had skipped from one speech to the other, thinking it would not be observed. The noise put him into still greater confusion than he had been put by his want of memory, and at last he sat down, with his face quite red.

This circumstance pained the old gentleman not a little; however, since I perceived that he was now getting tired, I advised him to take his departure, without waiting for the private business, to which proposition he assented with great readiness, but not without having told Classman that he should very much like to see so patriotic a young gentleman down in Dorsetshire. As we went out, he asked if there was any thing to pay, and amused me very much, whilst we were walking home, with his various observations upon what he had seen and heard, adding, that he should very much like to get Timothy made a member, for that he was sure he would make a capital speaker, especially when he had got his new suit on. In answer to this, I promised him that I would do my best to get Timothy in, if he wished it; but that just now it was a very difficult matter, since some gentlemen belonging to a certain college had made a determination out of spite to black-ball every one who should be presented. My old friend, when he heard this, shook his head, saying, that it grieved him to think so excellent an institution should be made the instrument of private malice, but that it was the way of the world.

The next morning Mr. Llewellyn took his departure, not without many cautions to Timothy concerning his conduct and acquaintance. As for Timothy himself, I could perceive a certain wetness about his eyes, on receiving his uncle's benediction; however, he brushed it away very manfully, when the old gentleman told him that he looked quite handsome in his cap and gown. When the gig was out of sight he turned to me, and having first told me that his rooms looked very lonely indeed, said that he supposed he must now always call his uncle governor, for he had heard that was the word used in Oxford, although for his part he liked uncle best. After this, he asked me if I would go with him, and help him to buy a tea-caddy, with certain other things that he wanted. As for his tea-cups and plates, he informed me that his scout had offered him some very cheap, which he thought he should buy, instead of going to a shop; for that although his uncle was very good to him, he wished to be as little an expense to him as possible. "And you must know," said he, "that my scout looks quite like an honest person, which I cannot say of some shopkeepers who called upon me this morning directly after chapel, although, to be sure, they were very good-natured indeed."

MILTON MUGG; OR, "WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

MR. MILTON MUGG was the only child of Jonathan Mugg and Sophia Matilda his spouse. The lady was the daughter of a defunct, dry-salter, who had gone the length in his later days of setting up a "*shay*," and putting his man Obadiah, against his the said Obadiah's most vehement remonstrances, into a snuff-coloured livery turned up with sky-blue. These achievements, as well as a removal to the court air of Red Lion Square, were brought about by the advice and suggestion of the Hon. Michael O'Flaherty, the youngest son of an Irish peer, and with whom the old gentleman had made an acquaintance on one of what he at one time called his soldiering jobs; but which were afterwards ennobled into military excursions. Michael had been struck to the soul, as he said upon his soul, with the iligant graces and charms of Miss Sophia; and the old man, flattered by the idea of a connexion with a peerage, and the possibility even of his daughter wearing a coronet, and being my lady countess, had fostered his pretensions, and had gone the unusual lengths I have already mentioned, with a view of preparing his Sophy for her coming dignity. Matters had *progressed slick* between the lady and her admirer, when an unfortunate event occurred, which at once dissipated all the visions of counts and countesses which the citizen and his daughter had revelled in:—this was no less than the death of the Hon. Mr. O'Flaherty, who was run through the body in his own bedroom by a cornet of dragoons, who had domiciled himself there for the night at the invitation of a lady, with whom the cadet of the O'Flahertys had arranged a temporary connexion on philosophic principles.

At the first communication of the dire event, Miss Sophia Matilda, as in duty bound, fell into a state of syncope, and on recovery lapsed into pathos, and fasted two whole days on three private meals per diem. Her father, less sensitive, recurred in horror to his cash-book, where he found his son-in-law that was to be, debited for 1,560*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.* principal, money lent, together with 44*l.* 9*s.* 3¼*d.* interest thereon; and ten days after, on search at Doctor's Commons, learnt, to his sorrow and anguish, that the estate of his honourable debtor had been administered to, under 50*l.* Men are but mortal, and money is money, in the city especially. Sophy was forbid to mourn or mention her intended—Obadiah (to his manifest joy) was bid relinquish his party-coloured doublet—the *shay* was sold—the house in "the square" let—and "the establishment" transferred to its old quarters in St. Mary Axe;—but despite of all this, his loss and his folly recurred so often and so painfully to the old gentleman's mind, that in six months he quitted the city for "that bourne," &c. &c. having first re-made his will, by which he bequeathed all his property to his daughter, upon condition, nevertheless, that she should, within one year from the period of his decease, marry a respectable tradesman, to be approved of by his executor, Jacob Frost, a dealer in raw hides. This was a hard condition for a lady of Miss Sophia Matilda's

former views and romantic notions; seeing, moreover, that old Frost was a man who had never read Charlotte and Werter, nor even Abelard and Heloise, and whose utmost affections were bestowed upon cow-skims. Many and strong were the bickerings between her and her guardian as the twelvemonth's end approached; but Jacob, who was as stubborn as any of the bullocks whose envelopes he traded in, was triumphant; and ere the year expired, the lady was led to the altar of St. Michael's, Aldgate, by the aforesaid Jonathan Mugg, citizen and tallow-chandler, and a nephew of Jacob Frost.

The first notable act in Mrs. Mugg's married life was her refusing her husband's arm on leaving the church; the second her calling him a brute when he ventured to press her hand as she alighted at his door; and the third her boxing his ears when he essayed a loving salute at nightfall, at the same time declaring that although she had been wedded by force to a filthy tallow melter, she would never be familiar with such a wretch. It would appear, however, (at least I am willing in charity to believe so,) that she was not always obdurate on this head, as ten months after her espousal she added another native to the land of cockaigne, in the person of the subject of these memoirs.

The father of our hero, who had inherited the name of Jonathan from his father, who in his turn had received it unsullied by the wear of two previous bearers, was extremely anxious that his boy should, in his turn, bear it to his descendants; but Mrs. Mugg had a passion for differing with her rib, and, moreover, fondly cherished the memory of her parted love; besides which, she had taken in her grief to poetry and politics, till she was deeply imbued with bastard blue and republicanism. She therefore scorned the proposal, and insisted on her child bearing such names as she should choose for him. Jonathan, who had set his heart upon his purpose, resisted stoutly until vexation of spirit had reduced him to the condition of a long six in the dog days; but Mrs. Mugg, unmoved by all his *melting* moods, maintained and carried her point, and Master Mugg became a Christian by the baptismal appellations of Milton Miltiades Michael.

This was a consummation the lady greatly prided herself on, and oftentimes, when the boy approached to a conversable age, would she dilate on the advantages she had secured to him by it. "Think, my dear boy, of your being degraded to bear such a name as Jonathan—a name only fit for some paltry, higgling fellow; and then think what I have secured to you—Milton! Miltiades!! Michael!!!—perfect music, child! I hope I may see you one day a Milton in genius—a Miltiades in valour—and a Michael in beauty and accomplishments. It was in this hope that I gave you these names, and that hope fulfilled, Milton, that dearest prospect realized, I shall go down in peace——" "What to the melting-house, mama?" the urchin would ask; and then his mama would groan, and teach her son that melting and moulds were equally low and despicable.

At twelve years of age Milton emerged from the tuition of Miss Floretta Fortescue, who had been chosen for her name by his lady mother to teach his "young ideas how to shoot," and was sent as a

day scholar to the Charter House; and then and there his calamities began: the Jacks, and Bills, and Bobs, whose mothers were as unmetaphysical as Juliet, when she exclaims, "What's in a name?" made merry withal at the lad's euphonous and alliterative cognomen and agnomina, and dubbed him Pericles Pott, for short, as they said; and subsequently improving on the idea of brevity, they came to call him Perrywinkle, ordinarily reserving the former classical appellation for state occasions. This bothered poor Milton, not a little, more especially as with the name he inherited, at this time, but little of the nature of Miltiades; but he suffered concealment to prey upon his damask cheek, and the thing was kept secret until one day, having a schoolfellow at home at play with him, a quarrel arose between them, when, in the height of dispute the deserted sobriquet was launched at him—"If you give us any more o' your jaw, I'll punch your head, Perrywinkle; who do you think cares for Pericles Pott?" The denunciation was overheard by Mrs. Mugg; an inquiry was instantly set on foot, and the horrid truth being elicited, Milton was immediately removed from the school.

The next step was to obtain a tutor at home for him, and for this office his mother, who appears to have had a predilection for the letter M, chose, for the same reason that had led her to induct Miss Floretta Fontesque to the post of gouvernante, a young Milesian, 'yclept Marmaduke Montgomery, a gentleman descended, by his own account, from the ancient kings of Phœnicia, and of whose family the old Montgomeries of France were but an offset. Mr. Montgomery was a gentleman of specious and notable exterior; he had, moreover, served, although it was never rightly understood when or in what capacity: all that could be gathered on the latter head was caught, by innuendo, from his frequent statement of his aversion to be called "captain;" and in any conversation on this subject, as well as respecting his birth and parentage, he was so invariably and profoundly mystifying, that nothing more than circumstantial evidence could be attained. Mrs. Mugg, however, admired the mystery, and drew her own conclusions from it very favourably to the tutor; and often congratulated herself on having secured the services of a gentleman gifted with such a pedigree, such a rank, and such a name.

Under his tutor's auspices Milton progressed apace, and at fourteen could hand tea to a lady with perfect grace—could say several very impudent things in French unblushingly—and could pick out with unerring judgment the most luscious descriptions from Ovid and Horace. At fifteen the housemaid complained that he was rude, and at sixteen his illustrious pedagogue declared him as complete a scholar and a gentleman as himself.

Mr. Mugg, who had hitherto suffered, in his quiet way, his good lady to conduct his son's education, seeing it now, as he thought, finished, and feeling (for he was considerably Mrs. M.'s senior) a desire shortly to rest from the fatigues and cares of business, now remarked to her that "Milton should begin to learn summat useful, seeing as he'd got all as was hornamental;" and accordingly proposed that he "should be prenticed to him in the tallow line." Cruel, cruel Mr. Mugg! what Milton Miltiades a boiler of kitchen stuff and

dipper of tens!—the light of future ages and the future light of the present! a mere manufacturer of lights for unwashed artizans! O blind Mr. Mugg! to think that it was ever fated that the intellectual blaze of Milton Miltiades Michael should illumine the shop in Distaff Lane, or light the mazes of melting cellars instead of minds benighted! “No! sooner,” exclaimed Mrs. Mugg, “would I see him expire under my hands on the shambles, like Virginia, than be the victim of such mental violation! Sooner, &c. &c. &c.! Sooner, &c. &c. &c.!! Sooner, &c. &c. &c.!!!”

“Very well, my love,” said the nervous weaver of wicks; and so after a twelvemonth’s idleness and procrastination, Milton was dispatched to college. Now the truth is, our hero was a sharp lad, a clever lad, and under proper discipline he soon began to shine in earnest; but, as he and his names got known, the wags—those most ferocious beasts of prey—noted him as fair game. If a barrel-organ was ground in the streets as he passed, some one was sure to exclaim with Bombastes, “Play *Michael Wiggins* once again;” if Byron were spoken of in his presence, some one forthwith spouted from the “Isles of Greece:”

“That tyrant was Miltiades;”

and upon every mention of Homer, reference was made to his blindness, and from thence an easy transition was effected to Milton.

But things had reached the academical acmé, when the dean, a remarkably absent man of mathematics, addressed him by the name of Pitcher, improving it on recollection into Jug. Poor Mugg could stand it no longer, and at the end of his second term he renounced the groves of Cam for ever, cursing his name, and envying every Jack Smith and Bill Jones in the king’s dominions.

The cause of his secession from college was carefully concealed from his father, by Mrs. Mugg; a study was fitted up under the paternal roof, and what with his books and his visits, confined to his mother’s select circle, Milton again lived peaceably, but he inherited from his mother, and was inspired by his name, with a genius and itching for verse, and he occupied his solitude in composing a poem in ottava rhyme; the subject was Napoleon, and those who perused it (some of whom were not incompetent judges) spoke so highly of the performance, that Mrs. Mugg, in an evil hour, delighted with the prospect of her son’s literary eminence, and glorying in having rescued such a genius from the vat, insisted on his publishing; and what youth of twenty has philosophy enough to decline such a proposition? But his horrid name stared him in the face, unseen to his advisers, like the ghosts in Macbeth—he communicated his fears to his mother and expressed his wish that the work should appear anonymously. She, however, had no idea of his casting his book upon the waters, to be claimed, with all its credit, by some of the wreckers of literature, as jetsum or flotsum. “But then the critics,” cried Milton, “what mercy can I expect at their hands, when those accursed names, Milton Miltiades Michael, invoke even on the title-page their sarcasms?”

“Don’t curse those names, my dear boy,” replied Mrs. Mugg,

“they are my gift; the fault lies not with them, but with that odious low-minded monosyllabic Mugg, that follows them; had it rested with me, my child, you should have borne a name that kings might have been proud to bear, and you might now have been the wearer of a coronet; but, alas!” said the lady, dropping the last cantos of *Don Juan* from her hands, “our regrets are unavailing as they are poignant; let us see how we may avoid the shoal you dread.” Accordingly she set her feminine wits to work, and it was soon settled that Napoleon should appear as the production of M. M. M. Mugg, a contrivance by which the danger of all reflections on the incongruous concatenation of names would be avoided, while all the honour and glory of the publication would be effectually secured to the real author.

The work was, therefore, now announced, advertised, and after an outlay of some eighty or ninety pounds, produced. Some small reviews spoke encouragingly of it, and one, distinguished by its limited circulation for its honesty, praised it highly, yet not more than it is believed it deserved; and this induced the author to send copies to the monthly periodicals. Now, it so happened, that the very lad who had some eight years before derided Milton under his own roof, as Perrywinkle and Pericles Pott, had become the sub-editor of a celebrated vehicle of monthly satire, scurrility, and abuse, and he had no sooner cast his eye on the name and initials, which ushered “Napoleon” to the public presence, than he recognized them as the proper attributes of his former schoolfellow, and forthwith sate him down to the task of undermining the author’s path to reputation. Accordingly an article was concocted, in which every weak line or word was studiously paraded; every error, however venial, was illuminated without reference to the errata, and which was wound up by a conjectural dissertation on the trinity of initials affixed to the work, concluding in these words,—“After carefully going through the whole of this production, (no trifling task,) and exercising all our faculties of divination, we are convinced, by internal evidence, that the name on the title-page, so carefully veiled by initials, should, nay must, be Mealy Mouthed Mutton Mugg!” Another gave it as his opinion, that the name of Mugg was a mere blind, and that the whole of the discredit of the brochure was attachable to some simple old Bonapartist dealer in crockery, who having committed rhyme in his dotage, screened himself from punishment by assuming, as his name, the nomenclature of an article common to his trade, &c. And a third affected wit, by parodying scripture, and prophesying that as the book came from Pot to pot it must again return. This was sufficient; the minors followed in their leaders’ wake, and Milton’s good name was sacrificed for the sins of his bad ones.

Alas! poor youth, this last stroke drove him almost to despair; his mind, naturally sensitive, had been rendered doubly so by the foils he had so repeatedly met with, until at length he settled into absolute melancholy, which was further increased by the death of his father, who died of rack punch and repletion, in the chair, at a parish dinner, leaving Milton one hundred thousand pounds, the produce of his industry.

His mother, in whose hands he suffered the reins of domestic go-

vernment to remain undisturbed, forthwith effected a clearance in the city, and removed her son to a fair and proper dwelling in Russell Square, where suitable living and dead furniture were provided, and, in hopes of dissipating Milton's despondency, company was freely seen; but in vain did his card prate to him of this Western whereabouts; in vain did No. 9 become the most be-coached house in the vicinity; in vain did all the wives and daughters of all the sugar-bakers in Alie Street, and all the mealmen in Mark Lane; all the loves from Dowgate Hill, and all the graces from Thames Street, unite their skill and charms to win him from his moody fit. At last some friends advised business, and "the House" was pointed out as the most probable source of the required excitement, and a fit arena for the display of his talents. Mrs. Mugg was in ecstasies at the suggestion, wondered a thousand times how she could ever have overlooked the idea, declared it precisely the thing, and having proposed it to her son, and received his assent, she immediately set her attorney to work, who, in the course of ten days, completed the purchase of a seat, at the very low price of five thousand pounds, and in the following week our hero was elected, and returned without leaving his bed-room.

The House, as had been foretold, aroused him from his gloom, but although punctual in his attendances, even to martyrdom, (for he can be proved not to have absented himself from any one of Joseph Hume's smothering motions,) he remained for some time a silent member, no subject of discussion arising of sufficient interest to him to induce the exertion of a speech. Yet Milton could not help observing how meagre, and tautologous, and disjointed, were those speeches in delivery, which in the columns of the diurnal press, displayed so much fluency and elegance, and how much the orators were indebted to the young gentlemen in the gallery, who licked the cubs into the goodly shape in which they met the public eye.

Pshaw! d——d stuff! repetition!—were often on his lips, and when he recollected all that the speakers had forgotten on their subject, forgetting to give them credit for all which they had remembered, and which he probably, in their place, would have forgotten, he would on his way home manufacture orations of such force, such point, and such comprehensiveness, that he began at length to conceive it to be a duty he owed to his constituency, his kith and kin, and the nation at large, to deliver his opinions upon something, and at length—but then his names.—Well, in the debate, at least, he would only be mentioned as the Honourable Member for Rottenburgh—happy and consoling thought—but in the papers—there, there again he would be Mr. Mugg—bad enough, but as there was no other Mr. Mugg in parliament, from whom it might be necessary to distinguish him, his Christian names would not appear, and it was in their juxtaposition to his surname, that his chief tortures lay. He, therefore, made up his mind to speak, and having done so, the next step was to select a subject, and in compliment to some dissenting friends, he chose the Repeal of the Test Act, respecting which a motion stood for a day sufficiently distant to enable him to make such preparations as the solemn occasion required. Day and night he laboured, and on the appointed day

he went down to the House, armed cap-a-pié, with arguments sufficient to foil the whole bench of bishops, metaphors enough to form a stock in trade for a second Tommy Moore, and verbiage in an abundance that would have made Charles Phillips or Mister Shiel swoon with envy.

The first and second speakers had sate down, when Milton caught the eye of the chair, and rose with a much slighter display of perturbation than usually heralds a maiden speech, and thus began—"I congratulate myself, sir, that firmly attached as I am, and have ever been, to the doctrine and ritual of the episcopalian church, venerating it as I do, and anxious as I avow myself to uphold its constitution in all its dignity and purity—" *Hear, hear, hear!* was shouted from the other side, and before Milton could resume, an old matter-of-fact member, on whom the younger legislators often practised their wit, rose, and addressed the speaker as follows,—“Mr. Speaker, may I crave that the House and the Honourable Member in possession, will excuse this seeming irregularity, which is not intended unnecessarily to interrupt the Honourable Member, or to evince, on my part, any want of that courtesy which is his due; and may I also ask to be permitted to state, that feeling as I do, that the church, in whose bosom I was nursed and hope to die, is assailed on all sides, under professions of regard, I feel I should be wanting in my duty, if I did not take the earliest opportunity to put one question to the Honourable Member, namely, whether he is not, what I am just informed in a note from an honourable friend, the member for ———; ah! I beg pardon, I see it is not signed, but it has been handed me from one of the back seats—whether he is not—I say what I am informed he is—a Mugg ———?” Here he was interrupted by a fit of sneezing on his own part, and sundry very audible cachinnations on the part of those around him. “Whether he is not a Muggletonian?”

Oh! for a pen of adamant, dipped in liquid flame, to depict the ten thousand horrors that shot through the head and heart of the member for Rottenburgh, at the conclusion of this speech, and the less than half-smothered titter, worse, a score-fold, than peals of laughter, that rang in his buzzing ears. Tropes, arguments, and denunciations vanished from his brain; the chandeliers danced, the Speaker reeled, and the mace flew round like a humming top before his eyes; he muttered a few words, ending with “damnation,” strongly accentuated, and sank down on his seat. To add to his pangs, a paper, opposed to his views, mentioned next morning, that Mr. Milton Miltiades Michael Minor Mithridates Mugg, the new member for Rottenburgh, rose, &c. The next day he accepted the Chiltern Hundreds and closed his parliamentary career, which had cost him exactly five hundred pounds a night.

This last shock quite unhinged poor Milton, and drove him in desperation to the country, where he rented an old mansion secluded in the depths of a retired valley, and buried within the shade of a rookery; “And here,” he said to himself, “surely I may be permitted to rest; in this solitude none can obtrude on me to curse my life with the phantasms of my accursed names—here I will devote myself to contemplation, to the study of books and of nature, to the

quiet of my soul, and the quest of calm, and pure thoughts, and joys, and wishes." And here he was happy, for he found these; his days were spent in his library, in his grounds, among the green meadows, or scenes of harvest, or the cottages of the poor, whom he relieved; or the farmers, who looked to him for counsel in their doubts, and who often in their difficulties experienced his generosity. At that season of the year, when the labouring classes mostly lack both work and food, Milton would set them about the execution of some plan, the details of which he contrived should last till the returning spring gave them legitimate employment elsewhere; and here he lived some years honoured and contented. The sensorium of rustic ears is less delicately formed than that of collegians, critics, and M. P.'s, and to them Squire Mugg sounded as musical as the euphonous Montagu or Montmorency—true, there were ears polite, but Milton neither made nor received visits, hunted nor shot, and therefore, whatever jibes he was assailed with at the hands of the squirearchy, and other low gentility, he knew nothing, and, consequently, suffered nothing from them.

But it was decreed that this even state of calm should not last for ever; the envious fates again mustered their strength. Milton received a fall from his horse, which confined him for some time to his bed, and on his partial recovery he was ordered to Brighton by his medical attendants for the sea air and bathing, to rebrace his attenuated system. To Brighton accordingly he repaired, but dreading still the demon that had so painfully persecuted him, he went in strict incog., and as he took no servant, paid his bills regularly, remunerated the waiters and other domestics handsomely, and received no letters, he maintained unviolated the secresy he contemplated.

As his strength returned, he began to mix a little in the pleasures and gaieties of the place—he frequented the rooms by day, and occasionally in the evenings, and even visited the theatre on two occasions; on the last of these his heart received a new impulse from the contemplation of a beautiful girl, who sat in company with another and some old people in one of the side boxes. "Good God! what splendid eyes—what lovely lips—what a cheek—what a brow—what a bust!" exclaimed Milton, almost aloud; "this is, this must be, the haven of peace I have vainly sought. Yes, it is in the love of a heart, such as should, and doubtless does, inhabit that beauteous bosom, that dwell rest and joy! Fool that I was to seek them in so many paths, nor dream till now of woman's breast as their depository." The performance finished, he learned from the box-keeper the lady's name and address, and returned to his hotel deeply impressed with her image, and determined instantly to seek her acquaintance.

Milton was no longer a boy, nor was this a boy's whim, but a deep and strong feeling of admiration, and as he was in earnest in his endeavours to seek the lady's company, was making some appearance, and was possessed of a fair and manly exterior, it will not be deemed a miracle that he succeeded,—even, although it is known that his sensitiveness, on the score of his names, led him into the circuitous route of introducing himself, and anonymously. They met, then, and the delivery of a dropped handkerchief opened the acquaintance—

words were exchanged—again they met, and spoke, and their dialogue lengthened, and so from day to day, until at length he proffered his suit, enforcing it with eloquent but respectful passion: and she, overcome by his rhetoric and the romance of loving (as she truly did) a man who was possessed of such a sweet voice, such a handsome leg, such a passion for her, and such a charming air of mystery, avowed the flame that burned in her gentle bosom, and referred him to papa.

“And now at least I shall be happy,” said Milton to himself, as he walked to his hotel—“but O those d——d names of mine, should they interfere now to rob me of the bliss I see in prospect; but, no, Julia, I wrong thee; yet before I see her father, it will only be just that I should acquaint her with them, and thus place the head and front of all that is most objectionable in the alliance before her. He, therefore, wrote the following billet, and despatched the porter with it to her house.

“MY DEAREST JULIA,—The ever-blessed confession, with which you this day gladdened a heart that beats, as it will ever beat, but for you, renders me impatient to intrude myself on your father; will you, therefore, my own sweet girl, say, in one word or line, if I have your permission to solicit the honour of an interview with him this day.

“Ever dearest,

“Yours devotedly,

“MILTON MILTIADES MICHAEL MUGG.

“P. S. I shall take a walk on the beach till the bearer returns. I cannot remain still in suspense.

“M. M. M. M.”

“Well,” soliloquized Milton, “one short half hour—but O how long to me—will tell my fate! What a fool am I to be thus disturbed—how my heart beats, surely it is ungenerous in me to believe that Julia, my adorable Julia—but hence the thought, it is heresy. True, she is a wild, a giddy, gleesome, light-hearted girl, but her gaiety is the mere effervescence of youthful blood, and the boundings of a heart unfettered by guile—have I not seen her serious and sorrowful at times, and ever most kind and sympathizing, and see how unjust were all my fears—see where she approaches, Heaven’s blessings on her!—she has come herself to set my soul at rest—but there, confound it—some female has joined her, and now they seat themselves on the side of that old boat, perhaps she is speaking of me—their backs are turned on me—I will approach and surprise her.” And so he drew near, but perceived that they were enjoying something in a jocund mood, and when he paused he heard Julia say, “O, isn’t it delightful?” and then she laughed and sang, “Won’t you, won’t you, won’t you, won’t you come, *Mr. Mugg*?” and at these words they both laughed louder than before, while Milton sank back in a frenzy, and fully convinced that he was ridiculed and betrayed, fled back to the town, left word for his luggage to be sent after him, threw himself in a stupor of despair into a post-chaise, and left Brighton and Julia for ever.

In the mean time Julia returned from her ramble, and reaching her father’s house at the same time as the porter, received Milton’s note, and setting the names down for a jest, wrote a short answer, contain-

ing the required permission, and gave it unaddressed to the man to carry back. The afternoon came, and Julia quaked at every footstep, but no lover came. The next day and the next too were blanks; a week passed away with the same result, and Julia, upon whose lips chance had flung the words that were to be so fatal, pined herself into a fever. No wonder, alas! her heart had flown, and he who held it had fled too.

But to return to Milton; on leaving Brighton he had hurried to London with the intention of proceeding immediately from thence to his house in the country, but his spirits were deeply wounded, and dreading solitude, he deferred his departure from day to day, still intending, and still delaying. One afternoon he was indulging in his meditative habits in a secluded part of Hyde Park, near the guard-house at Kensington Gore, when he heard himself accosted in a familiar manner by his name, and turning, perceived an old acquaintance, who was in conversation with a young man, in the undress of an officer of the — hussars. “Ah, Mugg,” my dear fellow, said his friend, “I have not seen you this age; where do you spring from?”

“From Brighton,” answered Milton.

“Brighton—Mugg!” muttered the officer, to Milton’s astonishment; but as he said no more, he suffered it to pass without further notice, and after an interchange of cards with his friend, they parted.

The next morning at breakfast our hero was surprised by the waiter handing him a card, on which he read, “Captain O’Connell, Inniskillen dragoons,” and informing him that the gentleman who sent it up was in the coffee-room, and requested five minutes conversation with him on particular business. Milton repeated his name over and over again, but could not recollect that he had ever met such a person; he however desired the waiter to show him up, and forthwith the captain entered the room, and handed him the following note, addressed to Milo Melpomene Midas Mugg, Esq. The superscription alone made his already perturbed blood boil with indignation, for although the mistake was perfectly unintentional, (the writer not being a classic of any great reputation,) it might have been hard to persuade even a less sensitive man, that it was not meant to convey a premeditated insult; but suppressing all demonstrations of surprise and rage, he read the contents.

“SIR,—You were probably not aware yesterday, that the person who was in company with your friend, Mr. Wilson, when he accosted you in Hyde Park, was a near relation to Julia Trevayne, and of that I beg now to inform you, and I have to request you will immediately explain your conduct to her, or refer my friend Captain O’Connell to some person who on your part will assist in arranging a meeting, when I may receive the satisfaction which, as her brother, I have a right to demand.

“I have the honour to be, sir,

“Your most obedient servant,

“HENRY TREVAYNE.”

“Explain!” cried Milton. “Ha! ha! ha! Explain! what have I to explain? What, dole forth the horrible truth as a premium to

malice and ridicule? Captain O'Connell, I have nothing to explain. I am the injured party in this transaction;—but of that enough. I will meet Mr. Trevayne, because he has himself put an uncalled-for insult upon me; and if you will oblige me with your address, I will furnish you in an hour's time with the name of a friend who will arrange with you for me."

The captain bowed, insinuated he should be at the J. U. S. C. for two hours, expressed his regret at the affair, hinted a hope of an accommodation, and withdrew. No sooner had he descended the stairs than Milton's rage boiled over; he cursed his name, his passion, and his challenge, drew on his boots, threw himself into a coach, drove in all haste to the Temple, where he found his friend Wilson. "A word with you, Wilson," he said; "do you know young Trevayne, with whom I met you yesterday?"

"Why yes, slightly," answered his friend.

"You know me then better," continued Milton; "have you any objection to second me against him?"

"None in the world if it be necessary; but what the devil," said Wilson, "can you be going to fight him about; you did not know him four-and-twenty hours ago?"

"True; but listen, 'tis but a dozen words," and he briefly recounted the affair.

"Wouldn't it be better," said Wilson, "to explain this to Trevayne; when he knows the ridicule his sister cast on you he must hold you excused?"

"Explain!" cried Milton, "never while I live! What! hold myself up to fresh ridicule at his hands, at those of his second, and at those of the world, for the world would soon know all—become a standing jest at the clubs and at mess-tables, and feed the venomous fangs of the papers. No, by heaven! not a syllable of explanation will I utter or suffer; besides, can I believe he does not already know his sister's conduct when I see him thus ape it? Look at this address of his letter, and say, if you can doubt I have a score to settle with him on his own account."

Reader! my task is drawing to a close. They met next morning—the ground was stepped—the signal given—both pistols discharged—and Milton fell a corpse. Julia, the fond, the innocent, the hapless girl, yet weeps the loss and fate of one with whom her heart had fondly linked itself. And all those who knew his worth bewail the end of an amiable and gifted being. In his desk were found a tender and serious letter of admonition and advice, addressed to Miss Trevayne, to be delivered in case he fell, together with one received from his mother two days before, intimating she had lately become Mrs. Marmaduke Montgomery, inclosing also a copy of her husband's pedigree, entreating her "dear Milton to get letters patent to authorise the assumption of the name of Montgomery, which," as she said, "while it would defeat the existing anticlimax, would equally alliterate with his three glorious and grateful baptismal names."

Alas, poor Milton! all thy names are now but air. *Vox, et præterea nihil.*

EPHRAIM TWIGG.

THE BATHS OF PFEFFERS.

By JAMES JOHNSON, M.D. Physician Extraordinary to the King,
&c. &c. &c.

Among the strange places into which man has penetrated in search of treasure or health, there is probably not one on this earth, or under it, more wonderful than the BATHS of PFEFFERS, situated in the country of the Grisons, a few miles distant from the Splugen road, as it leads from Wallenstadt to Coire. They are little known to, and still less frequented by, the English; for we could not learn that any of our countrymen had visited them during the summer of 1834.

Having procured five small and steady horses accustomed to the locality, a party of three ladies and two gentlemen* started from the little town of Ragatz on a beautiful morning in August, and commenced a steep and zig-zag ascent up the mountain, through a forest of majestic pines and other trees. In a quarter of an hour, we heard the roar of a torrent, but could see nothing of itself, or even its bed. The path, however, soon approached the verge of a dark and tremendous ravine, the sides of which were composed of perpendicular rocks several hundred feet high, and at the bottom of which the Tamina, a rapid mountain torrent, foamed along in its course to the valley of Sargans, there to fall into the upper Rhine. The stream itself, however, was far beyond our view, and was only known by its hollow and distant murmurs. The ascent, for the first three miles, is extremely fatiguing, so that the horses were obliged to take breath every ten minutes. The narrow path (for it is only a kind of mule-track) often winded along the very brink of the precipice, on our left, yet the eye could not penetrate to the bottom of the abyss. After more than an hour of toilsome climbing, we emerged from the wood, and found ourselves in one of the most picturesque and romantic spots that can well be imagined. The road now meanders horizontally through a high, but cultivated region, towards the village of Valentz, through fields, gardens, vineyards, and meadows, studded with chaumiers and chalets, perched fantastically on projecting ledges of rock, or sheltered from the winds by tall and verdant pines. The prospect from Valentz, or rather from above the village, is one of the most beautiful and splendid I have any where seen in Switzerland. We are there at a sufficient distance from the horrid ravine, to contemplate it without terror, and listen to the roaring torrent, thundering unseen, along its rugged and precipitous bed. Beyond the ravine we see the monastery and village of Pfeffers, perched on a high and apparently inaccessible promontory, over which rise alpine mountains, their sides covered with woods, their summits with snow, and their gorges glittering with glaciers. But it is towards the east that the prospect is most magnificent and varied. The eye ranges, with equal pleasure and astonishment, over the valley of Sargans, through which rolls the infant Rhine, and beyond which the majestic ranges of the Rhetian Alps, ten thousand feet high, rise one over the other, till their summits mingle with the clouds. Among these ranges the Scesa-plana, the Angstenberg, the Flesch, (like a gigantic pyramid,) and in the distance the Alps that tower round Feldkirck are the most prominent features. During our journey to the Baths, the morning sun played on the snowy summits of the distant mountains, and marked their forms on the blue expanse behind them, in

* Mr. and Miss Hayward, Mrs. and Miss Johnson, and myself.

the most distinct outlines. But, on our return, in the afternoon, when the fleecy clouds had assembled, in fantastic groups, along the lofty barrier, the reflections and refractions of the solar beams threw a splendid crown of glory round the icy heads of the Rhetian Alps—changing that “cold sublimity,” with which the morning atmosphere had invested them, into a glow of illumination which no pen or pencil could portray. To enjoy the widest possible range of this matchless prospect, the tourist must climb the peaks that overhang the village, when his eye may wander over the whole of the Grison Alps and valleys, even to the lake of Constance.

From Valentz we turned abruptly down towards the ravine, at the very bottom of which are the BATHS of PFEFFERS. The descent is by a series of acute and precipitous tourniquets, requiring great caution, as the horses themselves could hardly keep on their legs, even when eased of their riders. At length we found ourselves in the area of a vast edifice, resembling an overgrown factory, with a thousand windows, and six or seven stories high. It is built on a ledge of rock that lies on the left bank of the Tamina torrent, which chafes along its foundation. The precipice on the opposite side of the Tamina, and distant about fifty paces from the mansion, or rather hospital, rises five or six hundred feet, as perpendicular as a wall, keeping the edifice in a perpetual shade, except for a few hours in the middle of the day. The left bank of the ravine, on which the hospital stands, is less precipitous, as it admits of a zig-zag path to and from the Baths. The locale, altogether, of such an establishment, at the very bottom of a frightful ravine, and for ever chafed by a roaring torrent, is the most singularly wild and picturesque I had ever beheld; but the wonders of Pfeffers are not yet even glanced at.

From the western extremity of this vast asylum of invalids, a narrow wooden bridge spans the Tamina, and by it we gain footing on a small platform of rock on the opposite side. Here a remarkable phenomenon presents itself. The deep ravine, which had hitherto preserved a width of some one hundred and fifty feet, contracts, all at once, into a narrow cleft or crevasse, of less than twenty feet, whose marble sides shoot up from the bed of the torrent, to a height of four or five hundred feet, not merely perpendicular, but actually inclining towards each other, so that, at their summits, they almost touch, thus leaving a narrow fissure through which a faint glimmering of light descends, and just serves to render objects visible within this gloomy cavern. Out of this recess the Tamina darts in a sheet of foam, and with a deafening noise reverberated from the rocks within and without the crevasse. On approaching the entrance, the eye penetrates along a majestic vista of marble walls in close approximation, and terminating in obscurity, with a narrow waving line of sky above, and a roaring torrent below! Along the southern wall of this sombre gorge, a fragile scaffold, of only two planks in breadth, is seen to run, suspended—as it were—in air, fifty feet above the torrent, and three or four hundred feet beneath the crevice that admits air and light from heaven into the profound abyss. This frail and frightful foot-path is continued (will it be believed?) nearly *half a mile* into the marble womb of the mountain! Its construction must have been a work of great difficulty and peril; for its transit cannot be made even by the most curious and adventurous travellers, without fear and trembling, amounting often to a sense of shuddering and horror. Along these two planks we crept or crawled, with faltering steps and palpitating hearts. It has been my fortune to visit most of the wonderful localities of this globe, but an equal to this I never beheld.

“Imagination,” says an intelligent traveller, “the most vivid, could not portray the portals of Tartarus under forms more hideous than those

which Nature has displayed in this place. We enter this gorge on a bridge of planks (*pont de planches*) sustained by wedges driven into the rocks. It takes a quarter of an hour or more to traverse this bridge, and it requires the utmost precaution. It is suspended over the Tamina, which is heard rolling furiously at a great depth beneath. The walls of this cavern, twisted, torn, and split (*les parois laterales contournée, fendues, et déchirées*) in various ways, rise perpendicular, and even incline towards each other, in the form of a dome; whilst the faint light that enters from the portal at the end, and the crevice above, diminishes as we proceed;—the cold and humidity augmenting the horror produced by the scene. The fragments of rock sometimes overhang this gangway in such a manner, that the passenger cannot walk upright:—at others, the marble wall recedes so much, that he is unable to lean against it for support. The scaffold is narrow, often slippery; and sometimes there is but a single plank separating us from the black abyss of the Tamina.* He who has cool courage, a steady eye, and a firm step, ought to attempt this formidable excursion (*épouvantable excursion*) in clear and dry weather, lest he should find the planks wet and slippery. He should start in the middle of the day, with a slow and measured step, and without a stick. The safest plan is to have two guides supporting a pole, on the inside of which the stranger is to walk."

We neglected this precaution, and four out of the five pushed on, even without a guide at all. At forty or fifty paces from the entrance the gloom increases, while the roar of the torrent beneath, reverberated from the sides of the cavern, augments the sense of danger and the horror of the scene. The meridian sun penetrated sufficiently through the narrow line of fissure at the summit of the dome, to throw a variety of lights and of shadows over the vast masses of variegated marble composing the walls of this stupendous cavern, compared with which, those of Salsette, Elephanta, and even Staffa, shrink into insignificance. A wooden pipe, which conveys the hot waters from their source to the baths, runs along in the angle between the scaffold and the rocks, and proves very serviceable, both as a support for one hand while pacing the plank, and as a seat, when the passenger wishes to rest, and contemplate the wonders of the cavern. At about one-third of the distance inward, I would advise the tourist to halt, and survey the singular locality in which he is placed. The inequality of breadth in the long chink that divides the dome above, admits the light in very different proportions, and presents objects in a variety of aspects. The first impression which occupies the mind is caused by the cavern itself, with reflection on the portentous convulsion of Nature which split the marble rock in twain, and opened a gigantic aqueduct for the mountain torrent.† After a few minutes' rumination on the action of subterranean fire, our attention is attracted to the slow but powerful operation of water on the solid parieties of this infernal grotto. We plainly perceive that the boisterous torrent has, in the course of time, and especially when swelled by rains, caused wonderful changes both in its beds and its banks. I would direct the attention of the traveller to a remarkable excavation formed by the waters on the opposite side of the

* "Le pont est étroit, souvent glissant, et quelquefois on n'est séparé que par une seule planche du noir abîme de la TAMINA."

† "It is surprising that the author of the "*Voyage Pittoresque en Suisse*," and even Dr. Ebell, should have been led into the monstrous error of imagining that the torrent of the Tamina had, in the course of ages, hollowed out of the marble rock this profound bed for itself. We might just as well suppose, that the bed of the Mediterranean had been scooped out by the waters of the Hellespont, in their way from the Black Sea to the Atlantic. The mountain was rent by some convulsion of Nature, and apparently from below upwards, as the breadth, at the bed of the Tamina, is far broader than the external crevice above."

chasm, and in a part more sombre than usual, in consequence of a bridge that spans the crevice above, and leads to the Convent of Pfeffers. This natural grotto is hollowed out of the marble rock to the depth of thirty feet, being nearly forty feet in width, by twenty-six feet in height. It is difficult not to attribute it to art; and, as the whole cavern constantly reminds us of the Tartarean regions, this beautifully vaulted grotto seems to be fitted for the throne of Pluto and Proserpine—or, perhaps, for the tribunal of Rhadamanthus and his brothers of the Bench, while passing sentence on the ghosts that glide down this Acheron or Cocytus—for had the Tamina been known to the ancient poets, it would assuredly have been ranked as one of the rivers of Hell.

One of the most startling phenomena, however, results from a perspective view into the cavern, when about midway, or rather less, from its portal. The rocky vista ends in obscurity; but gleams and columns of light burst down, in many places, from the meridian sun, through this “palpable obscure,” so as to produce a wonderful variety of light and shade, as well as of bas-relief, along the fractured walls. While sitting on the rude wooden conduit before alluded to, and meditating on the infernal region upon which I had entered, I was surprised to behold, at a great distance, the figures of human beings, or thin shadows, (for I could not tell which,) advancing slowly towards me—suspended between heaven and earth—or, at least between the vault of the cavern and the torrent of the Tamina, without any apparent pathway to sustain their steps, but seemingly treading in air, like disembodied spirits! While my attention was rivetted on these figures, they suddenly disappeared; and the first impression on my mind was, that they had fallen and perished in the horrible abyss beneath. The painful sensation was soon relieved by the reappearance of the personages in more distinct shapes, and evidently composed of flesh and blood. Again they vanished from my sight; and, to my no small astonishment, I beheld their ghosts or their shadows advancing along the opposite side of the cavern! These, and many other optical illusions, were caused, of course, by the peculiar nature of the locality, and the unequal manner in which the light penetrated from above into this sombre chasm.

Surprise was frequently turned into a sense of danger, when the parties, advancing and retreating, met on this narrow scaffold. The “laws of the road” being different on the Continent from those in Old England, my plan was to screw myself up into the smallest compass, close to the rock, and thus allow passengers to steal by without opposition. We found that comparatively few penetrated to the extremity of the cavern and the source of the Thermæ—the majority being frightened, or finding themselves incapable of bearing the sight of the rapid torrent under their feet, without any solid security against precipitation into the infernal gulf. To the honour of the English ladies, I must say, that they explored the source of the waters with the most undaunted courage, and without entertaining a thought of returning from a half-finished tour to the regions below.*

Advancing still farther into the cavern, another phenomenon presented itself, for which we were unable to account at first. Every now and then we observed a gush of vapour or smoke (we could not tell which) issue from the further extremity of the rock on the left, spreading itself over the walls of the cavern, and ascending towards the crevice in the dome. It looked like an explosion of steam; but the roar of the torrent would have prevented us from hearing any noise, if such had occurred. We soon

* This has not always been the case. The talented authoress of “*Reminiscences of the Rhine*,” &c. appears to have lacked courage for this enterprise, though her beautiful daughters advanced to the further extremity of the gorge.

found, however, that it was occasioned by the rush of vapour from the cavern in which the Thermal source is situated, every time the door was opened for the ingress or egress of visitors to and from this natural vapour-bath. At such moments the whole scene is so truly Tartarean, that had Virgil and Danté been acquainted with it, they need not have strained their imaginations in portraying the ideal abodes of fallen angels, infernal gods, and departed spirits, but painted a Hades from Nature, with all the advantage of truth and reality in its favour.

Our ingress occupied nearly half an hour, when we found ourselves at the extremity of the parapet, on a jutting ledge of rock, and where the cavern assumed an unusually sombre complexion, in consequence of the cliffs actually uniting, or nearly so, at the summit of the dome. Here, too, the Tamina struggled, roared, and foamed through the narrow, dark, and rugged gorge with tremendous impetuosity and deafening noise, the sounds being echoed and reverberated a thousand times by the fractured angles and projections of the cavern. We were now at the source of the Thermæ. Ascending some steps cut out of the rock, we came to a door, which opened, and instantly enveloped us in tepid steam. We entered a grotto in the solid marble, but of what dimensions we could form no estimate, since it was dark as midnight, and full of dense and fervid vapour. We were quickly in an universal perspiration. The guides hurried us forward into another grotto, still deeper in the rock, where the steam was suffocating, and where we exuded at every pore. It was dark as pitch. An owl would not have been able to see an eagle within a foot of its saucer eyes. We were told to stoop and stretch out our hands. We did so, and immersed them in the boiling—or, at least, the gurgling, source of the Pfeffers. We then quaffed at this fountain of Hygeia.

Often had we slept in damp linen, while travelling through Holland, Germany, and Switzerland. We had now, by way of variety, a waking set of teguments saturated with moisture *ab interno*, as well as *ab externo*, to such an extent, that I believe each of us would have weighed at least half a stone more at our exit than on our entrance into this stew-pan of the Grison Alps.

On emerging into the damp, gelid, and gloomy atmosphere of the cavern, every thing appeared of a dazzling brightness after our short immersion in the Cimmerian darkness of the grotto. The transition of temperature was equally as abrupt as that of light. The vicissitude could have been little less than fifty or sixty degrees of Fahrenheit in one instant, with all the disadvantage of dripping garments! It was like shifting the scene, with more than theatrical celerity, from the Black Hole of Calcutta to Fury Beach, or the snows of Nova Zembla. Some of the party, less experienced in the effects of travelling than myself, considered themselves destined to illustrate the well-known allegory of the discontented—and that they would inevitably carry away with them a large cargo of that which thousands come here annually to get rid of—RHEUMATISM. I confess that I was not without some misgivings myself on this point, seeing that we had neither the means of changing our clothes nor of drying them—except by the heat of our bodies in the mountain breeze. The Goddess of Health, however, who is nearly related to the Genius of Travelling, preserved us from all the bad consequences, thermometrical and hygometrical, of these abrupt vicissitudes.*

* This circumstance illustrates, in a very remarkable manner, the effects of passing from a hot, or vapour-bath, into cold air or water. The immunity is nearly certain. The hotter the medium from which we start into the cold, the less danger there is of suffering any inconvenience. This principle in Hygiene is more understood than practised.

We retrograded along the narrow plank that suspended us over the profound abyss with caution, fear, and astonishment. The Tamina seemed to roar more loud and savage beneath us, as if incensed at our safe retreat. The sun had passed the meridian, and the gorge had assumed a far more lugubrious aspect than it wore on our entrance. The shivered rocks and splintered pinnacles that rose on each side of the torrent, in gothic arches of altitude sublime, seemed to frown on our retreating footsteps—while the human figures that moved at a distance along the crazy plank, before and behind us, frequently lost their just proportions, and assumed the most grotesque and extraordinary shapes and dimensions, according to the degree of light admitted by the narrow fissure above, and the scarcely discernible aperture at the extremity of this wonderful gorge. The Tamina, meanwhile, did not fail to play its part in the gorgeous scene—astonishing the eye by the rapidity of its movements, and astounding the ear by the vibrations of its echoes. It seemed to growl more furiously as we receded from the depths of the crevasse.

At length we gained the portal, and as the sun was still darting his bright rays into the deepest recesses of the ravine, glancing from the marble rocks, and glittering on the boiling torrent, the sudden transition from Cimmerian gloom to dazzling daylight, appeared like enchantment. While crossing the trembling bridge, I looked back on a scene which can never be eradicated from my memory. It is the most singular and impressive I have ever beheld on this globe, and compared with which, the Brunnens are “bubbles” indeed!*

While examining the waters, the baths, and the internal economy of the vast VALETUDINARIUM that stands in this savage locality, the bell announced the approach of the second, or superior dinner, which happened that day rather later than usual. The Salon, overlooking the torrent of the Tamina, was soon replenished with guests of the better order; the canaille, or swarm of inferior invalids having dined two hours or more previously, in the common *salle à manger*. It needed but little professional discrimination to class and specify them. The majority proclaimed the causes of their visits to the Pfeffers. Rheumatism, scrofula, and cutaneous diseases, formed the prominent features in this motley assemblage. Invalids, with chronic complaints, real or imaginary, such as abound at all watering-places, foreign and domestic, were mingled in the group; while a small portion, including our own party, evinced any thing but corporeal ailments—unless a “CANINE APPETITE,” at a genuine German *table d’hôte* may be ranked among the evils to which English flesh is heir. Some monks, from the neighbouring monastery, (to which the

* Lest I should be suspected of exaggeration, in this account of the Baths of Pfeffers, I shall here introduce a short extract from “Reminiscences of the Rhine,” &c. by Mrs. Boddington—a work eulogized to the skies in the Edinburgh Review, and its author represented (and, I understand, deservedly) as a lady of very superior talents and of strict veracity. After some slight notice of the Bath-house, Mrs. B. proceeds thus:—

“Behind rolls the stormy Tamina, hemmed in at one side by the dark Bath-house and the impending cliffs, while, on the other, a giant wall of perpendicular rock, starting up daringly, and shutting out the world—almost the light of Heaven—closes up the scene. Our guide proposed that we should visit the mineral springs that boil up from the depth of an awful cavern, several hundred paces from the Bath-house. A bridge, thrown from rock to rock, crosses the flood, and a narrow ledge of planks, fixed, I know not how, against the side of the rock, and suspended over the fierce torrent, leads through a long, dark chasm to the source. I ventured but a little way; for, when I found myself on the terrifying shelf, without the slightest balustrade, and felt it slippery, from the continual spray, and saw nothing between us and the yawning gulf, to which darkness, thickening at every step, gave increased horror, I made a few rapid reflections on foolhardiness, and retreated.”

Baths belong,) took rank, and indeed precedence, in this small division. The mountain breeze and fervid sun of the Convent of Pfeffers had bronzed them with much of that nut-brown complexion, which travelling exercise in the open air had conferred on their British visitors; while their sleek cheeks and portly corporations proved, almost to a demonstration, that the holy fathers descended into the profound ravine of the Tamina to give their benediction to the waters, rather than to drink them—and to add a sacred zest to the viands of the Refectory, by the alacrity with which they swallowed them. Their appearance illustrated the truth of the adage—"What will not poison will fatten."

Among the "miseries of human life" might be ranked that of dining, or rather starving, at a German *table d'hôte*—and that, too, in the midst of plenty! It is in such a place that the paradox is explained—*inopem me copia fecit*. Sir F. Head has remarked, that "that the dish that is not acid is sure to be oily." If this were all, we should have small reason to complain. The misfortune is, that not only oils and acids are liberally distributed among his messes, by that infernal agent, the *Maitre de Cuisine*, but every loathsome ingredient that the three kingdoms of Nature can furnish, is crammed into every pot and saucepan in his subterranean dominion. Some philosophers have endeavoured to distinguish man from other animals, and elevate him on the scale of created beings, on account of his *cooking* propensities. I think they entitle him to an additional seven years in purgatory, if there be such a place, as our Catholic brethren affirm there is! One thing is clear, however,—that he is punished here below for the crimes which he commits against Nature, by "torturing dishes from their native taste," and mingling all unutterable things in that box of Pandora—his accursed culinary cauldron!

The succession is not less abhorrent to the English palate than the composition of continental dishes. It is generally believed that animal and vegetable food is designed to be eaten together; otherwise Nature would have furnished one side of the mouth with incisors and the other with grinders. In the "continental system" they take a very different view of things. When the vegetables (rather less than half-boiled, and swimming in oil) are on the table, there is no animal food—none, at least, that has not undergone more transubstantiations than Vishnou, and more metamorphoses than are recorded by Ovid. When meat smokes on the board, the vegetables have disappeared! The animal that was browsing or bleating on the mountains the preceding day, and slaughtered in the night, is burnt to a cinder, or boiled till little more than bones and sinews are left:—in either case, it is some degrees harder and tougher than well-tanned sole-leather. As for poor chanticler, his ablation from the roost—decapitation in the court-yard—*auto da fé* in the kitchen—dissection in the *salle à manger*—and sepulture in some dark recess of a German stomach, occupy about three quarters of an hour—the five acts of the tragedy being often enacted *after* the soup has gone its round of the *table d'hôte*! If the uninitiated Briton sometimes screws his courage up to make an attack on one of those petty fortresses of filth, called "*MADRE DISHES*"—or if he endeavours to stifle the cravings of Nature on sour bread, sour krout, or sour wine, he stands a fair chance to be visited with colic, if not cholera, before the day is over. Placed thus between Scylla and Charybdis—between the tortures of hunger and the terrors of poison, an oasis in the desert does sometimes greet his eye—a good substantial dish of capon, veal, or mutton. By an instinctive impulse, he brandishes his couteau, or solicits to be *helped* by a brother guest. But the fate of Tantalus is his doom. Just as the prize appears to be within his grasp, it vanishes with as much celerity as the dishes of poor Sancho did by the conjuror's wand, in the Island of Pandataria! The malicious waiter, aware of John Bull's propensities, never takes his eye from the savoury

viand till he snatches it off the table, for dissection at the side-board! It is two to one that John Bull never tastes the desired fare. It is handed round to every one, before the *disjecta membra* reach him—if they ever do reach him, which is very problematical! Many a time have I seized the dish at the same moment with the waiter, and captured the prize by an unequivocal threat to chop off two or three of his fingers with my knife, if he persisted in his unhallowed “abduction.”

Long experience has taught me, that the best plan for an Englishman, whose stomach does not measure three feet in circumference, and who does not possess some secret antidote against all kinds of poisons, is to secure his place at the *table d'hôte*, and, when the soup comes in, to take a walk of full an hour round the town, and then come back to his place—when he may probably find a dish of some kind of animal food, biped or quadruped, with sour bread, on which he may dine. The “*vin ordinaire*” is, of course, ordinary destruction to all stomachs which have not capacity for a pint of oil to qualify a quart of acid.

The foregoing sketch is not drawn from the ordinary of the Pfeffers—where, indeed, we had better fare than in many places of higher pretensions—but will apply very generally to the Continent. I am well aware that great numbers of my countrymen have become *acclimaté* (if I may use the expression) to foreign cookery—or, more properly speaking, *denaturalized*, as to every thing which they put into their stomachs. By such folks I have been often asked—“how is it that the people of the Continent live and thrive on the provender which you condemn?” My answer has been very short—and I have never received a satisfactory rejoinder. They do *not* live and thrive on the cookery which they use. On the contrary, they wither and die on it. The bills of mortality, in the most favoured parts of the Continent, as compared with the same gloomy registers in England, prove, beyond contradiction, the shorter range of existence enjoyed by the inhabitants of the former, notwithstanding their advantages in respect of climate:—while the unhealthy aspects, the stunted growth, and the large proportion of deformities, that meet the eye and attract the notice of English travellers in every part of Europe, attest the deleterious agency of some general cause on the human frame. As that agency can hardly be sought either wholly, or even principally, in the climate, the soil, the air, or the water, (excepting, of course, certain malarious and goitrous localities in Italy and the Alps,) we have fair reason to attribute much of the curtailment of life and deterioration of health to the denaturalization of their food by complicated cookery—to their inordinate addiction to tobacco—to *malpropre* habits—and to the quality of their drink. If oily, acid, or rancid dishes, elaborated “*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*,”—half-boiled vegetables—meat just killed and then cinderized—with sour wine, be wholesome and nutritious, then the people of the Continent ought to live to the age of the Antediluvians.

Another fallacious argument has been adduced in favour of continental cookery and continental habits: namely, that the English enjoy good health while travelling, or even sojourning there. This may be true to the full extent, without invalidating the arguments adduced above. The English owe this improvement of health to climate, to change of air and scene, to the exercise of travelling, to earlier hours than they kept at home—and perhaps, in some degree, to the excitement resulting from novelty, and intercourse with strangers. I maintain that their health is neither improved nor sustained by the adoption of continental habits in eating, drinking, smoking, and some others which I shall not describe.

THE IRISH COXSWAIN'S TALE.

"Come, Jerry O'Sullivan, its your time now," said one of the fore-castlemen of the Endymion, who had just wound up his own yarn, "so haul up your junk, unlay, and draw your yarns as fast as you can. You have just one bell left for your allowance, so give us something that will last exactly that time and no longer; so that the 'starboard watch ahoy' of Bill Temple, the boatswain's mate, may *tail* on to the *tail* of your tale."

"By the powers, Barney, but these *tales* of yours remind me of a very handsome *tail* of my own, and thereby hangs a *tale*; for of that *tale* I had as much reason to be proud as a dog with two *tails*."

"Murder! O'Sullivan; but how you're boddering my head wid your tails," cried another Irishman. "Why don't you begin at the beginning, as the world did when it was created."

"Heave and paul there, O'Connell, you bog trotter, and let O'Sullivan spin his yarn," said the captain of the fore-castle.

"O'Connell's not very wrong, any how," said O'Sullivan, "in saying that every thing must have a beginning, so must my tale, and so had my pig-tail; like the pig in my father's cabin, which is the best part of the consarn, when the landlord calls for his rint, so my tale principally depends upon my pig-tail, and there would be very little in it if it wasn't for that same."

"I don't know why pig-tails have become so scarce now-a-days in his majesty's service, unless it is that they've been all cut off; but this is sartain, that you see the tail of a comet in the sky, as often as you do a good pig-tail on board of a man of war. I don't mean to assert that the whole virtue and strength of a seaman, like old Sampson of old, consists in his pig-tail; but this I do say, that in losing our tails, we lost half our allowance of grog, which is half our strength, at all events; for I know for a fact, that one of the strongest arguments for weakening our grog, that was made use of by Sir John Fill—um—more, (his name should have been *Fill—um—less*,) was, that having no longer our *tails* to support, so much liquor only got into our *heads*. That staggered their lordships, and settled the pint, and so now we only have a pint instead of a quart."

"Now you see, when I first came into the sarvice—not that I ever came, for I was brought—I was a good-looking sort of young chap, with thick, black, curly hair—that's thirty years ago—it's a little white now, here and there, owing to its getting mouldy, by sleeping in damp nightcaps."

"At the time that I was so very purlitely requested to walk up the ship's side, with a cutlass pointed at me below, to prevent my backing a-stern, pig-tails were all the fashion, and there was such *tyeing* on the topsail *tye* rack forward, and such *combing* on the *combing*s in the waist upon a clean-shirt day, that a man of war looked for all the world like a big barber's shop, with the masts as barbers' poles in proportion. Then we mustered and toed a line, and it was quite beau-

tiful to see the row of tails as well as of heads; those same tails all hanging down behind to the waistband of the trowsers, as perpendicular as a deep-sea lead. You don't know, mayhap, none of ye, why a monkey's tail got the name of a monkey's tail—not because it is made of iron, as you might suppose, but because when they came in with the cannonades, our pig-tails were so long and thick, that these iron bars were but as *monkey's* tails compared to *own*.

"I was mighty eager to have a tail, but it was a matter of four years, and of no small vexation to the ship's cook, for I stole all his slush, before I had my tail in full beauty. At last I had one as thick as my wrist, and hanging down so low, that it was a-ground high and dry when I sat upon my chest; and such a beautiful waving curly end to it, black and glossy as a two-year old nigger. When I went to Ireland some time afterwards, on what they call French leave, my mother's poor old cow couldn't keep her eyes off on it, and at last she lost her milk from sheer envy.

"Well, after sarving his majesty better than seven years, part of our ship's company were drafted into another frigate; why they call it drafting I don't know, except it is from the game of drafts, in which you *take the men*.

"Well, so the Admiralty provided us with a new ship, and a new captain, a game sort of fellow, for his name was Partridge; but there was one who took out a licence against him, and that was his own wife, who was the captain's captain. Well, as soon as he comes on board he reads his commission, and makes a bit of a speech, saying, how he hoped the ship's company would always be *united*, and then he pipes to *division*. And then, to our surprise, instead of walking in front of us to examine the cut of our jibs, what does he do, but walks behind, to examine our tails hanging over our sterns!

" 'Mark that man, Mr. Flybottle,' said he, to the first lieutenant; and so he went on, until he had marked eleven of the longest tails among us, of which number I was one; so then he orders them eleven on the quarter-deck, and examines us again.

" 'Which of those two tails is the longest,' says he, pointing to mine and Bill Gibbons's. The first lieutenant measured, and sure enough mine was the longest by an inch.

" 'That will do,' says he. 'What's your name, my good fellow?'

" 'Jerry O'Sullivan, at your honour's sarvice,' replied I.

" 'Then, O'Sullivan, you are my coxswain, and these other ten men are my boat's crew.'

"So you see, my lads, that promotion went by the length of your tail in those days, and my tail got for me the very best rating in the ship.

"We very soon found out that all this was a fancy on the part of the captain's wife, who a day or two after came on board, and took the command.

" 'What's your name, sir?' says she, as I walked into the cabin at her tail, with a half-grown umbrella, and a bundle of cat's skins, which she had had muffled round her throat.

" 'Jerry O'Sullivan, at your honourable ladyship's commands,' replied I.

“ ‘Turn your back, sir,’ says she, plumping down on the sofa, ‘and let me see *your tail*.’ ”

“ ‘Sure I knows better manners, ma’am,’ says I, very politely.

“ ‘Obey my orders, sir, or I shall direct Captain Partridge to give you three dozen,’ cried she, in a voice like a *pay-cock*. Didn’t I show her my tail fast enough, when I heard that? So she was pacified, and declared that it was a beauty, and I was in *high* favour, because my tail hung down so *low*.

“ Well, tails were the order of the day in that ship, and heads were good for nothing else but to hang tails on to—the longer the tail the better the rating, for my lady could only judge of a seaman’s merits by the length of his tail, and she took all the trouble out of the captain’s hands. She had no mercy upon a poor fellow without a tail, but had him flogged for the smallest offence; and if the captain seized up any rascal with a good thick tail, she would send out her positive orders that he should be cast off. A poodle dog fell overboard, and she would not allow a boat to be sent to pick him up, because the poor brute had no *tail*; but as I said before, tails were every thing, and if you tossed up a halfpenny, it would come up *tails* twenty times running.

“ But, notwithstanding that I’d the longest tail in the ship, and that her ladyship was so fond of tails in general, yet she did not approve of tales in particular; particularly a tale that I was telling to her maid one fine morning—a very pretty girl, that I was persuading to become Mrs. O’Sullivan. There was I in the side cabin pouring into her little ears the tale of my love, swearing that she was the cocoa of my delight, that she suited me to a tea, that she was the paysoup of my affections, and that I longed after her as a chap does for the scuttle butt on the horse latitudes, or a shark after a four-pound piece of pork; when who should heave in sight but the honourable Mrs. Captain Partridge, just as I had coiled my arm round her pretty waist.

“ ‘What are you about with my maid, you Jerry O’Sullivan?’ cried she.

“ ‘Only begging her to comb out the tuft of my tail, madam?’ said I, thinking to blarney her.

“ ‘I desire that my maid laves your *tail* alone,’ says she, ‘and that you lave my *maid* alone, and that you also lave the cabin this instant.’ ”

“ So I said nothing, but with my tail between my legs, I turned tail out of her sublime presence.

“ Sure my lady was not a little angry, and she sent the master-at-arms to measure if Bill Gibbons’s tail had not grown as long as mine, that she might make him coxswain in my stead; but fortunately mine was still, notwithstanding all his coaxing, half an inch the longer, so I kept my rating. Every thing went on very smoothly, until one day a *tail-block* fell from aloft, and took me right on the *head*. I was taken down senseless, and the surgeon declared that there was a confusion in my head, (and he was right enough,) and that I must go to the hospital. Well, during the time that I laid stupified, what did they do but cut off all my hair, and shave my head, that they might

get at the mischief, just as we should clear a ship's hold to get at a leak. Yes, by the powers, they amputated my tail, to repair the injury in my head, and thereby did me an irreparable injury; for when, after six weeks, I was sent on board again, as soon as madam discovered that I had no tail I was disgraced.

“ Bill Gibbons got my berth, and I was put among the waiters, to wring the wet *tails* of swabs—so there, d'ye observe, is the end of both my tales.”

SPANISH SERENADE.

Air.—“ *The Cuckoo.*”

Now the rosy sandal'd morn
Steals across the mountain gray ;
Hark! the hunter's silver horn
Wakes the sleeping echo's lay !
 Echo ! echo !
Wakes the sleeping echo's lay.

Come, my smiling love, with me,
Where the orange breathes perfume ;
There I'll weave a gift for thee,
Rich with summer's roseate bloom ;
While those lips repeat the strain,
Echo loves to mock again :
 Echo ! echo !
Echo loves to mock again.

Now the convent's matin bell
Calls the vestal to her shrine ;
Hark ! the pealing organ's swell !
Echo mocks the note divine ;
 Echo ! echo !
Echo mocks the note divine.

Come, my Agnes ! let us stray
O'er the fields at matin hour,
Where the sportive lambskins play,
Bounding o'er the dewy flow'r ;
While the cotter's pipe so sweet,
Echo wakens to repeat ;
 Echo ! echo !
Echo wakens to repeat.

SICILIAN FACTS.¹—No. XXXVII.

THE CORRUPT JUDGE.

TOWARDS the middle of the last century a daring murder was committed in a coffee-house in Valletta, by a young man, the son of people in respectable circumstances, who, having words with another, on a very slight provocation, drew out a knife and stabbed him mortally; he then made his escape, but was captured next day by the officers of the police. Notwithstanding the testimony of several witnesses to the fact, and other convincing circumstantial evidence against him, the prisoner persisted (indeed his only feasible defence) in denying his having been the person who had inflicted the wound; he even underwent the torture of the cavalletto, which I have elsewhere described, without coming to a confession. Notwithstanding this pertinacity, the presiding judge, satisfied by the evidence brought forward, condemned him to death. Petitions and supplications were made to no purpose to the judge for his intercession with the grand master, and to that prince himself for pardon. The time allotted being expired, the criminal, as is the custom in Malta, was removed three days previous to execution into the condemned chapel, where, with a spiritual adviser, people in that unhappy situation pass the few sad minutes remaining to them in the offices of religion, preparing themselves, by compunction and prayer, for that pardon in the next world, from which human policy excludes them in this.

Two of these trying days had past, when the father of the criminal, persuading himself that even yet a pardon might be obtained for his son, could he but succeed in engaging the influence of the judge who had condemned him in his favour, on the evening preceding the day on which the sentence was to be carried into execution, presented himself, just as it darkened, at the door of that functionary. Admittance was at first refused; but a *douceur* to the servant soon opened both the door and the ear of the judge to the suppliant. An abrupt negative had been already given in terms the most unequivocal, when the distressed parent, taking from under his cloak a bag containing one thousand Maltese crowns, a large sum for the time and place, put it on the table, giving the judge to understand that double that amount would be forthcoming in the event of a pardon being granted to his unhappy son. The judge remained for several minutes silent and absorbed in thought; at length he told the father in a low voice, but plain terms, that late as it now was, and difficult from that and other circumstances, he would still, though the result was far from certain, do his best to avert the cruel doom impending over the young man. After a little further consideration he dismissed him with an order of admission to the prison, where, under the pretext of taking a last leave of his child, he was to devise some plan for getting the

¹ Continued from p. 272.

priest out of the way, and detaining him as long as possible, in order to leave the judge sufficient time and freer scope for putting into execution a design which he had already conceived. Somewhat consoled, and relying on the judge's ingenuity, the father retired. Complying with the directions given him, he saw his son, engaged the priest to accompany him home, and kept him occupied in discourse until he supposed the judge had found time to carry his plan, whatever it might be, into effect.

The judge, in the meantime, eager to insure the remainder of the sum promised, had formed his project; application so late to the prince he knew was not only useless, but might bring discredit and suspicion on himself, as he had reported the case, from the commencement, as one altogether unworthy of mercy, and as calling for a severe and awful example. Sending for the gaoler, who kept a watch over the prisoner during the night, and was considered as a sufficient guard, from the latter being heavily ironed, and the chapel within the prison walls, where a single call would immediately bring effectual assistance, he pretended to have still some doubts respecting the guilt of the young man, and feigned himself anxious to know if he had yet made an open avowal of his crime; the disclosures made to his spiritual adviser being, as our readers are aware, under the sacred seal of confession, never in the most distant manner to be alluded to, much less to be divulged, without incurring the guilt of sacrilege. Having heard the man's reply, the judge, under pretence of retiring to his library to consult some authorities on the subject, left the room, directing him on no account to move from the spot before his return. This done, he lost not an instant in proceeding to the prison; entering the chapel, he told the young man, whom he found in a state of extreme mental agitation, brought on by the horrors of his dreadful situation, wavering between the fear of approaching death, and the hope, slight as it was, held out to him by his father, that there was still a chance of safety for him, provided he complied immediately and exactly with his directions—"I am now about," he said, "to release you from your fetters; but you must be aware, in an island so limited in extent as that of Malta, there is not the slightest chance of your escaping the vigilance and research of the officers of justice, alert as they will naturally be the instant you are found missing from these walls; take therefore this dagger," and he drew one from under his vest, "proceed instantly to the coffee-house in which you committed the murder—it is not late, you will certainly find people there at this hour—enter boldly, take good care that you are seen and recognized by all present, then resolutely plunge the weapon into the body of the person nearest you, and immediately escape, leaving the stiletto in the wound; return hither with all possible speed, and leave the rest to me; but recollect that every thing depends on your dexterity and despatch." The criminal, though just trembling on the verge of eternity, and fresh from the pious exhortations of a minister of that God whose laws he had already so heinously offended, readily consented, at the suggestion of the wily judge, to cover himself from the consequences of one murder by the commission of another still more atrocious. He took the knife and left the chapel. His infernal ad-

viser remained behind in a state of anxiety and agitation: a few minutes relieved him from his suspense; the coffee-house was not far distant from the quarter in which the prison was situated. The young man returned confused and trembling, as persons recent from the commission of any dreadful offence are wont. Having ascertained the success of his abominable machinations, the judge carefully re-consigned the murderer to his fetters, and recommending secrecy and presence of mind, for his own sake, took his leave.

With hurried and irregular steps he had rushed into the coffee-house, the scene of his former crime; his haggard countenance, his violent emotions, the wild glance of his unsettled eye, instantly drew the attention of all present, as he stood for a moment the object of their gaze. An exclamation of wonder ran round—it was surely the prisoner under sentence of death. No—that was impossible; yet how remarkable a likeness! The desperate man gave them but little time for question or conjecture, before turning rapidly round, he plunged his dagger into the bosom of an unhappy individual who was standing near the door, and disappeared with the rapidity of lightning; his unfortunate victim fell immediately, uttering a feeble cry. Medical assistance was at hand, but so home was the thrust, that in a few minutes he was already a corpse. The unexpectedness and suddenness of the blow, the confusion and alarm of the beholders, who were fixed to the spot in terror and amazement, effectually precluded any attempt to arrest the assassin.

A murder so openly and daringly perpetrated soon threw the whole city of Valletta into consternation; thousands flocked to see the bleeding body. Many people had beheld the deed and recognised the murderer; but though it appeared to them, the culprit lying at the time in the condemned chapel and awaiting his doom in the morning, they never for a moment entertained a suspicion of its being really so. Valletta was very populous, and contained many strangers; the murderer was therefore, in the opinion of all, an unknown person, bearing a striking and remarkable resemblance to the prisoner, perhaps the very individual who had been guilty of the prior crime. The wonderful and strange tale soon reached the ears of the judge; that impartial magistrate at once perceived the strong probability that the identity of the prisoner under condemnation had been mistaken; his resolution in asserting his innocence, which had always appeared extraordinary, warranted this opinion. To satisfy, however, himself and the public, he immediately sent to the prison to ascertain if the criminal was really still in custody; being soon convinced upon this head, he took upon himself to suspend the execution, which was to have taken place soon after daybreak, until these extraordinary circumstances should be satisfactorily investigated. In the morning, having taken the deposition of the persons present at the murder, he proceeded to the palace of the grand master, to whom he submitted the whole case, now putting every thing in the most favourable light possible for the prisoner. A fact so superlatively atrocious as the real one was not likely to be suspected; the grand master, naturally loath in a case of so much doubt to take away the life of a fellow creature, at the instigation of the judge, first respited, and a few days after-

wards granted a pardon to the young man, who was set at liberty. He soon after left the island, and it was not until many years afterwards, when the grand master, the judge, the gaoler, and the servant, had all ceased to exist, that the strange story transpired, the murderer, then an old man and in a foreign country, himself disclosing it.

No. XXXVIII.

THE SILENT JUDGE; OR, THE ROUTINE OF THE LAW.

THERE is also a story scarcely less remarkable, concerning another Maltese judge of the last century, named Cambo. This person, who was an early riser, having left his bed one morning before sunrise, hearing the footsteps of people running violently in the street, was led by curiosity to see what occasioned it at that unusual hour. Most of the houses in Valletta are furnished with balconies, covered and glazed, which, when provided with curtains, permit the inhabitants, if inclined, to observe what is going on in the street, without being themselves discovered. The judge from one of these, though it was not yet daylight, perceived a man running in great terror from another, who followed him close behind. Directly under the judge's window, the pursuer overtook the flyer, and stabbed him; the wounded man reeled and fell; in the act of striking, it is to be remarked, the assassin's cap fell off, so that the judge had an opportunity of viewing his features in the increasing daylight; hastily recovering it, he instantly took to flight. A few paces farther on he threw away the sheath of his stiletto, and turned into another street; the judge consequently lost sight of him. Scarcely had he witnessed this extraordinary spectacle, than a baker with his basket of bread for the daily consumption of his customers made his appearance. As he walked leisurely along, the sheath of the stiletto, which lay in his path, caught his eye; he stooped, took it up, and after examining it a little, put it into his pocket, and continued his course. Just then a patrol of the police, either by accident, or drawn by the noise which had attracted the attention of the judge, entered the same street. In the mean time, the baker a little lower came to the body of the person just assassinated; the police took the same direction, and the poor man at this instant perceived them behind him; terrified at the sight of the corpse, and fearful of being suspected and arrested, he lost all presence of mind, and hid himself in the entrance of a gentleman's house near the spot; but he had not escaped the quick eye of the officers; they had seen a figure, which disappeared suddenly near the murdered person, whom they also now discovered, and very naturally conjecturing it was the assassin, began to search for him carefully on all sides, as they knew he had not run off; it was not long before they detected the unfortunate baker in his hiding-place; his incoherent and confused

replies increased suspicion; on searching him they found the sheath on his person; the stiletto had fallen from the wound, and lay near the body; on applying it to the sheath they found it corresponded exactly, and less than all these circumstances would have warranted the arrest of the poor baker; he was accordingly carried to prison, and public report gave out that he was undoubtedly the murderer; not was this prepossession any way contradicted or removed by the judge, who, though he had witnessed the whole occurrence, kept it a profound secret in his own breast. Official report was made to him within an hour after the event—still he communicated the fact to no one. The only way of accounting for his extraordinary conduct is, that he presided in the criminal court, and that there was a doubt in the existing jurisprudence, how far a judge ought to act from his own private knowledge of a case; and whether he ought not altogether to limit himself to the deposition of witnesses and other evidence brought forward on the trial, without any reference to information he might have casually received from other sources. The dull and heavy intellect of Cambo, unable to distinguish between the rule and the exception, embraced this opinion. The unhappy baker was in due time brought to trial. Circumstances were certainly against him; the stupid judge, who knew his innocence, patiently listened to, and punctually noted all the apparent proofs of his guilt, and at length, to do him justice, perceived with satisfaction that the evidence was not altogether sufficiently conclusive for condemnation, but determined to proceed with all due formality, and not to deviate an iota from the ordinary routine of the court, according to the established practice of the Maltese code of the day, which, in cases of *semi-prova*, or semi-proof, preposterously endeavoured to supply the deficiencies of evidence by the forced confession of the criminal himself, he ordered the wretched man to be put to the question. Imagining, in his infatuation, by this proceeding, to reconcile what he esteemed his duty with his conscience, he conceived that the prisoner being really innocent, would persist in asserting himself to be so, and thus afford him an opportunity of declaring the proof of his crime not sufficiently made out; but he was mistaken. Relaxing nothing from the customary procedure of the court, the torture, which was that of the cord, was so cruelly and unmercifully applied, that at the second fall, the wretched creature, yielding to the pain caused by the complete dislocation of both shoulders, called out loudly that he was guilty. So terrified was he by the apprehension of a continuation or renewal of his suffering, that when taken down to receive condemnation as convicted, he durst not retract his forced and false confession. No alternative was now, in his own opinion, left to the scrupulous and undeviating Cambo. Here was a person accused, tried, and convicted, all in due form; if he was not guilty in fact, he was so in law, and ought to have been so in reality. Perhaps the sagacious judge found that he had let matters go too far to retract at this last stage; be that as it may, the hapless wretch was condemned to death, and, horrible to relate, soon after underwent the sentence of the law.

It was not long before the dreadful truth was brought to light, the real murderer arrested, brought to trial, and condemned to death for

another crime, among other offences, confessed himself guilty of that for which the poor baker had so unjustly suffered, and appealed to Cambo himself for the truth of his assertion; in the very act of plunging his knife into the body of his victim, he had caught the judge's eye, as he stood at the window; he described his dress at the time, and mentioned the circumstance of his cap falling, when he was so near the balcony that the judge must have necessarily remarked his features; indeed, he had given himself up for lost; and was astonished at finding the unfortunate baker arrested, condemned, and executed in his stead, the reasons for which strange proceeding on the part of the judge he had never been able to account for.

The circumstance coming to the ears of the grand master, he sent for Cambo, and soon elicited the whole fact from that precise and straightforward functionary, who still maintained that he had only fulfilled his duty, and acted up to the letter of the law, in consigning an innocent man to a cruel and ignominious death, because it unfortunately happened that the only witness in his favour was his judge! The grand master, it seems, was of a different opinion, for he not only degraded and dismissed Cambo from all his employments, but obliged him to provide handsomely, from his private fortune, for the family of this victim of judicial murder.

No. XXXIX.

A WEDDING FETE.

SOME days after the dinner at the Baron L———'s, I was invited to a wedding fête by the Marquis of P———, on occasion of the marriage of his sister. The entertainment was splendid, and the palace fitted up in a sumptuous style. We ascended the staircase through a double file of servants, at least fifty in number, many of them, I suspect, hired or borrowed for the occasion, but they were all in the same gay livery, and impressed one with a suitable idea of the importance of the proprietor of the mansion.

On being ushered into a magnificent saloon, with rich crimson hangings, we found the bride superbly attired and adorned with a profusion of jewels, surrounded by her female relatives, in attendance to receive the homage and congratulations of the company. The ball was led off by the newly-married couple. After dancing some time, supper was announced, and here joking seemed the order of the evening.

The supper was elegant and inviting in appearance, but what in English would be termed a hoax. Not a dish but what had its trick; one exploded on the application of the knife, another suddenly took fire as we were about to help ourselves; whilst a lady, who was laughing heartily at the sight, stretching out her hand to take a fine peach, suddenly changed her note on disturbing a lizard, which had been nestling among the leaves. In the middle of the table was an

immense pasty which appeared smoking hot and diffused so inviting a smell, that there was no suspecting deceit; the crust was lifted up in order to commence the attack, when a flight of small birds burst forth at once to the astonishment of the carver.

I was sorry to observe that some of the tricks were far from humane. At the top and bottom was a fine fowl properly served with suitable sauce, all apparently as it ought to have been; some one requested to be helped to a part, but no sooner was the fork thrust in than the poor animal uttering a cry, leapt off the dish, and in its struggles to escape, liberally bestowed a portion of the sauce on those in its way: the same took place at the other end. The cruelty here practised deserves the severest censure, and cannot fail to alloy the pleasure which a sensible mind might otherwise have derived from the festivities of the evening. The unfortunate bird is first plucked, then stupified with opium, whilst the highly coloured sauce, poured over, gives it the appearance of being dressed. When the different jokes, if they all may be termed so, had been played off, the pseudo eatables were taken away, and a real and excellent supper brought in to replace them.

But the deceptions did not end here. After supper we were shown into another apartment. We had scarcely entered it, when surprise and consternation seized the whole company. Every one was alarmed to see his neighbour's face assume a yellow cadaverous aspect, so that we all looked like so many walking corpses. The ladies, lately so gay and blooming, were particularly shocked at their transformation, and each anxiously inquired if she looked so ill and ugly as her companions.

The bride and bridegroom had fortunately escaped this trial, having retired after supper; but our laughter-loving host had not yet finished his operations. From this room he led us into another, the walls and ceiling of which appeared covered with reptiles and insects of various descriptions. Vipers, toads, centipedes, tarantulas, and scorpions, seemed crawling about in every direction, forming a spectacle so revolting and alarming that I could not forbear shuddering. It was too much for the ladies, who, without waiting to be squired, instantly made the best of their way back to the ball-room, where they soon forgot their fears, and continued to divert themselves until a late hour.

The two latter deceptions are uncommonly ingenious, and I believe very little known. The last is mentioned by Smollet, in *Peregrine Pickle*, as having alarmed the honest Morgan, and made him take the operator for a conjuror. The marquis promised to procure for me the secret of these spells, but as I never got them, I presume the professor was unwilling to communicate them.

The first was evidently in a great degree effected by the preparation of the candles, which emitted a thick smoke, and gave a dull heavy light. On our entering the room where the latter appearances took place, a servant preceded us with a large braciére, or pan of burning charcoal, which also threw up a dense smoke, and spread a strong and rather unpleasant odour through the apartment. The forms of the reptiles must of course, in some manner, be thrown on

the walls; and I suppose the composition burnt in the *braciere* affects and disorders the senses in such manner as to give the appearance of life and motion.

No. XL.

COMMODORE DECATUR AND THE SICILIANS.

WHEN the American Commodore, Decatur, was in Syracuse with the squadron under his command, he formed an acquaintance with a fair Sicilian, and was in the habit of visiting her rather frequently. It happened that the lady being one day taken suddenly unwell, sent in alarm for her confessor. Before the priest arrived, Commodore Decatur dropped in, and his protégée began to feel herself a little better. Soon afterwards the ecclesiastic made his appearance. Now the gallant commodore, whatever may have been his penchant for female Catholics, had no predilection for the males of that persuasion, to which his tenets were diametrically opposed. Ignorant that the fair one had herself required the good father's attendance; perhaps having a Protestant aversion to a confession in which he was himself like to figure; or fearing the lady's indisposition might be increased by the apprehension caused by this *memento mori* visit of her ghostly adviser; or, it may be, having other suspicions, he very unceremoniously requested the holy man not to interrupt their *tête-à-tête*. The other, a little scandalized, and much irritated at having thus come, as he conceived, on a fool's errand, pertinaciously insisted on converting the duet into a trio; and hinted, that if there was one too many in the chamber, it was the gallant captain himself. The commodore, losing his temper at this insinuation, seized the astonished priest by the collar, and sent him neck and heels to the bottom of the stairs. With bruised back and bloody nose the good father made the best of his way into the street, lustily shouting murder. The police soon gathered round, and, indignant at this act of heretical violence, began to cry "Agli Americani!" at the Americans, of which there were many at the moment in the town, on whom the pious Sicilians fell at once with stick, stone, and knife. These, finding themselves attacked, formed in a body, and resisted, as well as they could, their numerous assailants. Commodore Decatur himself, drawn to the window by the tumult, seeing how matters stood, rushed out and put himself at the head of his people. A fierce fight took place in the streets; the Americans took the direction of the harbour to secure themselves on board; every inch of ground was contested. Missiles of various denominations were liberally showered down from the windows and the tops of the houses on the retreating Yankees, who, by dint of discipline and holding together, at length made their way to the beach through an enemy fifty times their number. There were broken heads and some bad wounds given and received; but I believe, fortunately, no lives were lost on either side on the occasion.

THE LIFE, OPINIONS, AND PENSILE ADVENTURES OF JOHN KETCH.¹

WITH RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES DURING THE LAST THREE REIGNS.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD BAILEY EXPERIENCE."

" O grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live, or feared to die."

" Necessity is a hard taskmaster."

WHEN I first took up my pen, it was with an intention of giving the world only that portion of my life connected with the office I held; for which I had prepared myself, by taking notes of all the affairs with which I was, in the course of my experience, in any way connected. The gentleman, however, who has revised this work, and been the cause of its going to press, would have me trace my history from its earliest days. With ready compliance to his wishes, I therefore commence as follows. It was my fate to be born a stranger in my own country, for I never knew my parents, nor any one who claimed kin to me; I supposed that I breathed my first air in St. Giles's workhouse, having in my early days no recollection of any other place. There I remember being taught to read and write, and, as I have sate down to give the truth, I may be allowed to say, that the master of the school said I was his best scholar; he often patted my head and remarked I should make a bright man. As these were the only words of kindness any of the seed of Adam ever spoke to me during my younger days, they naturally made an impression on me; and I believe were the means of my always trying to fulfil his prophecy, although fate has carried me a round-about way in bringing me under the notice of the public. Sometimes the schoolmaster rewarded me for a good copy, or a well got-by-heart spelling lesson, by letting me go out for a walk along with a big boy who went of errands. Up to this time, when, as nearly as I can guess, I was nine or ten years of age, I had seen nothing of the great world, excepting only that which came under my notice in a few occasional walks along the streets, and that which was bounded within the walls of my prison; for such the people, I remember, used to call the workhouse. At this period of my life, as I was one night lying in my bed, thinking of my former bedfellow, who they told me had run away, a boy, who had been brought into the house that same day, came and asked me if I should not like to get out of the place, and have my liberty. "Let us start," said he; "let us go out into the world, I'll show you how to live—what is the use of staying here?" I was not long in making up my mind, for, although so young, I had seen enough to be thoroughly discontented with workhouse treatment; and I inform all men whom it may concern, that how much soever it may be policy to make a parish workhouse a disagreeable place of residence, to prevent idle grown persons from too much resorting there, the authorities, whoever they may be, had better order the orphan children to be put at once to death, than bring them up as they used to do in my time.

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To be sure, I am told that it is managed better now ; but then the mischief is done. If the government would take the trouble to find out the history of all the orphan children which have been brought up in work-houses, their eyes would be opened. I could give them some information, and prove, that not one in a hundred eventually follows any trade but thieving ;—and this they call charity. To whom is it charity ? to the poor unfortunates themselves, who are so bred up, that they have no choice when they come into the world, between starving or stealing ? Or is it charity, every year to turn thousands upon society, to plunder the people, and rear up a new generation of warriors against the law of right. All the troubles of the country, it is my opinion, come from the mismanagement of the poor, and the evident unwillingness there is to better their condition. This is my opinion, and I have been on the right side of society to see the game played ; I have been behind the wicket, and I know the private moves. None of the poor feel grateful for any thing which is given them ; they say it's like a highwayman robbing a man of a thousand pounds, and then giving him back a shilling to pay the turnpike. I am certain that no orphan brought up in a workhouse ever yet felt obliged to anybody for his breeding ; he turns out into the world with the feelings of Cain—“ *a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth.*” He ate the bread of charity before he knew it, and for that offence nobody will look upon him. What then can he do but turn round and set the world at defiance ? bidding it do its worst ; desperately daring it to combat to the risk of his life.

As I said before, no one but the schoolmaster had in the whole of my existence said a kind word to me ; these two boys, therefore, appeared to me like angels sent to lead me to happiness ; they talked of plays, shows, and sights, till my head turned round with surprise and anxiety to behold the wonders they described. If I were to live as long as the patriarchs of old, mentioned in the Bible, I should never forget that night. Joy, such as heretofore I had no conception of, suddenly leaped into my whole frame, and made me fancy myself a new-created being. I have never since felt myself capable of receiving the same pleasure ; my heart bounded, as we say, and kept knocking against my side as if it were too large for the place which held it in ; and what is more extraordinary, although I have, God knows, had occasions enough for both grief and joy, I never could, under the greatest events of my life, not even when suddenly snatched from the jaws of death, conjure up so many pleasant feelings. Whenever I want to think of any thing agreeable, I always go back to that night, and recall up all my old recollections, after which for a whole day I seem, like other people, sensible of pleasure and pain ; but if I don't strike the right string by hitting upon these thoughts, I am ever thinking and fancying that God did not make me as other men are, and that I am like a walking log of wood, living more as a vegetable than an animal. In short, it is only when I recollect that night, that I am conscious of my right to feel and think, the same as other men do ; if I had not this little private string to pull now and then, and awaken early feelings, I think the world might bestow upon me riches and honours, or disgrace and misery, and it would be all the same to me, excepting as regards food to eat, which all must have before they can think of any thing else.

Once mentioned this state of my mind to the young surgeon, who it was that persuaded me to write my life. This gentleman, I first knew through his coming to me about dissecting subjects, for the use of himself and father, who gave lectures ; he was very fond of a long chat concerning what I had seen, and was, upon the whole, very good to me. One day in particular he came in, and sent my wife out for a pint of gin, after which, taking out his cigar, and seating himself, he said, “ Mr. Ketch, ours is a queer business, but yours is a much queerer ; and I'll tell you

what, if you don't mind what you are about, and do your business a little better, I shall go to your master, Lord ———, and let him know what a slovenly fellow you are ; he won't stand it, I can tell you, Master Ketch : but you ought to know better now, you have been so long in the profession."

As my friend the surgeon was always a joking, funny kind of a wild wag, I thought he was after some of his usual bantering rigs, so I said, "What's the matter, now, sir?"

"Matter !" he exclaimed ; "why, matter enough—are you not paid to hang men ? answer that question."

"To be sure I am," I said.

"Well, then," he continued, "the last man you executed came to our dissecting-table alive, although he was not fetched away from Newgate until dark, thirteen hours after you hung him."

"The devil he was !" said I ; "that's impossible."

"Hold your tongue," cried the surgeon, "and hear what I have to say about it. Alive he was, just as sure as you thought he was dead. About half-past nine o'clock he was laid upon our swing table, in the middle of the lecture-room, when the dissecting surgeon called about ten pupils together, and told us that he was going to open the abdomen, ready for lecture the next morning. He a few minutes afterwards laid his left hand upon the body, preparatory to using the knife with the other, when he suddenly drew back, and exclaimed to the by-standers, 'Why the man's alive—he is quite warm!' Then advancing, after a moment's pause, he pressed the chest, when the man very audibly gave a deep groan. The pupils were petrified with astonishment ; some proposed bleeding him, others, that a warm bath should be ordered immediately. 'Stop !' said the dissecting surgeon ; 'you all know for what offence this man was executed—for a most atrocious murder—a matricide. He is evidently not dead ; let us pause, then, and consider this matter,' continued he. 'Ketch has neglected his duty, but we are no executioners, although I wish the wretch dead ; to restore such a creature to life, will, in my judgment, be a greater sin than sending an innocent man out of it. Speak, gentlemen, what shall we do?' Several pupils proposed immediately despatching a messenger for you, Mr. Ketch, but one of the pupils present, whose father was in the law, said you had no power off your own drop, so this course was abandoned ; all, however, decided against making any extraordinary efforts to save the wretch.

"At length it was suggested, as it was then uncertain, from the long time he had been exposed in the cold air, and that spent in discussion, whether we should succeed if we attempted resuscitation ; and again if it would not be better to postpone the dissection until the following day, leaving the dispute between life and death, if any yet remained, to be settled without any interference on our part either way : this being agreed upon, we securely fastened up the room and departed to our own homes. On our return the following morning, we found that death had proved the victor, although a cloth, we had thrown over the body, was in a slight degree displaced, proving beyond a doubt that there had been a struggle for it.

"Let this," continued the surgeon, "be a warning to you, to do your duty better in future. We, at the hospital, have agreed, for your sake, to keep the matter a secret, nor shall it be ever known, unless, in the life you are writing, you think proper to inform the world of the remarkable circumstance."

Then hastily turning round upon his heel, he inquired if I was ever conscious of feeling ? it was then I told him how it was I had none until I recollected things which happened in my most early days of life—that when I thought as a child I could feel ; but when I thought as a man, that I could have no pity, not even for myself. Asking him, whether it

was his opinion this was occasioned by my profession, and if so, why the judges, the jailer, the law-makers, and the secretary of state, did not feel the same, seeing that they had more to do with the business than myself. The surgeon then made me inform him of my early history, upon the hearing of which he said, "I see how it is,—when you ran away from the workhouse, you were just old enough to feel the misery of your situation, but without experience to know, or even anticipate, the greater ills of life; in your imagination you had concentrated all unhappiness in a workhouse residence, and the sum of all pleasures to consist in escaping from it. Yours," he continued, "is the common fate of all mankind—all start with hope, and all meet with disappointment. You made a false estimate of the future, and just in proportion as every day's event let you into the secret of your mistake, your heart sunk by slow degrees down to that spot where the levers and pulleys of hope and delusion do not reach; your heart lies at the bottom like a lump of cold clay, far beyond the influence of the nerves, the finer ends of which are become insensible—turned into strings of wire. Memory alone furnishes you with pleasant ideas, but then memory also brings those of a disagreeable kind. When your heart was elastic—that is, springy—it had its occasional risings and falls, but it will never again come to the same height which it did when you were in a state of innocence."

"Ah!" said I, "you have got out of my depth, but I know there is a dead weight upon my heart, if that be the place of feeling—good and bad, it's all the same to me now; but how is it with the other gentlemen of the law—they don't seem to be unhappy?"

"Why," rejoined the surgeon, "they have no more real feeling than you have, only they have learnt to disguise it, and to talk in fine language, which deceives the people; but don't you trouble yourself about them; let the devil and them settle that question. You promised me to go on with your life—come show me how forward it is!" Upon this, I promised to get a long piece done when he came again, if he would just take the trouble to correct it for me, which he agreed to do, and then left me.

After he was gone, however, I could not be easy, but thought a good deal about what he said, (as, indeed, I always did.) The man's coming to life again puzzled me very much, and for a long time I would not believe it; however, when I came to inquire into it, I found it all true. It seems, when the man, who was hung, was committed to prison, that he, knowing his guilt, and the certainty of his being executed, got a surgeon, who was confined with him upon another charge, to perform the operation of *pharyngotomy* upon him; which is, as the surgeons informed me, making a small hole in the lower part of the neck and windpipe, just large enough to admit a plug, as big as a piece of tobacco-pipe, which it appears he wore all the time he was in prison, nearly four months before his execution; and it came out from the statement of another prisoner, since examined, that the man could at any time he pleased stop his mouth and nostrils, and yet for a considerable time continue to breathe through the hole which was made in his neck without any very great inconvenience to himself.

Those who have since investigated this affair, are of an opinion, if the malefactor had had friends in concert with his plans, and had been speedily delivered into their hands, and proper vigorous measures had been resorted to for effecting resuscitation, that he might have been now living, after being suspended one whole hour by the neck, reckoned by St. Sepulchre's church clock, which I always do. Regarding this opinion, however, I have nothing to say. I was acquitted of all blame, when the particulars came up for inquiry before the sheriffs; for the young foolish surgeons, although they promised so faithfully to be silent, blabbed it

about, until it came to the recorder's ears, who fell into a most desperate and furious passion about it, and sent for me, thinking I had been palmed to save him, I told him how unlikely it was for me to wish to meet a man in the streets again after hanging him for such a long time from our Bailey drop. "No, sir," said I, "I am as anxious to do my duty as you are, and if people tell the truth, I never made so many mistakes as you have—but that's neither here nor there—I know the fault is not mine:" and so it turned out in the end, and I had the laugh against all the knowing ones.

Another time he (the recorder) sent for me, and accused me of saying publicly, that he condemned too many men, and asked me what business I had to interfere in his concerns; saying, if I minded my own it was quite enough for me. This was when the county took away my fees, and made a contract to give so much money for doing all the duty, placing me and my man upon a salary. Now, all I said was, that he was about as good a one in his time for the hanging system, as any man since the days of Judge Jeffreys; however, I pleaded not guilty to the charge, and, as he could not bring forward witnesses, I was acquitted. It was, upon the whole, a lucky circumstance, that, the man who was near coming again to life, had so bad a character, that, like the late Captain Nickholls, who was hung for the same offence at Horsemonger Jail, his friends would have nothing to do with his body, so left him for us to dispose of as we thought proper.

(To be continued.)

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

OH STRIKE THE LUTE, LADY!

Oh strike the lute, lady! the wildness that clings
 To my spirit grows tame, while I listen to thee;
 'Tis music alone that can open the springs
 Of this dark frozen bosom: sing, lady, to me!
 That song—oh! how well I remember the strain,
 When it stole on me first from the lips that are cold,—
 Those lips, that can never breathe music again,
 Or tell me to love, as they oftentimes have told.

Oh strike the lute, lady! but wake not the strings,
 To the soft lay of love, or the light note of joy:
 Some sweet sabbath air, that to memory brings
 The home and the friends that I left when a boy.
 Thus beguiled let me sit; thus, in fancy, behold
 The loved and the loving ones still at my side;
 And forget the long years, that in darkness have rolled,
 Since those loved and those loving ones faded and died.

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM 1814, ESPECIALLY DOMESTIC.

THERE is not a more important epoch in history than the year 1814, when Napoleon fell, by his own rashness, from his gigantic height of power. I propose, from that event, to give slight sketches of the political state of England—not compiled in a formal way, but such as they appear to my own individual view, from a cursory recollection. I shall begin with the characters of the ministers who then held the reins of the British empire.

LORD LIVERPOOL was premier, having been appointed on the melancholy death of Spencer Perceval, in the summer of 1812. A new parliament had been chosen in October of that year; and in that the minister had a decided majority.

Lord Liverpool, the son of a man who had passed a long life in office, had all the education and formal parts of a statesman; and his natural capacity and disposition were of a kind to take advantage of them. He was ambitious, industrious, prudent, wary, and docile. His mind was not distracted by the common pleasures of the world: he was too grave for the trifling pursuits and petty rivalries of fashion, which young men, brought up with the advantages of rank and fortune, are too apt to fall into. In his boyhood he had the character of laboriousness, but not of talent. He was educated at the Charter House, and at Oxford; and soon after he was of age, came into Parliament. He, of course, enlisted under the banners of Pitt; and took a strong part in opposition to the French Revolution. When the Duke of Brunswick invaded France at the head of a strong army, he made a speech in expectation of the march of the Allies to Paris, which, at that time, drew some ridicule from the sarcastic wits who sat on the Opposition Benches.

Young Jenkinson was precisely one of those young men, to whom Pitt was disposed to give the encouragement of his patronage. He was so considerate and discreet, that he never felt prompted to venture on his own individual opinions, nor to go beyond his brief, for the sake of personal display, which might commit the cause he was instructed to advocate. Pitt did not wish that young men, his *employés*, should presume to think for themselves; but preferred those who pursued the formal tactics of office. As Jenkinson had no imagination, and no original energy of mind, it was easy for him to follow this model.

But he was one of those men, who, by slow and gradual experience, and unbroken perseverance, arrived, at his middle age, at a height of intelligence and clearness of capacity, which surprised all those who judged only from the appearances of his boyhood. He became an able minister, of comprehensive knowledge, great wisdom, conscientious integrity, and possessed of the most useful style of parliamentary eloquence.

There is no doubt that his principles were opposed to the French Revolution; and, that on that subject he never varied. For the same reason his whole heart had been set on opposing Napoleon, whose mighty strides at universal empire endangered not only the greatness, but the very safety of England. As he was cautious, and versed in foreign politics, he was not easily misled by diplomatic intrigue. He might be sometimes a little too entangled by formalities; and had not that daring and inventive genius which enabled him to cope on equal terms with the reckless dictator of the continent.

In the domestic details of the home office, of which he had once been secretary, he was especially versed. His cold manners did not win many private friends: his reserve was oppressive; and a natural timidity gave him the appearance of vacillation in his opinions; or, at any rate, of compromise. As his temper was phlegmatic, so he was never betrayed into indiscretions in his parliamentary conduct. He always preserved his dignity, and that unassailable respect which high and considerate intelligence, enforced by a slow and lucid elocution, of the most orderly grace, commands.

Next in political importance to the premier, was LORD CASTLEREAGH; a man much decried by political and revolutionary animosity and falsehood, but a great man. He had a bolder spirit than Lord Liverpool, and was supposed to have an ascendance over the premier's mind. He had come into public life under the auspices of the Marquises of Hertford, the father and brother of his mother; so that he was brought up, as a child, among the high, old nobility; and showed it in all his manners, deportment, and sentiments. His person was graceful and handsome. There is a rare print of Charles II., when young, from whom he descended by the Fitzroys, to which he bore a strong resemblance. As he took an active part under Pitt in bringing about the Irish Union, they who opposed that measure pursued him to the last with the most vindictive hatred and calumnies. Notwithstanding that he often fell into great confusion of language, the vigour and sagacity of his mind were great. He had a noble and uncompromising spirit, and comprehensive and sound intelligence. He is accused of having been too monarchical and aristocratical in his attachments: but this was the mere cry of a party, who wished to overturn all the theories of the world.

LORD SIDMOUTH was now secretary of state for the home department, after having been once premier; in which descent he imitated Lord North, and preceded Lord Ripon and the Duke of Wellington. His scholarship, his intelligence, his talents, his mildness, his conscientious integrity, are well known.

NICHOLAS VANSITTART, now Lord Bexley, was Chancellor of the Exchequer. His skill lay in arithmetical details, for which he had a clear head, and a vast memory; but I much doubt if he was profoundly skilled in the true principles of political economy. Some of his measures were unquestionably mere juggles of figures. He had no oratory at all; and a voice so weak, that he could not be heard at the smallest distance. Being a man of great industry, good private character, and courteous manners, anxious to please all, he retained a difficult and high place, in which mere accident had seated him, to every one's surprise. I suppose that Lord Liverpool and Lord Castlereagh found him ductile, punctual, and convenient. But his utter want of the power of public speaking threw an additional burden on Lord Castlereagh—who had the management of the House of Commons—beyond his strength. There is no doubt that a chancellor of the exchequer ought to be a man of great oratory, considering how much of the domestic government of England depends upon finance. According to the English constitution, political affairs cannot be carried on but by ministers who have those powers of elucidation, which can explain with eloquence the reasons of the measures they adopt.

LORD MELVILLE was at the head of the Admiralty; and being trained in office by his father, whose skill and acuteness cannot be questioned, may be supposed to have discharged his elevated function with sufficient adroitness; but as he had never the character of shining talents, there is no feature on which I can seize.

FREDERICK ROBINSON, now Lord Ripon, was at the head of the Board of Trade: he was rapid, well-informed, liberal, generous, acute, accomplished, and sometimes eloquent, but too sensitive and morbid; deficient

in firmness, and a little too much the creature of circumstances. He had a high heart, and elevated and noble notions on all questions of personal feeling.

BRAGGE BATHURST was a man of mediocrity, with an analytical head, and a most tedious sort of acuteness, to whom no one was inclined to listen. Having married Lord Sidmouth's sister, he passed through many political offices, and executed them all with a decent diligence. But he never carried any weight.

The great office of Lord Chancellor was filled by LORD ELDON, one of the most eminent men who ever sat upon the woolsack. In many respects, his character had an extraordinary resemblance to that of the illustrious Chancellor of France, D'Aguesseau, as drawn by St. Simon, which is one of the most nice and brilliant portraits delineated by an author, who of all memoir-writers most excels in that truly difficult effort of sagacious observation and penetrating genius. Perhaps there never sat as a judge in a court of law or equity, one of such original and subtle discrimination as Lord Eldon, except D'Aguesseau. There are those who think that this has been carried too far in both of them. It may be doubted whether the evil of long delay is not greater than the good of individual justice, in rare cases—where the final right can only be arrived at by long and almost endless procrastinations. It may not always be worth while to unravel every petty knot; but it is sometimes better to cut the entanglement at once.

Lord Eldon, however, by his vast industry, his conscientious integrity, his unrivalled knowledge, his benevolent sensibility, his extreme candour, his long experience, his vigorous age, his argumentative eloquence, his great erudition, his high moral character, was an honour to the courts, and a buckler of strength to the ministry.

The DUKE OF YORK, as Commander-in-Chief, executed that great and onerous office with universal approbation, and unrivalled impartiality and kindness.

LORD PALMERSTON was Secretary at War. SIR ROBERT PEEL, MR. GOULBURN, MR. VESEY FITZGERALD, MR. CROKER, had not yet made the conspicuous figures at which they have since arrived.

It will probably be remarked, that among the chiefs of this ministry there was no great genius, unless it be Lord Eldon. But on this subject Johnson's remark will be recollected, that the best practical statesmen have not been found among the rank of first-rate genius. Perhaps this is not exactly true: witness Burke, and Lord Chatham, Lord Bacon, Lord Clarendon; and, to go farther back, Cicero, and other ancients.

CHARLES ABBOT, afterwards Lord Colchester, was the *Speaker*. He was a diminutive man; well versed in etiquettes and parliamentary forms, a good classical scholar, with much pomp, and an epigrammatic phraseology. He executed his office altogether with discretion and skill; but he had a little mind, as well as a little body, and little passions. He had a secret adulation of rank, which he in vain endeavoured to conceal; and a contempt for what he thought vulgar, which did not become his humble birth, and the humility of his early fortunes. He was ceremonious and artificial in all his habits; and technical in all his studies and compositions. The manner in which he returned thanks from the chair, to members for public services, was in the highest degree pompous; but much admired by those who had not had the best classical education, or native taste. His whole ambition was to live in high company, and to obtain the honours of a peerage. He had a mean way of estimating men according to the forms and fashions of the world.

On the opposition benches sat several very powerful men, Whitbread, Romilly, Gratton, Burdett, Ponsonby, Tierney, Brougham, and others.

WHITBREAD stood in an equivocal situation, in which his pride was

always contending with his birth. He had a large fortune, inherited from commerce; but his temper and passion was to stand at the head of the aristocratical commoners. He had married Lord Grey's sister, who was of a collateral branch of the old Plantagenet family. He took the popular side in politics, because all know that that side more easily forces men into distinction. His native talents were strong; but bitter, and somewhat coarse. His ambition was great; and his haughtiness greater than his ambition. All the ingredients of his mind and bosom were primarily clouded from mingled passions and sentiments; but often—especially latterly—worked themselves, by mere force, into clearness, and even occasional splendour. He had studied the constitution with great industry, in all its popular parts; and became a sort of logician upon some of its characteristics. He was fond of sarcasm and invective; and not sparing in the indulgence of it, when passion prompted. If ever he supposed that the crown trenched on the privileges of the people, he was terrible. He was a useful popular champion—made up of that combination of powers and accidents, which is long in forming, and derives a mixed weight from time, experience, and personal consideration, which no one can acquire at once, and which it can happen to very few ever to acquire at all. With all his advantages, it was long before he worked himself into this distinction and responsibility. His temper was bad; his humours were moody; and he had fits of gloom, which at last destroyed him, when he stood higher in the public estimation than he had ever done before.

SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY stood at the head of the bar for talents, reputation, and integrity. If he acted with a party, he was no party-man: his political opinions were from pure conviction. He was a stern republican in principle and conscience. He had been partly educated at Geneva. Nature gave him a sharp, clear, profound, and original mind—with great industry, great ambition, some pride—and, above all, deep and morbid sensibility. He read with anxious observation, and painful disquisition. He examined authorities—taking nothing for granted; and yielded to those authorities only when he considered them concordant to reason. His moral code was strict, perhaps punctilious; in some respects, he approached to puritanism. Immured in the incredible labours of his profession, he had no time for the pleasures of the world—and no taste for them. Yet, strange to say, he had been early in life acquainted with Mirabeau. One of his chief friends was Dumont,* of Geneva, who continued so to the last. Perhaps it was from this friendship that he became intimate in the house of the Lord Lansdowne. Madame de Staël was also one of his acquaintance, though her sprightliness and levity were little suited to his gravity, and to his conversation, always under the control of reason, judgment, and the most unbending principles.

Romilly's oratory was of a kind peculiar to himself. It was almost always argumentative: rarely, if ever, imaginative or splendid; but sometimes eloquent. It was always on the popular side, and will probably be found to have often agreed with the train of arguments, if not the language, of Milton's prose works. I should conceive that he thought of the prelacy, as Milton did; and sometimes he had something of Milton's abstruseness. He proposed many amendments in the law, especially the criminal law.

TIERNEY was a striking contrast to him. His forte was humour, drollery, wit, and raillery. He was a debater so amusing, that he never fatigued the house—but he never convinced. The house laughed, and was delighted; and when it reflected, wondered what it had laughed at, and forgot it. No one is led into a vote by a laugh. Tierney had been brought up to the bar, but early deserted the bar for political adventure. It had been

* He survived, and died 1829.

a losing game to him as a game of fortune. But he lived merrily in political circles and clubs, and among high people—which he loved. He had the vanity of fashion, and of being a man of the world; and a little supercilious to those who had not pushed themselves as he had done, and were supposed to be less conversant with society: and this, notwithstanding he affected to take the part of popular equality, if not radicalism. He was a tall, stout man, rather heavily-built, with red hair. He was not again returned to parliament till a few months after the general election.

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT has now been upon the public stage nearly forty years. He is the representative of one of the most ancient and respectable families of commoners in England; and inherited—part lineally, and part, collaterally—a large estate. His ancestors had not for some generations been conspicuous; but had lived a quiet country life, addicted to the sports of the field, and had, at least within memory, adopted strong Tory principles. He inherited his baronetage from his grandfather, who was a man of no talent, but an inoffensive, old-fashioned gentleman, who supported a hospitable establishment at his seat in Derbyshire.

Sir Francis resolved to make a more conspicuous figure in the world than the grandsires who went immediately before him. He purchased a seat in parliament soon after he came of age, and began to thunder away from the opposition benches. The active part he has taken on the popular side for so many years, and the manner in which he has supported it, prove energetic and even great abilities. He has sometimes gone lengths, which more discreet men must regret; and which seem inconsistent with his birth, habits, and just expectations. Thus some may consider him to have taken the more generous part, contrary to his own individual interests in society: but a deeper insight into the inconsistencies and influencing passions of human nature, may, perhaps, without a breach of candour, deem otherwise. The love of distinction is so strong, that men will take crooked ways to gain it; and when once entangled in the web, the more they plunge, the more fixed they become.

Sir Francis, with a good fortune, honourable birth, an historic name, inborn faculties, and energy of temper and character, had a flattering and delightful prospect before him at the outset of life. In the part he has taken I cannot help suspecting that he has found vanity and vexation of spirit. If he has really promoted the happiness of the people, then, no doubt, his conscience will supply him with sources of calm and deep satisfaction. Sometimes I even believe, that he has stood in the breach, and done popular good.

That the distinction of ranks, and the amassment of capital, contribute as much to the happiness of the lower, as of the higher order, I have not a particle of doubt. That power requires always to be watched and checked, is equally true;—nor less so, that laws tend to corruption, and demand continual reform, or amendment. A strong man, therefore, of independence, and who carries weight by his talents, rank, and education, does nobly in taking on himself this part of watchfulness and control. So far Sir Francis has done well. I do not think that he has always kept his opposition within due bounds. Perhaps he begins to love his ease, and loathe the turbulent scenes to which he has been accustomed.

It appears to have been unlucky for Sir Francis to have, in early life, fallen into intimacy with Horne Tooke, whose acute and subtle character was undoubtedly misleading and mischievous, and whose radicalism was of the most rabid kind.

HENRY BROUGHAM, now Lord Brougham, missed his seat at the opening of the parliament, but was soon afterwards brought in by Lord Darlington. The very distinguished part, which he has since acted on the public

stage up to this day, will render it supererogatory for me to dwell on his character. He was an antagonist, of which the Treasury-seats felt the annoyance. No one could hear his invectives with indifference.

In the House of Lords, LORD GREY was the great leader of the opposition. His principles went as far as real Whig principles could go;—and sometimes, perhaps, through party heat, went a little further. He is, I presume, about ten years older than Sir Francis Burdett; and from the time he went to Cambridge, bent all his ambition on a public life. It was, I think, when Lord Algernon Percy succeeded to the peerage of Lovaine, that he was elected for the county of Northumberland. His uncle, Sir Henry Grey, was then living, and his father was an old general, who had been employed in the American war, and who had a large family dependent on him. His family was very ancient, and very noble; but they were a remote younger branch. No one can doubt that Lord Grey's native talents were sound and strong. He has always been a man stern, unbending, and fixed to his purpose. He has taken the people's side; but I think that he would never put himself at the *arbitrium popularis auræ*. He has always felt his descent, and believed in the wisdom of aristocratical institutions. But he seems to have taken an early disgust to the minions and placemen of the crown. Yet, perhaps, it is a little unreasonable to expect that the crown should do its work but by its own dependents. In the early days of the constitution, however, the monarch discharged all the great offices of state through his feudal chiefs.

In his political outset, Charles Grey, among his favourite projects, began with the scheme of parliamentary reform. Theoretically the rotten boroughs seemed bad. It remains to be shown what will be the practical effect of their abolition. At present it has not a very inviting appearance. The bill received many changes in its passage, which altered its character for the worse.

LORD LANSDOWNE was brought up a Whig, and has steadily remained so. His father had run a political career, which never secured him the confidence of the public, especially his separation from Fox and Burke, when Lord North resigned in 1782. He had the reputation of a deep intrigant, which is the reverse of the character of his son, the present marquis, who has always been esteemed for his open, straightforward conduct. His love of ease, indeed, is said to have slackened in some degree the display of great abilities, and various political intelligence. He never carried his opposition to a malignant length, nor indulged in the ultra-liberal arguments which were suicidal to his order. This moderation has always given great weight to the part he has taken.

The member of the opposition in the Lords, who at this time had the fame of being the best informed and most experienced statesman was LORD GRENVILLE. But it was difficult to persuade the public that he was a sincere Whig. The history and professions of his early life belied him. He was of an ultra-Tory family: his father had been the great cause of the American contest, by his injudicious conduct as minister in the early part of the reign of George III. He himself had commenced his public life as the most intimate associate of Pitt; and in all the arguments which took the side of the crown against the new notions of violent liberalism, adopted from the French Revolution, was always foremost, most earnest, and most strong. On no occasion did he urge popular principles or opinions: he was supposed, in his heart and conviction, to go much farther the other way than Pitt. He had been Speaker and Home Secretary to Pitt's ministry, and was elevated to the peerage in 1790, to conduct the business in the Lords on that side,—which he did with the most laborious and well-instructed energy. He had imbibed all his father's political impressions, though a boy at his father's death.

It was the nature of his mind to be laborious; to think deeply, to arrange methodically; to impress on the memory all that study could furnish; to clothe his ideas in clear language, and to utter with deliberate self-possession and dignity. He was a diligent, minute, and excellent scholar. Early practice, great success, and good reputation, gave him confidence in himself. When Pitt's ministry was broken up in 1801, these associates—who were also first cousins—separated. On Pitt's death in 1816, soon after he had a second time succeeded to the reins of government, Lord Grenville became the head of a new coalition with Fox and the Whigs, and was appointed premier. This unnatural junction—called, in ridicule, *The Talents*—fell the next year, when the Duke of Portland succeeded, with Spencer Perceval for his Chancellor of the Exchequer. From that day Lord Grenville continued in opposition till his death.

Latterly, from ill-health, he withdrew himself from public life. As long as he spoke in parliament, all his speeches were full of matter;—but having once changed sides, he was never heard with full confidence. Sometimes there was subtlety about him, more the effect of painful and practised skill, than of clear conviction and native eloquence. Every thing he said had the gloss of art. His native talents were not quick, and all he spoke and thought was acquired rather than original: so that he easily took the colours of the side which he embraced. This was exemplified by the extraordinary change of his opinion on the subject of the *sinking-fund*. He wrote two or three pamphlets latterly, which betray an evident decline of faculties; for they are not well done, either in style or matter. He is said to have written good Latin poetry; and to have cultivated it to the last. He was correct in all his conduct; grave by nature, cold, phlegmatic, and formal;—proud rather than vain;—with a secret opinion of the ascendant pretensions of his family to political place and power;—and at one time he was sufficiently gratified in this. In original cast of mind, and opinion, and temper, he and Pitt had not much similitude. Accident made Pitt a Tory—nature made Lord Grenville so.

LORD HOLLAND, bred by his uncle, Charles Fox, as the friend of the people, has been a consistent politician. But his love of literature, good humour, indolence, and ill-health, have withdrawn him from taking a principal lead in state-affairs. His speeches have generally been rather lively ebullitions of wit and drollery, than grave political arguments.

LORD ERSKINE, with brilliant oratorical genius and fascinating eloquence, was latterly irregular and flighty in his mind and conduct. His career at the bar had been of unexampled splendour. His political exertions, which were always on the liberal side, were only occasional and undigested. Who can equally comprehend, and excel in every thing? In the House of Commons his speeches failed of the effect they had in a court of law. As a lawyer, in addresses to a jury, and on points of evidence, he was admirable and perfect. There are moral elucidations in some of these speeches which filled the most learned and pious of the bishops with wonder and delight.* The grace of his manner, the melody of his voice, the unrivalled eloquence and splendour of his words and imagery, bore no similitude to the tones and manner of other speakers. There were some eccentricities in his old age, which dimmed his reputation and his usefulness, and made him not of that strength to his party which they might have expected from him.

LORD SPENCER had, on the division of the Opposition in 1794, been First Lord of the Admiralty; but never deserted the party of the old Whigs. Latterly he returned to his books, and all the aristocratical

* See Letters of Bishop Porteus on the Manners of Hannah More.

splendour of a private nobleman of the old school. He was a man of high principles and cultivated mind, and a great ornament to his order.

LORD FITZWILLIAM, who was for a very short time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was of great weight by his constitutional principles, plain integrity, and vast property.

LORD CARLISLE had, at one time, made some figure in politics: but latterly ill health kept him in seclusion. He was a man of accomplished literature, and some poetical genius.

All the old governments of Europe had been so long balancing on a precipice, that their redemption by Napoleon's sudden ruin, was likely to inebriate them: and in some degree it did so. The government at home was undoubtedly inspirited; and the opposition proportionably discouraged. The Radicals were frightened that all their wild notions would receive a check, and the ministry began to be bold and firm in their propositions. But they had new difficulties to encounter. The winding up of the profuse and immense expenses of the war was no light affair. There was danger in the change of all the relations of commerce and currency. The land had hitherto borne its burdens by the medium of the high price of corn. There was a large party who believed that this was an accidental and temporary price, arising merely from the demands of the war. The event seemed afterwards to justify this opinion. But it is still a matter of great doubt whether the fall really arose from that cause; and not rather from new laws inefficiently contrived, and from dabbling with the currency. But this subject we shall have hereafter to discuss more at length.

The busy and important scenes which were passing on the continent now occupied all minds, and incessantly engaged the discussions of the British parliament. The history of the termination of the war would of itself fill volumes. As far as England was concerned, a great part of this lay on Lord Castlereagh, as foreign secretary. Objectors argued that he yielded too lightly to continental intrigues of rapacious sovereigns; and that he was on several points outwitted. England has never been eminent for its diplomatic genius. No human being could exactly foresee how the arrangements then made would work.

They have not altogether worked well for the domestic prosperity of England. The years of war, from 1793 to 1814—more than one-and-twenty years—were years of great prosperity: all the time since has been a time of augmenting adversity and suffering. We will endeavour to investigate the causes of this as we go forward.

THE LIFE OF A SUB-EDITOR.¹

BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

OPENLY admired abroad, and secretly cherished by a love, the more intense because concealed, at home, the course of my days was as happy as the improvement in the various branches of my education was rapid. Nor was I wholly unnoticed by men who have since stood forward, honoured characters, in the van of those who have so nobly upheld the fame of England. The bard who began his career in the brightest fields of Hope, and whose after fame has so well responded to his auspicious commencement, read many portions of my boyish attempts, and pronounced them full of promise, and the author possessed of *nous*. It was the term he himself used, and that is the only reason why I have recorded it. Indeed, this deservedly great man was, in some sense, my schoolfellow; for he came in the evenings to learn French of M. Cherfeuil. He was then engaged to translate an epic, written by one of the Buonapartes, into English verse. I believe that engagement never was carried into effect, notwithstanding the erudite pains Mr. ——— took to qualify himself to perform it successfully. Indeed, no man could have laboured more to make himself master of the niceties of the Gallic idiom, and the right use of its very doubtful subjunctive. At the time to which I allude, the inspired author wore a wig—not that his then age required one. Perhaps the fervid state of his brain, like a hidden volcano, burnt up the herbage above—perhaps his hair was falling off from the friction of his laurels—perhaps growing prematurely grey from the workings of his spirit; but without venturing upon any more conjectures, we may safely come to the conclusion, that the hair that God gave him did not please him so well as that which he bought of the perquiers. Since we cannot be satisfied with the causes, we must be satisfied with the fact—he wore a wig; and, in the distraction of mental perplexity, when M. Cherfeuil was essaying to get the poet out of the absent into the conditional mood, the man of verse staring abstractedly upon the man of tense, would thrust his hand under his peruke, and rub, rub, rub his polished scalp, which all the while effused a divine ichor—(poets never perspire)—and, when he was gently reminded that his wig was a little awry towards the left side, he would pluck it resentfully, equally as much awry on the right; and, then, to punish the offending and displacing hand, he would commence gnawing off the nails of his fingers, rich with the moisture from above. We have recorded this little personal trait, because it may be valuable to the gentleman's future biographers; and also because it is a convincing proof to the illiterate and the leveller, that head work is not such easy, sofa-enjoyed labour, as is commonly supposed; and finally, that the great writer's habit, *vivos unguis rodere*, proves him to be tooth and nail, *homo ad unguem factus*.

¹ Continued from p. 214.

I was also honoured with the friendship and monitory familiarity of Dr. ———, a retired head-master of one of our principal public schools. He was a man who had seen much of the highest circles, had been a courtier, and was once upon a most intimate footing with the third George. This gentleman gave me lessons, better than any I have ever heard or read, upon the *practicability* of true Christianity in every grade of life. He impressed upon my mind, that Christianity, though a creed, was as essentially a virtue as courage, and as necessary to the fulfilment of the duties of life. He showed to me that it could go with the labourer to the plough, with the lawyer to the bar, and even with the soldier to battle. He proved to me that it might be courtly with the polished gentleman, gainful with the merchant, and even rough with the sailor; and yet be not only in all, truth itself unchanged, yet continually changing those who possessed it really into better and higher beings. I owe him much that I ought to have treasured with a better memory, and to have repaid with a better life.

I feel, also, that there are many other persons to whom I ought to pay a passing tribute of gratitude for much kindness shown to me; but as my first duty is to my readers, I must not run the risk of wearying them even by the performances of a virtue. But there was one, to omit the mention of whom, would be, on my part, the height of ingratitude, and as concerns the public, something very like approaching to a fraud; for, by the implied contract between it and me, I am, in this my auto-biography, bound to supply them with the very best materials, served up to them in my very best manner. The gentleman whom I am going to introduce to the notice of my readers, was the purest personation of benevolence that perhaps ever existed. His countenance was a glowing index of peace with himself, goodwill to man, and confidence in the love of God. There was within him that divine sympathy for all around him, that brings man, in what man can alone emulate the angels, so near to his Creator. But with all this goodness of soul there was nothing approaching to weakness, or even misjudging softness: he had seen, had known, and had struggled with the world. He left the sordid strife triumphantly, and bore away with him, if not a large fortune, a competence; and what also was of infinitely more value, that "peace of mind which passeth all understanding."

Mr. R——— was, in his person, stout, tall, florid in his countenance, and, for a man past fifty, the handsomest that I have ever beheld. I do not mean to say that his features possessed a classical regularity, but that soul of benevolence transpired through, and was bound up with, them, that had a marble bust fitly representing them been handed down to posterity from some master-hand of antiquity, we should have revered it with awe as something beyond human nature, and gazed on it at the same time with love, as being so dearly and sweetly human. These are not the words of enthusiasm, but a mere narrative of fact. He wore his own white and thin hair, that was indeed so thin, that the top of his head was quite bald. A snuff-coloured coat, cut in the olden fashion, knee-breeches, white

lambs' wool stockings, and shoes of rather high quarters, gave a little of the primitive to his highly respectable appearance.

I first saw him as he was pretending to angle in the river that runs through the village. Immediately I had gazed upon his benignant countenance, I went and sate down by him. I could not help it. At once I understood the urbanity and the gentlemanliness that must have existed in the patriarchal times. There was no need of forms between us. He made room for me as a son, and I looked up to him as to a father. He smiled upon me so encouragingly and so confidently, that I found myself resting my arm upon his knee with all the loving familiarity of a long-tried affection. From that first moment of meeting, until his heart lay cold in the grave, and cold the grave alone could make it—a singular, unswerving, and, on my part, an absorbing love was between us. We remained for a space, in this caressing position, in silence; my eyes now drinking in the rich hues of the evening, now the mental expression of the “good old man.” “O! it is very beautiful,” said I, thinking as much of his mild face as of the gorgeousness of the sky above me.

“And do you *feel it*?” said he. “Yes, I see you do; by your glistening eyes and heightened colour.”

“I feel very happy,” I replied; “and have just now two very, very strange wishes, and I don't know which I wish for most.”

“What are they, my little friend?”

“O! you will laugh at me so if I tell you.”

“No, I will not, indeed. I never laugh at any body.”

“Ah, I was almost sure of that. Well, I was wishing when I looked up into the sky, that I could fly through and through those golden clouds like an eagle; and when I looked at you, I wished I was just such a good-natured old gentleman.”

“Come, come, there is more flattery than good sense in your wishes. Your first is unreasonable, and your second will come upon you but too soon.”

“I did not mean to flatter you,” I replied, looking proudly; “for I would neither be an eagle nor an old man, longer than those beautiful clouds last, and the warm sunset makes your face look so—so——”

“Never mind—you shall save your fine speeches for the young ladies.”

“But I have got some for the gentlemen too; and there's one running in my head just now.”

“I should like to hear it.”

“Should you? Well, this fine evening put me in mind of it, it is Mrs. Barbauld's Ode.” And then putting myself into due attitude, I mouthed it through, much to my own, and still more to Mr. R.'s satisfaction. That was a curious, a simple, and yet a cheering scene. My listener was swaying to and fro, with the cadences of the poetry; I with passionate fervour ranting before him; and, in the mean time, his rod and line, unnoticed by either, were navigating peacefully, yet rapidly, down the river. When I had concluded, his tackle was just turning an eddy, far down below us, and the next moment was out of sight.

Without troubling ourselves much about the loss, shortly after we

were seen hand in hand, walking down the village in earnest conversation. I went home with him—I shared with him and his amiable daughters a light and early supper, of fruit and pastry; and such was the simultaneous affection that sprang up between us—so confiding was it in its nature, and so little worldly, that I had gained the threshold, and was taking my leave, ere it occurred to him to ask, or myself to say, who I was, and where I resided.

From that evening, excepting when employed in my studies, we were almost inseparable. I told him my strange story; and he seemed to love me for it a hundredfold more. He laid all the nobility, and even the princes of the blood, under contribution, to procure me a father. He came to the conclusion firmly, and at once, that Mrs. Cherfeuil was my mother. Oh! this mystery made him superlatively happy. And when he came to the knowledge of my poetical talents, he was really in an ecstasy of delight. He rhymed himself. He gave me subjects—he gave me advice—he gave me emendations and interpolations. He re-youthed himself. In many a sequestered nook in the beautiful vicinity of the village, we have sat, each with his pencil and paper in his hand—now rhyming, now ranting, now conversing—and in his converse the instruction I received was invaluable. He has confirmed me in the doctrine of the innate goodness of human nature. Since the period to which I am alluding, I have seen much of villany. I have been the victim, as well as the witness, of treachery. I have been oftentimes forced to associate with vice in every shape; and yet, when in misery, when oppressed, when writhing under tyranny, I have been sometimes tempted to curse my race, the thought of the kind, the good old man, has come over me like a visitation from heaven, and my malediction has been changed into a prayer, if not into a blessing.

Of course, Mr. R. sought, and soon gained the friendship of Mrs. Cherfeuil—and then he commenced operations systematically. Now he would endeavour to take her by surprise—now to overcome by entreaty, and then, to entrap by the most complex cross questions. He would be, by turns, tender, gallant, pathetic, insinuating; but all was of no avail—her secret, whatever it was, was firmly secured in her own bosom. With well-acted simplicity she gave my worthy friend the same barren account about me that was at the service of all interrogators.

What poems did not Mr. R—d—n and myself write together—how he prophesied my future greatness, and how fervently he set about to convince any one of his mistake, who could not see in me the future glory of the age! The good man! His amiable *self-deception* was to him the source of the purest happiness; and never was happiness more deserved. Even at that early age, I often could not help smiling at his simplicity, that all the while he was doing his best to make me one of the vainest, and most egregious coxcombs, by his unfeigned wonder at some puny effort of my puny muse, and by his injudicious praises, he would lecture me parentally, by the hour, upon the excellence of humility, and the absolute necessity of modesty, as a principal ingredient to make a great character.

However, I had my correction at home, in my wooden-legged pre-

ceptor ; if I returned from R—d—n's, in my own imagination, like poor Gil Blas, the eighth wonder of the world, he would soon, in his own refined phraseology, convince me that I was "no great shakes." Being now nearly fifteen, I began to make conjectures upon my future destiny ; and a sorrowful accident at once determined in what line I should make my ineffectual attempts upon fame. I have mentioned a noble piece of water that lay adjacent to the school. It was during the holidays, when the rest of the young gentlemen were at their respective homes, that I, accompanied by some young acquaintances who resided in the village, repaired to the water to swim. It was a fine summer's afternoon, and both Mr. and Mrs. Cherfeuil were in town. There was a little boy named Fountain, also staying with me at school during the vacation, and he too stole after us unperceived, and when I and my companions had swum to the middle of the lake, the imprudent little fellow also stripped, and went into the water. There were some idle stragglers looking on, and, when I was far, very far from the spot, the fearful shout came along the level surface, of "Help, help, he is drowning !" and with dreadful distinctness, as if the voice had been shrieked into my very ears, I heard the poor lad's bubbling and smothered cry of "Percy, Percy !" Poor fellow, he thought there was safety wherever I was, for I had often borne him over the lake out of his depth, as I taught him to swim, at which art he was still too imperfect. I immediately turned to the place, and strove, and buffeted, and panted, but the distance was great ; and, though a rapid and most expert swimmer, when I arrived at the spot that the lookers on indicated, not a circle, not a ruffle appeared to show where a human soul was struggling beneath, to free itself from its mortal clay. Four or five times I dived, and stayed below the water with desperate pertinacity, and ploughed up the muddy bottom, but they had pointed out to me the wrong spot. Finding my efforts useless, naked as I was, with the fleetness of a greyhound I started into the village and gave the alarm, and immediately that I saw the people running to the lake, I was there before them, and again diving. Mrs. —, the lady of the M.P., whom I have before mentioned, who was always the foremost in every work of humanity, was soon on the banks, accompanied by many of the most respectable inhabitants in the vicinity. Mrs. —, who never lost her presence of mind, immediately suggested that a boat that lay on the neighbouring river, and which belonged to the landlord of the principal inn, should be conveyed, on men's shoulders, across the space of land that divided one water from the other. The landlord refused—yes, actually refused—but Mrs. —, who from her station, and her many virtues, possessed a merited and commanding influence in the place, ordered the boat to be taken by force, and she was promptly and cheerfully obeyed. Whilst this was going forward, I was astonishing every body by the length of time I stayed underneath the water ; and a last effort almost proved fatal to me, for, when I arose, the blood gushed from my mouth and nose ; and, when I got on shore, I felt so weak, that I was obliged to be assisted in dressing myself. The boat now began to sweep the bottom with ropes, but this proved as ineffectual to recover the body as were my own exertions.

It was the next day before it was found, and then it was brought up by a Newfoundland dog, very far from the spot in which we had searched for it. Had the frightened spectators, who stood on the shore, but have shown me correctly where the lad had disappeared, I have no doubt but that I should have brought the body up in time for resuscitation. To persons who have not seen what can be done by those who make water, in a manner, their own element, my boyish exertions seemed almost miraculous. My good old friend was present, betraying a curious mixture of fear and admiration; big, as I then was, he almost carried me in his arms home, that is, to the school-house, and there we found all in confusion: Mrs. Cherfeuil had just arrived, and hearing that one of the boys was drowned, had given one painful shriek and fainted. When we came into the room she was still in a state of insensibility, and as we stood around, she slowly opened her eyes; but the moment that they became conscious of my presence, she leaped up with frantic joy and strained me in her arms, and then, laying her head upon my shoulder, burst into a passion of tears. Mr. R. cast upon me a most triumphant smile, and, as he led me away from the agitated lady, she took a silent farewell of me, with a look of intense fondness, and a depth of ineffable felicity, which I hope will be present to me when I am in my dying hour; for assuredly it will make light the parting pang.

All this may seem very vain-glorious, but I cannot help it—the truth is dearer to me than my bashfulness—and, I believe so well of the most cynical that may condemn this egotism, as to think, that under similar circumstances, they would have acted in a similar manner. However, this affair changed the whole current of Mr. R.'s ideas, and altered his plans for me. I was no longer to be the future poet laureate; I was no more enticed to sing great deeds, but to do them. The sword was to displace the pen, the hero the poet. Verse was too effeminate, and rhyme was severely interdicted, and to be forgiven only when it was produced by accident. He was some time before he brought Mrs. Cherfeuil over to his opinions. It was in vain that she protested the direction of my fate was in other hands, he would not listen to it for a moment; he was obstinate, and I suppose, by what occurred, he was in the right. He declared that the navy was the only profession that deserved my spirit and my abilities. This declaration, perhaps, was not unacceptable at head quarters, wherever they might have been. For myself, I was nothing loath, and the gallant bearing and the graceful uniform of my gallant young friend, Frank ———, who had already seen some hard fighting, added fresh stimulants to my desires. My friend Riprapton had now the enviable task to impart to me the science of navigation, and with his peculiar notions of longitude and latitude, there can be no question as to the merits of the tuition that I received from that very erudite person.

Shortly after I had commenced navigation under his auspices, or, more properly speaking, that he was forced to attend to it a little under mine, the harmony of our friendship was broken by a quarrel; yes, a heart-embroiling quarrel—and, strange to say, about a lady. I concede to this paragon of ushers that he was a general favourite

with the sex. I was never envious of him. All the world knows that I ever did sufficient honour to his attractions—I acknowledged ever the graces that appertained to his wooden progression—but still, he was not omnipotent. Wilkes, that epitome of all manner of ugliness, often boasted that he was only an hour behind the handsomest man that ever existed, as far as regarded his position with the fair. Rip was but twenty-five minutes and a fraction. In ten minutes he would talk the generality of women into a good opinion of themselves—an easy matter some may think, for the ladies have one ready made—but it is a different thing from having it and daring to own it. In ten minutes he would make his listener, by some act or word, avow her opinion of her own excellence, in ten more he would bring her to the same opinion as regarded himself, and the remaining five he used to occupy with his declaration of love; for he was very rapid in his execution—and the thing was done; for if he had not made a conquest, he chronicled one—and that was the same thing. He looked more for the glory than the fruition of his passions. In one respect he followed Chesterfield's advice with wonderful accuracy: he hazarded a declaration of love to every woman between sixteen and sixty, a little under and over also; for with his lordship he came to the very pertinent conclusion, that if the act was not taken as a sincerity, it would be as a compliment. This ready-made adorer, for every new comer, was as jealous as he was universal in his attachments.

Let the imaginative think, and, running over with their mind's eye all the beautiful sculptures of antiquity, endeavour to picture to themselves a personation of that commanding goddess that the ancients venerated under the title of Juno. The figure must be tall, in proportions faultless, in majesty unrivalled, in grace enchanting; all the outlines of the form must be full yet not swelling—and as far removed from the modern notions of *en bon point* as possible—let us add to these the bust of Venus ere she had weaned her first-born, the winged-boy god; and then we may have an adequate idea of the figure of Mrs. Causand. Her face was of that style of beauty that those women who think themselves delicate are pleased to slander under the name, bold—a style of beauty, however, that all men admire and most men like. Forty years had only written in a stronger hand those attractions which must have undergone every phase of loveliness, and which now, without appearing matronly, seemed stamped with the signs of a long-enduring maturity. The admiration she excited was general: as she passed, men paused to look upon her, and women whispered to each other behind her back. Never, till this paragon had made her appearance, had I heard of ladies wearing supposititious portions of the human frame—now, I found that envy, or the figure maker, had improved almost every member of Mrs. Causand's body. It was voted by all the female scandal of the village that such perfection could not be natural—but, since, if all were true that was said upon the subject, the object of their criticism must have been as artificial as Mr. Riprapton's left leg, and she must have been nothing more than an animated lay figure, I began to disbelieve these assertions, the more especially as the lady herself was as easy under them as she was in every gesture and motion. Whenever she

made her appearance, so did my old friend R.: he entertained a platonic attachment for her, and that the more strongly, as each visit enabled him to entertain every one who would listen to him, with a long story about the king of Prussia. As every lady expects attention and politeness as a matter of course, equally as a matter of course did she expect the assiduities and some manifestation, even stronger than gallantry—and treated it merely as a matter of course. Really, without an hyperbole, she was a woman to whom an appearance of devotion might be excusable, and looked upon more as a tribute to the abstract spirit of beauty and its divine Creator, than as a sensual testimony to the individual.

Her first appearance even silenced the hitherto dauntless loquacity of Rip for—half a minute. But he made fearful amends for this involuntary display of modesty afterwards. *Secundum artem*, he opened all the batteries of his fascination upon her. He rolled his eyes at her with a violence approaching to agony: he bowed; he displayed, in every possible and captivating attitude, his one living leg—but his surpassing strength was in the adulation of his serpent tongue—and she bore it all so stoically—she would smile upon him when he made a good hit, as upon an actor on the boards—she would at times even condescend to improve some of his compliments upon herself; and, when her easy manners had perchance overset him at the very *débüt* of one of his finest speeches, she would begin it again for him; taking up the dropped sentence, and then settle herself into a complacent attitude for listening.

(*To be continued.*)

SONG IN THE MASK OF TASSO.

O STRIKE THE GOLDEN STRINGS.

Air—"Hope told a flattering tale."

Oh strike the golden strings!
 Let music float around,
 And love's impurpled wings
 With odours 'cense the ground!
 Let nought the charm destroy!
 Whate'er to-morrow brings,
 To-night we'll give to joy;
 Oh strike the golden strings!

Oh strike the golden strings!
 From bright Idalian bowers,
 With rosy-fetter'd wings
 Bring on the festive hours!
 While bounding hearts keep time,
 And joy's gay chorus rings
 Like bells in merry chime,
 Oh strike the golden strings!

THE PRESENT STATE OF AGRICULTURE, AND OF THE INTERESTS DEPENDING UPON IT.¹

IN our former Number we endeavoured to point out, that as the price of labour would always depend upon the price of bread, the lower classes would not be benefited by low prices; that, on the contrary, they would suffer, as low prices were invariably attended with distress and want of employment. We followed up our argument, by pointing out that, in sacrificing the agricultural to the manufacturing interest, we were destroying the property, the competence, and the happiness of the many, to the supposed advantages of the few;—a system of misrule which must prove fatal, as the great duty of a government is to provide employment for labour, which is the real wealth of the country. We shall now continue our arguments, and our first object shall be to prove that low prices have always produced misery, not only to the agricultural labourers, but also to the manufacturing population.

In so doing, we shall avail ourselves of the remarks of Messrs. Milne and Bain. From the first, who was opposed to the agricultural interests, we have nevertheless this calculation in his *Treatise on Annuities*, in which the average rate of mortality of each year is ascertained, with the price of wheat. It is only by these means that we can obtain any estimate upon this point. It is evident, that as people are in full employment, and consequently not suffering from distress, so will the mortality be less; whereas if, on the contrary, they are out of employment, and subject to privation and misery, the mortality among them will be greater.

Price of Wheat per Quarter.						Average Rate of Mortality.
Under 40s.	1 in 37
40 to 50	1 - 39
50 - 60	1 - 41
60 - 70	1 - 46
70 - 80	1 - 45
80 - 90	1 - 50
90 - 100	1 - 50
Above 100	1 - 43

This statement, from an opponent, affords pretty fair evidence of the unfavourable effect of low prices. The mortality decreases until corn rises above one hundred shillings per quarter, when scarcity has the same effect as want of employment.

But Mr. Bain has taken much more pains in his calculations, and commences them with this most judicious observation:—

“ Believing the prosperity of the landed proprietor, the merchant, the manufacturer, and the labourer, to be intimately connected, a system of policy, which seeks to enrich any one of these classes at the expense of the rest, is likely to terminate in the impoverishment of them all.”

¹ Concluded from p. 231.

First, let us lay before the reader the result of his first inquiry.

Burials of each Million of Population, on an Average of the Forty-one Years, 1780 to 1820.

Bullion Price of Wheat per Quarter.	Burials in Seven Manufacturing Counties.	Burials in Ten Agricultural Counties.	Difference in Fa-vour of Manufac-turing Counties.	Difference in Fa-vour of Agricul-tural Counties.
Under 40s.	21,430	25,155	3,735	
40 to 50	22,364	23,112	740	
50 - 60	21,030	21,181	- - -	177
60 - 70	20,358	19,700	- - -	330
70 - 80	19,502	18,925	- - -	577
80 - 90	19,873	17,550	- - -	2,323
90 - 100	19,206	17,417	- - -	1,789
Above 100	23,780	20,480	- - -	3,300

It is evident, by this table, that low prices affect both the agricultural and manufacturing poor, but the agricultural by far the most; until the prices advance, when the agricultural labourers suffer the least. Still the suffering of the manufacturing classes is considerable, as will be seen by the second column in the table, in which the loss of population, when the wheat was at ninety to one hundred shillings, is only 19,206 in the million; when, with wheat as low as forty to fifty shillings, the loss amounted to 22,364. That low prices are not so injurious to the manufacturing as to the agricultural classes, is certain; but it is no less certain that they are injurious, as we shall show by the following table, in which the average mortality of seven *manufacturing* counties is calculated.

Bullion Price of Wheat per Quarter.	Burials in each Mil-lion of Manufacturing Population.					
1793 to 1820.	1793 to 1820.					
Under 50s.	21,860
50 to 60	20,618
60 - 70	20,030
70 - 80	19,502
80 - 90	19,873
90 - 100	19,206
Above 100	23,780

It will be observed, in each of the three tables we have given, that immediately the price of wheat rises to a height to prevent the poor from obtaining the needful supply, the mortality again increases. The medium appears to be the most salutary—very low prices necessarily being attended with want of employment, which occasions the same distress and subsequent mortality as the scarcity arising from the prices becoming so high, that bread is not attainable by the poorer classes.

We will now give one more table from a work of great research, (Pebrer on the Capital and Resources of the British Empire,) as it will more fully prove the truth of our observations as to the immense importance of agriculture to this country, and the capital which is staked on it, compared with that employed in the manufactures, consumed at home as well as exported.

ESTIMATE of the Value of PRODUCE and PROPERTY annually raised and created in GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND, by the Combination of Capital with all animate and inanimate Power.

	£.	£
Agriculture ..	Grain of all sorts	86,700,000
	Hay, Grass, Field Turnips, Vetches, &c.	113,000,000
	Potatoes	19,000,000
	Gardens, Orchards, and Nurseries	3,800,000
	Timber cut down, Hops, Seeds, &c.	2,600,000
	Cheese, Butter, Eggs, &c.	6,000,000
	Manure, and labour in rearing Cattle	3,500,000
	Hemp and Wood, labour included	12,000,000
		246,600,000
Mines and Minerals .	Slate, Chalk, Stone, Gravel, &c., labour included	1,900,000
	Salt, Alum, &c. ditto	600,000
	Tin, Lead, and Copper	3,800,000
	Iron	4,100,000
	Coal	11,000,000
		21,400,000
Inland Trade	Profits of Shopkeepers, Warehousemen, Vendors, Factors, &c.	23,625,000
	Do. Millers, Butchers, and Bakers	16,200,000
	Do. Coach, Cart, and Barge Proprietors, and all persons engaged in the transport of Goods	8,600,000
		48,425,000
Coasting Trade—	Profits of all Capital and Labour engaged	3,550,000
		3,550,000
Fisheries .	Round the Coast	1,900,000
	River Fisheries	900,000
	Foreign ditto	600,000
		3,400,000
Shipping and Foreign Commerce	Profits and Commissions of Merchants	10,177,704
	Do. of Underwriters, &c.	2,120,355
	Do. of Ship and Colonial Brokers and Agents	1,600,000
	Shipowners' Freights	3,800,000
	Wages of Clerks and Labourers	7,200,000
	Do. of Seamen	6,300,000
	Profits of Ship-Chandlers, Sail and Rope Makers, &c.	2,200,000
	Miscellaneous, Dock Charges, Collectors of Port Dues, &c.	1,000,000
		34,398,059
Bankers—	Profits of this class	4,500,000
Foreign Income—	Income from Property invested in Foreign Securities, &c.	4,500,000
Manufactures	Cotton	31,000,000
	Silk	8,000,000
	Woollen	16,250,000
	Linen	11,000,000
	Leather	15,000,000
	Hardware	17,300,000
	China, Glass, Pottery, &c.	5,900,000
	Jewellery, Plate, &c.	3,400,000
	Paper, Furniture, Colours, Printing and Book Apparatus, &c. &c.	9,000,000
	Miscellaneous	31,200,000
		148,050,000
		£514,823,059

Now the first argument we shall attempt to prove is—That the price of corn in this country is not raised by the landlords or farmers, but by the government, who have laid such onerous taxes upon this necessary of life.

The second is—That in destroying the agriculturist, we are destroying the consumer, and injuring the manufacturer as well as the agriculturist.

The third—That the state of the agriculturist is at present as bad as it can be, and that the corn laws are already virtually repealed.

1st. That it is the onerous taxation which has raised the price of corn.

Let it be remembered, that of *all* other taxes the agriculturists pay their equal share with the rest of the community, and taking them in their ratio to the rest of the population, of about sixty-three to one hundred and sixty-five,

	£
Their proportion of the sum annually raised of fifty-four million will be	20,600,000
To which we have to add the Land Tax not yet redeemed	1,160,000
The Malt Tax	4,359,333
Hops	150,000
	<hr/>
	£26,269,333

Such are the taxes which press upon the agricultural interest; but if these were all, they might be borne, although they amount to one-half the taxation of the British empire; but these are not all, we have some enormous items still to add. In the first place, we have the poor rates, the proportion of which paid by the agriculturists cannot, at the lowest, be estimated at less than six million pounds; and then we have other charges equally onerous and oppressive, which are, generally speaking, lost sight of by those who are not landholders. We refer to the county and highway rates. Every one knows the expense of law and justice, and of road-making in or near a metropolis. Let them then reflect what it must be to pay all the expenses of these important objects throughout the whole empire.

What is it then that has raised the price of bread in this country above that of others? In every other article of manufacture we can beat down all competition, and so we could in bread, if we were allowed to compete fairly; but all this taxation, excellent and superior as our farming is, renders it impossible. It is taxation, unjust and unequal taxation; which has raised the price of agricultural produce in this country, and has so paralysed its energies.

Our second argument is, that in destroying the agriculturist, we are destroying the consumer, and injuring the manufacturer, as well as the agriculturist; or in fewer words, we are ruining the nation.

The great error of the political economists and advocates for free trade is, that they consider the prosperity of a nation to depend upon its exports and imports alone; or if not wholly depending upon them, that they are paramount to all other considerations. Hear their arguments—

“ It costs a year’s labour of three men to raise a given quantity of corn, on our inferior soils, whereas we might purchase an equal quantity of foreign corn for manu-

factured goods, with the labour of two men: thus one-third of the cost might be saved."

Now if we had to procure the three men from another country to till this inferior land, it would perhaps be preferable to hire two manufacturers instead, but such is not the case. We *have the men*, and if we do not find employment for them, they must be supported without labour. Moreover, in the case of manufacturers, we purchase the raw material; in the case of agriculture, we produce it. Yet this is called argument!!!

Agriculture is a manufacture, and the most profitable of all manufactures to the *state*. Every grain raised beyond the seed sown adds the whole extent of its produce to the wealth, and the whole of the people employed in the production of it, to the strength, of the state. Its profits are certain, its employment is healthy, and it is almost independent of machinery.

The great object of every state, the *ne plus ultra* of good government, is to afford employment for the industry of the inhabitants; and the first point to be attended to in finding that employment, is in manufacturing the raw material produced by the country, for this is real wealth. Agriculture, therefore, must always prove the most beneficial manufacture (for a manufacture it is) to every state. The fruits and productions of the country are raised by labour and capital, are disseminated and divided among every class and condition, who in return exchange their labour for the labour of the agriculturist, until sustenance is obtained by all. It is this internal commerce which is so beneficial, and so important from the rapidity of the exchange, and the stability of it, as far as the produce of every description is consumed by those who inhabit the country.

We have already observed that the rents formerly expended in the country have decreased about seventeen millions; but we have, in this instance, only referred to the landlords, not the majority of those employed in agriculture, amounting to eight hundred thousand families in Great Britain alone, whose wages, in good times, amounted to twenty-five millions annually, and which are now reduced to one-half. Do the manufacturers, the shopkeepers, and every other branch of the community, lose nothing by the twelve millions less expended in the productions and manufactures of the country? This is a rough calculation we grant, but still it cannot be far wrong; and when we add this to the other seventeen millions before mentioned, it will make an aggregate of nearly thirty millions less expended in the home consumption of the country, which deficiency, we conceive, it will be difficult to make up by any return arising from our foreign trade.

It is not true then, that, by oppressing the agricultural interest, we are injuring the manufacturer and the state at large. To strengthen our arguments, let us lay before the reader the amount of capital employed in agriculture. Pebrer states—

"That 1,901,900,000*l.*, or more than one half of the whole British capital in the United Kingdom, is employed or vested in agriculture."

The last argument we have to prove is, that the state of our agriculturists is as bad as it can be, and that the corn laws have virtually been repealed. What do the advocates for free trade assert?

"We might purchase a regular supply of corn from abroad, at about forty shillings per quarter, whereas, our present system of corn laws compels us to raise the same supply from our inferior soils at the expense of sixty shillings per quarter, or more; thus are we losers of twenty shillings per quarter on our whole annual consumption."

First, let us observe how carefully these gentlemen talk of inferior soils as being the cause of the high price of corn. Our soil is not inferior, and our skill in husbandry is superior to every other nation; but it is taxes and rates upon the price of bread which obliges the farmer to ask a remunerating price. They know all this, but they also know how very popular the outcry is against the landowners. They would ruin them to serve their own purposes. Unfortunately, as we stated before, they would, in their short-sightedness, destroy the goose which lays the golden egg; and in that attempt would they involve all in one general destruction.

But what is the real fact at this present moment? These political economists tell us that they might import corn at forty shillings per quarter. Why, they have their desideratum; for corn now in England has been at forty shillings per quarter, or little more, during this winter, and that without the repeal of the corn laws.

How is it then that their wishes have been fulfilled? If it were not for the corn laws, such would be the case they have asserted in their radical spoutings. But it is now the case, and the corn laws still remain in full force. The causes are these:—First, from a very good harvest in England and Scotland;—second, from a very large importation from Ireland, which increases every year, and will very soon do away with the necessity of abrogating the corn laws;—and thirdly, by a side-wind manœuvre of Mr. P. Thompson's, which virtually repealed the corn laws. He decreed that all corn coming from the Canadas, Ireland, Guernsey, Jersey, Alderney, and the Isle of Man, should come in upon simple *declaration*. Now any one who knows how little oaths are regarded at the custom-house, may imagine how very little effect a declaration must have. The consequence has been, that Russian and Prussian wheat have been admitted, *ad libitum*, upon a simple *declaration* that it was of colonial growth. Thus have the corn laws been evaded, and Mr. Thompson has proved, not only in encouraging drunkenness, but also in encouraging falsehood, that morality is no part or parcel of the new light in political economy.

One more remark here. It appears that the price of corn in England is now as low as it can be if imported from the continent. We have already shown what a load of taxation there is upon this necessary of life grown in England. Can there then be any longer any doubt of the injustice shown to the English agriculturist, or the extreme state of distress to which he is now reduced?

Now although, for a short time, a supply of corn may be received from the continent, either surreptitiously as at present, or allowing the corn laws to be repealed, the question is, would that supply continue at the same price? We reply, most certainly not. The very moment that the supply to this country was felt by the country supplying, the price would be raised. At present, each country raises

the corn for which she can procure a market, and no more. It is true, that if the ports were open, that they would raise more; but that requires some little time, and after all, would be to them an uncertain speculation, as it would be a *manufacture* depending upon a foreign market, which might be closed to them. A small supply might be sent in at forty shillings, but any considerable demand would immediately raise the price.

We will now proceed to examine what consequences may be expected, if the corn laws are repealed; or, what is the same thing, if the agricultural interest is to remain in its present depressed state.

To answer this in a few words, we should say, it must end in *national bankruptcy*, even if every other vital interest of the nation were regarded; but when we consider how these political madmen have struck the same blow on our shipping interests—how our West India colonies have been sacrificed—how indeed, we may say, every rampart of national prosperity, so carefully guarded by our forefathers, has been thrown down by these enemies to their country—we can only hold up our hands in amazement at finding “such things are,” and bitterly curse the folly and vanity which would, before this, have annihilated any country not possessing the enormous resources and capital of Great Britain. But to proceed.

At present, the price of corn is but sufficient to pay the bare expenses of agriculture; for this last year rents have either not been paid at all, or have been paid out of the savings of former years. Oppressed as the land is by the imposts of government, it can no longer be tilled, and can no longer afford that employment for the industry of the country, which is so beneficial to the state. The consequence has been, that thousands of acres have every year, for some time past, been laid down as pasture; and the consequence will be, that thousands and tens of thousands more will, to avoid the expense of tillage, be laid down as fast as possible.

Pasture indicates a country in a poor and primitive state; the capital and the labour required for pasture land is little or nothing compared to that in tillage. Every acre, therefore, thrown down into pasture, takes away from the wealth of the state and the employment of the poor. A clever writer has lately observed, that “every million of acres thrown out of cultivation *foregoes* a sure and direct profit to the state of five to eight millions annually. Now we will take the lowest calculation of five millions, and allow that land in pasture is equal to half the value of land in tillage, which it is not. If then ten millions of acres are laid down in pasturage out of the forty-seven millions of acres cultivated in this country, there will be a positive loss to the state of twenty-five millions annually, a sum which it will require the export of many manufactures to reproduce.

The total value of woollen goods exported, of which manufacture many of the dye-stuffs are foreign, does not exceed	£. 5,000,000
Silk goods, of which the staple and many of the dyes are foreign, are not valued at	300,000
Linen, of which the flax is foreign, about	2,000,000
Cotton goods and yarns, from which we must deduct seven millions at least for cotton, dye-stuffs, &c.	17,000,000

Let these facts be carefully weighed, and then the true value of agriculture, employment, and home consumption, will be seen by every unprejudiced person.

We must never forget that the industry of a country is its wealth, and that in proportion as that industry is unemployed, so will the country become impoverished. Commerce adds to the wealth of a country by affording a profitable exchange of the fruits of industry, and in the same way the manufactories are important even when we work the raw material of another country, as it affords employment and subsistence, as well as returns wealth or profitable exchange; but of all commerce, that arising from home produce, exchanged for home manufacture, is the most valuable, as a country can exist by the latter, which is stable and certain, but cannot depend upon the uncertainty of the former. Internal commerce, or home consumption, is also the most valuable of all commerce, from the rapidity of the exchange. The great axiom of political economy is to legislate equally for the industry of all classes, to provide ample employment for that industry, the overflowings of which will, by foreign exchange, add to her riches after that the cup, filled to the brim at home, has secured competence and content.

Every fraction of labour we part with, is parting with so much wealth, for it throws so much capital out of employment, and in proportion must all classes suffer. In farming there is a constant demand for wood, for iron; assistance is required of the rope-maker, of his hemp, of the saddler, the mason, the plaisterer, the brick and tile-maker, the brewer, the baker, miller, flax-dresser, soap and candle maker, woolcomber, weaver, clothier, hatter, and hosier; the money raised by produce is circulated in the purchase of manufactures to an enormous extent, the shopkeeper thrives, or is bankrupt, as the farmer thrives, or is ruined. There is not one class of people who are not directly or indirectly interested in the well-doing of the agriculturists; in fact, wealth and strength, the existence and happiness of the state, depend upon its agricultural prosperity. We trust, that in the many pages which we have written, that we have succeeded in proving that the agricultural interest has had but foul play—that it has been oppressed and unfairly burthened—that every tax laid upon the agriculturist, is, in fact, a tax laid upon the price of bread. We have repeated again and again, that the price of labour will depend upon the price of bread, and that the only boon which can be given to the artisan or agricultural labourer, is full employment for his industry. We have also argued, and we trust proved, that home agriculture and home consumption are of more importance to every state, than foreign trade, and that the health and strength of the state depend upon it. We have now to inquire what measures should be taken to relieve the agricultural interest, which has not only been neglected, but cruelly oppressed, by an interested and miscalculating theoretical government.

We have shown that one great cause of agricultural distress was the alteration in the currency, created by Mr. Peel's bill, and it may be inquired whether we think it advisable to return again to an artificial state. In reply, we say we do not wish that money should re-

turn to the same depreciation as it was before that bill was passed; yet, at the same time, we think that a more unlimited currency would go far to relieve the nation, now that it has to provide fifty-six millions per annum for the annual expenses. It is in the point of taxation that an artificial currency so much assists every portion of the community; and to prove that we will assume a case. A tradesman in an artificial currency receives nominally one thousand pounds per annum in the course of business, and expends in the same proportion. In cash payments he receives five hundred pounds per annum, and expends in proportion. So far he is not affected by the return to cash payments, as selling dear, he buys dear, and selling cheap, he purchases cheap; but the government demands from each individual a certain proportion of his means for the expenses of the nation. Now it is quite indifferent to government whether that demand is paid to them in artificial or real money, as they pay it away under the same circumstances. Assuming, therefore, that the government requires one hundred pounds in direct and indirect taxes from this individual, in the artificial currency he would pay one hundred pounds out of one thousand, whereas, in the real currency, he pays one hundred pounds out of five hundred: in one case paying ten per cent, in the other twenty per cent. We have here assumed numbers, merely to make the illustration clear. We have no intention of asserting that the return to cash payments made any such difference, or that the taxation is what we have brought forward. We only show that an artificial currency enables the nation to meet the burthen of taxation much more easily than when it is paid in cash.

This would certainly afford some relief, but if the agriculturists expect that they will ever be placed (unless in case of war) in the same position that they formerly were, they are mistaken. It would be injurious to the state, and ultimately prove injurious to themselves, for there can be no stable prosperity when any one interest is supported to the prejudice of the others. They require relief, and have a right to it, but that relief cannot be of the magnitude which many would anticipate, or claim as their right.

We always were of opinion that the removal of the malt tax would not afford that relief which has been anticipated; and after the admirable and argumentative speech of Sir Robert Peel on the subject, we consider that the question is for ever set at rest in the opinion of unprejudiced men. We must, therefore, offer an opinion as to what other measures may be resorted to, to relieve the agricultural interest.

In the first place, we consider that the removal of the duty on hops would be very advantageous. At present the price of hops is so enormous, that but a small portion is used in brewing—drugs of different sorts being substituted. Now this is wrong, as foreign is employed to the injury of home produce; and we really believe, that if hops were allowed to be grown in every garden, that there would be a great increase in the consumption of beer, to say nothing of its being made a much more wholesome beverage. Here the agriculturist would be benefited and the country lose nothing, in all probability, as the increased consumption of malt would more than compensate

for the present duty on hops, not amounting to more than four hundred thousand pounds.

The second remedy to which we will allude is one, perhaps, which will not be so readily acknowledged as advisable, but still it is no more than justice. The only property which can be laid hold of, is the *soil* and the *funded property*. The former, we have shown, bears more than its share of the general burden, and must be relieved; the second *pays no portion whatever*. This is unjust, and we consider that a tax on the funds (after we have paid off the three and a half per cents.) is advisable; other taxes, which bear upon the whole community, and chiefly on the agricultural interest, being remitted equal to the tax imposed.

If this were acted upon, the landowners would in another way be much relieved. Mortgages would then be obtained at a much lower rate of interest than at present, for the funded property being taxed, and the money lent on mortgage not taxed, it is clear that there would be a great premium upon the latter.

We believe that we have now mentioned all that can be done at present for the relief of the agriculturists, keeping in mind the good old maxim of carrying the dish even. Much cannot be done, but something must, and that speedily.

IRISH SONG.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

O! sing to me, Norah; my spirit is weary
 Of *wrongs* and *oppressions* that harass the land:
 Though the night-tempest howls round our cabin so dreary,
 We're safe where there's *none* but *the mighty God's hand*.
 Was man but as friendly to man as his Maker,
 The home-hearth would ring with the songs of the free,
 And Erin from worse than death's slumber awake her,
 To rise like the sun from the Emerald sea!

O! sing to me, Norah, a song of my own isle,
 Till fancy restores me the years that are gone;
 While the *hero* and *martyr* re-tenant the lone pile,
 And fling o'er its gray walls the splendor that's flown.
 'Tis past—'tis forgotten—the day of our freedom!
 The noble in blood are content with their chains:
 Break the strings of the harp, for no longer we need them,
 The slave is unworthy of Erin's free strains.

JAPHET, IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

ON my return I found Emmanuel, the money-lender, who had accompanied Timothy, fancying that I was in want of more assistance, and but too willing to give it. His surprise was very great when I told him that I wished to repay the money I had borrowed.

"Vell, dis is very strange! I have lent my monish a tousand times, and never once they did offer it me back. Vell, I will take it, sar."

"But how much must I give you, Mr. Emmanuel, for the ten days' loan?"

"How moch—vy you remember, you vill give de bond money—de fifteen hundred."

"What! five hundred pounds interest for ten days, Mr. Emmanuel; no, no, that's rather too bad. I will, if you please, pay you back eleven hundred pounds, and that I think is very handsome."

"I don't want my monish, my good sar. I lend you one tousand pounds, on de condition that you pay me fifteen hundred when you come into your properties, which will be in very short time. You send for me, and tell me you vish to pay back de monish directly; I never refuse monish—if you wish to pay, I will take, but I will not take von farding less dan de monish on de bond."

"Very well, Mr. Emmanuel, just as you please; I offer you your money back, in presence of my servant, and one hundred pounds for the loan of it for ten days. Refuse it if you choose, but I earnestly recommend you to take it."

"I will not have de monish, sar; dis is de child's play," replied the Jew. "I must have my fifteen hundred—all in goot time, sar—I am in no hurry—I vish you a very good morning, Mr. Newland. Ven you vish for more monish to borrow, I shall be happy to pay my respects." So saying, the Jew walked out of the room, with his arm behind his back as usual.

Timothy and I burst out into laughter. "Really, Timothy," observed I, "it appears that very little art is necessary to deceive the world, for in every instance they will deceive themselves. The Jew is off my conscience, at all events; and now he never will be paid, until——"

"Until when?" Japhet.

"Until I find out my father," replied I.

"Every thing is put off till that time arrives, I observe," said Timothy. "Other people will soon be as interested in the search as yourself."

"I wish they were; unfortunately it is a secret, which cannot be divulged."

A ring at the bell called Timothy down stairs; he returned with a letter, it was from Lord Windermear, and ran as follows:—

¹ Continued from p. 153.

"MY DEAR NEWLAND,—I have been thinking about you ever since you left me this morning, and as you appear resolved to prosecute your search, it has occurred to me that you should go about it in a more systematic way. I do not mean to say that what I now propose will prove of any advantage to you, but still it may, as you will have a very old, and very clever head to advise with. I refer to Mr. Masterton, my legal adviser, from whom you had the papers which led to our first acquaintance. He is aware that you were (I beg your pardon) an impostor, as he has since seen Mr. Estcourt. The letter enclosed is for him, and with that in your hand you may face him boldly, and I have no doubt that he will assist you all in his power, and put you to no expense. Narrate your whole history to him, and then you will hear what he may propose. He has many secrets, much more important than yours. Wishing you every success that your perseverance deserves,

" Believe me,

" Yours very truly,

" WINDERMEAR."

"I believe the advice to be good," said I, after reading the letter. "I am myself at fault, and hardly know how to proceed. I think I will go at once to the old gentleman, Timothy."

"It can do no harm, if it does no good. Two heads are better than one," replied Timothy. "Some secrets are too well kept, and deserting a child is one of those which is confided but to few."

"By-the-by, Timothy, here have I been, more than so many years out of the Foundling Hospital, and have never yet inquired if any one has ever been to reclaim me."

"Very true; and I think I'll step myself to the workhouse, at St. Bridget's, and ask whether any one has asked about me," replied Timothy, with a grin.

"There is another thing that I have neglected," observed I, "which is, to inquire at the address in Coleman Street, if there is any letter from Melchior."

"I have often thought of him," replied Timothy. "I wonder who he can be—there is another mystery there. I wonder whether we shall ever fall in with him again—and Nattée, too?"

"There's no saying, Timothy. "I wonder where that poor fool, Philotas, and our friend Jumbo, are now?"

The remembrance of the two last personages made us both burst out laughing.

"Timothy, I've been reflecting that my intimacy with poor Carbonnell has rather hindered than assisted me in my search. He found me with a good appearance, and he has moulded me into a gentleman, as far as manners and appearance are concerned; but the constant vortex in which I have been whirled in his company, has prevented me from doing any thing. His melancholy death has perhaps been fortunate for me. It has left me more independent in circumstances, and more free. I must now really set to in earnest."

"I beg your pardon, Japhet, but did not you say the same when we first set off on our travels, and yet remain more than a year with

the gipsies? Did not you make the same resolution when we arrived in town, with our pockets full of money, and yet, once into fashionable society, think but little, and occasionally, of it? Now you make the same resolution, and how long will you keep it?"

"Nay, Timothy, that remark is hardly fair; you know that the subject is ever in my thoughts."

"In your thoughts, I grant, very frequently; but you have still been led away from the search."

"I grant it, but I presume that arises from not knowing how to proceed. I have a skein to unravel, and cannot find out an end to commence with."

"I always thought people commenced with the beginning," replied Tim, laughing.

"At all events, I will now try back, and face the old lawyer. Do you call at Coleman Street, Tim, and at St. Bridget's also, if you please."

"As for St. Bridget's, I'm in no particular hurry about my mother; if I stumble upon her I may pick her up, but I never make a diligent search after what in every probability will not be worth the finding."

Leaving Timothy to go his way, I walked to the house at Lincoln's Inn, which I had before entered upon the memorable occasion of the papers of Estcourt. As before, I rang the bell, the door swung open, and I was once more in the presence of Mr. Masterton.

"I have a letter, sir," said I, bowing, and presenting the letter from Lord Windermear.

The old gentleman peered at me through his spectacles. "Why! we have met before—bless me—why you're the rogue that——"

"You are perfectly right, sir," interrupted I. "I am the rogue who presented the letter from Lord Windermear, and who presents you with another from the same person; do me the favour to read it, while I take a chair."

"Upon my soul—you impudent—handsome dog, I must say—great pity—come for money, I suppose. Well, it's a sad world," muttered the lawyer as he broke open the letter of Lord Windermear.

I made no reply, but watched his countenance, which changed to that of an expression of surprise. "Had his lordship sent me a request to have you hanged if possible," said Mr. Masterton, "I should have felt no surprise, but in this letter he praises you, and desires me to render you all the service in my power. I can't understand it."

"No, sir; but if you have leisure to listen to me, you will then find that, in this world, we may be deceived by appearances."

"Well, and so I was, when I first saw you; I never could have believed you to be—but never mind."

"Perhaps, sir, in an hour or two you will again alter your opinion. Are you at leisure, or will you make an appointment for some future day?"

"Mr. Newland, I am not at leisure—I never was more busy; and if you had come on any legal business, I should have put you off for three or four days, at least; but my curiosity is so raised, that I am determined that I will indulge it at the expense of my interest. I

will turn the key, and then you will oblige me by unravelling, what, at present is to me as curious as it is wholly incomprehensible."

In about three hours I had narrated the history of my life, up to the very day, almost as much detailed as it has been to the reader. "And now, Mr. Masterton," said I, as I wound up my narrative, "do you think that I deserve the title of rogue, which you applied to me when I came in?"

"Upon my word, Mr. Newland, I hardly know what to say; but I like to tell the truth. To say that you have been quite honest, would not be correct—a rogue to a certain degree you have been, but you have been the rogue of circumstances. I can only say this, that there are greater rogues than you, whose characters are unblemished in the world—that most people in your peculiar situation would have been much greater rogues; and lastly, that rogue or not rogue, I have great pleasure in taking you by the hand, and will do all I possibly can to serve you—and that for your own sake. Your search after your parents I consider almost tantamount to a wild-goose chase; but still, as your happiness depends upon it, I suppose it must be carried on; but you must allow me time for reflection. I will consider what may be the most judicious method of proceeding. Can you dine *tête-à-tête* with me here on Friday, and we then will talk over the matter?"

"On Friday, sir; I am afraid that I am engaged to Lady Maelstrom; but that is of no consequence—I will write an excuse to her ladyship."

"Lady Maelstrom! how very odd that you should bring up her name after our conversation."

"Why so, my dear sir?"

"Why!" replied Mr. Masterton, chuckling; "because—recollect, it is a secret, Mr. Newland—I remember some twenty years ago, when she was a girl of eighteen, before she married, she had a little *faux pas*, and I was called in about a settlement, for the maintenance of the child."

"Is it possible, sir?" replied I, anxiously.

"Yes, she was violently attached to a young officer, without money, but of good family; some say it was a private marriage, others, that he was—a *rascal*. It was all hushed up, but he was obliged by the friends, before he left for the West Indies, to sign a deed of maintenance, and I was the party called in. I never heard any more about it. The officer's name was Warrender; he died of the yellow fever, I believe, and after his death she married Lord Maelstrom."

"He is dead, then?" replied I, mournfully.

"Well, that cannot affect you, my good fellow. On Friday, then, at six o'clock precisely. Good afternoon, Mr. Newland."

I shook hands with the old gentleman, and returned home, but my brain whirled with the fear of a confirmation, of that which Mr. Masterton had so carelessly conveyed. Any thing like a possibility, immediately was swelled to a certainty in my imagination, so ardent and heated on the one subject; and as soon as I regained my room, I threw myself on the sofa, and fell into a deep reverie. I tried to approximate the features of Lady Maelstrom to mine, but all the ingenuity in the world could not effect that; but still, I might be like my father—but

my father was dead, and that threw a chill over the whole glowing picture which I had, as usual, conjured up; besides, it was asserted that I was born in wedlock, and there was a doubt relative to the marriage of her ladyship.

After a long cogitation I jumped up, seized my hat, and set off for Grosvenor Square, determining to ask a private interview with her ladyship, and at once end my harassing doubts and surmises. I think there could not be a greater proof of my madness than my venturing to attack a lady of forty upon the irregularities of her youth, and to question her upon a subject which had been confided but to two or three, and she imagined had long been forgotten: but this never struck me; all considerations were levelled in my ardent pursuit. I walked through the streets at a rapid pace, the crowd passed by me as shadows, I neither saw nor distinguished them; I was deep in reverie as to the best way of breaking the subject to her ladyship, for, notwithstanding my monomania, I perceived it to be a point of great delicacy. After having overturned about twenty people in my mad career, I arrived at the door and knocked. My heart beat almost as hard against my ribs with excitement.

"Is her ladyship at home?"

"Yes, sir."

I was ushered into the drawing-room, and found her sitting with two of her nieces, the Misses Fairfax.

"Mr. Newland, you have been quite a stranger," said her ladyship, as I walked up to her and made my obeisance. "I did intend to scold you well; but I suppose that sad affair of poor Major Carbonnell's has been a heavy blow to you—you were so intimate—lived together, I believe, did you not? However, you have not so much cause to regret, for he was not a very proper companion for young men like you: to tell you the truth, I consider it as a fortunate circumstance that he was removed, for he would by degrees have led you into all manner of mischief, and have persuaded you to squander your fortune. I did at one time think of giving you a hint, but it was a delicate point—now that he is gone, I tell you very candidly that you have had an escape. A young man like you, Mr. Newland, who could command an alliance into the highest, yes, the very highest families—and let me tell you, Mr. Newland, that there is nothing like connexion—money is of no consequence to you, but connexion, Mr. Newland, is what you should look for—connexion with some high family, and then you will do well. I should like to see you settled—well settled, I mean, Mr. Newland. Now that you are rid of the major, who has ruined many young men in his time, I trust you will seriously think of settling down into a married man. Cecilia, my dear, show your tambour work to Mr. Newland, and ask him his opinion. Is it not beautiful, Mr. Newland?"

"Extremely beautiful, indeed, ma'am," replied I, glad at last that her ladyship allowed me to speak a word.

"Emma, my dear, you look pale, you must go out into the air. Go, children, put your bonnets on and take a turn in the garden, when the carriage comes round I will send for you." The young

ladies quitted the room. "Nice innocent girls, Mr. Newland; but you are not partial to blondes, I believe?"

"Indeed, Lady Maelstrom, I infinitely prefer the blonde to the brunette."

"That proves your taste, Mr. Newland. The Fairfaxes are of a very old family, Saxon, Mr. Newland. *Fair-fax* is Saxon for light hair. Is it not remarkable that they should be blondes to this day? Pure blood, Mr. Newland. You, of course, have heard of General Fairfax, in the time of Cromwell. He was their direct ancestor—an excellent family and highly connected, Mr. Newland. You are aware that they are my nieces. My sister married Mr. Fairfax."

I paid the Misses Fairfax the compliments which I thought they really deserved, for they were very pretty amiable girls, and required no puffing on the part of her ladyship; and then I commenced. "Your ladyship has expressed such kind wishes towards me, that I cannot be sufficiently grateful; but, perhaps, your ladyship may think me romantic, but I am resolved never to marry except for love."

"A very excellent resolve, Mr. Newland; there are few young men who care about love now-a-days, but I consider that love is a great security for happiness in the wedded state."

"True, madam, and what can be more delightful than a first attachment? I appeal to your ladyship, was not your first attachment the most delightful—are not the reminiscences most lasting—do you not, even now, call to mind those halcyon days when love was all and every thing?"

"My days of romance are long past, Mr. Newland," replied her ladyship; "indeed I never had much romance in my composition. I married Lord Maelstrom for the connexion, and I loved him pretty well, that is, soberly, Mr. Newland. I mean, I loved him quite enough to marry him, and to obey my parents, that is all."

"But, my dear Lady Maelstrom, I did not refer to your marriage with his lordship; I referred to your first love."

"My first love, Mr. Newland; pray what do you mean?" replied her ladyship, looking very hard at me.

"Your ladyship need not be ashamed of it. Our hearts are not in our own keeping, nor can we always control our passions. I have but to mention the name of Warrender."

"Warrender," shrieked her ladyship. "Pray, Mr. Newland," continued her ladyship, recovering herself, "who gave you that piece of information?"

"My dear Lady Maelstrom, pray do not be displeased with me, but I am very particularly interested in this affair. Your love for Mr. Warrender, long before your marriage, is well known to me; and it is to that love, to which I referred, when I asked you if it was not most delightful."

"Well, Mr. Newland," replied her ladyship, "how you have obtained the knowledge I know not, but there was, I acknowledge, a trifling flirtation with Edward Warrender and me—but I was young, very young at that time."

"I grant it; and do not, for a moment, imagine that I intend to

blame your ladyship; but, as I before said, madam, I am much interested in the business."

"What interest you can have with a little flirtation of mine, which took place before you were born, I cannot imagine, Mr. Newland."

"It is because it took place before I was born, that I feel so much interest."

"I cannot understand you, Mr. Newland, and I think we had better change the subject."

"Excuse me, madam, but I must request to continue it a little longer. Is Mr. Warrender dead, or not? Did he die in the West Indies?"

"You appear to be very curious on this subject, Mr. Newland; I hardly can tell. Yes, now I recollect, he did die of the yellow fever, I think—but I have quite forgotten all about it—and I shall answer no more questions; if you were not a favourite of mine, Mr. Newland, I should say that you were very impertinent."

"Then, your ladyship, I will put but one more question, and that one I must put, with your permission."

"I should think, after what I have said, Mr. Newland, that you might drop the subject."

"I will, your ladyship, immediately; but, pardon me, the question——"

"Well, Mr. Newland——?"

"Do not be angry with me——"

"Well?" exclaimed her ladyship, who appeared alarmed.

"Nothing but the most important and imperative reasons could induce me to ask the question," (her ladyship gasped for breath, and could not speak,) I stammered, but at last I brought it out. "What has become of—of—of the sweet pledge of your love, Lady Maelstrom?"

Her ladyship coloured up with rage, raised up her clenched hand, and then fell back in violent hysterics. I hardly knew how to act—if I called the servants, my interview would be at an end, and I was resolved to find out the truth—for the same reason, I did not like to ring for water. Some vases with flowers were on the table; I took out the flowers, and threw the water in her face, but they had been in the water some time, and had discoloured it green. Her ladyship's dress was a high silk gown, of a bright slate colour, and was immediately spoiled; but this was no time to stand upon trifles. I seized hold of a glass bottle, fancying, in my hurry, it was *eau de cologne*, or some essence, and poured a little into her mouth; unfortunately it was a bottle of marking ink, which her ladyship, who was very economical, had on the table in disguise. I perceived my error, and had recourse to another vase of flowers, pouring a large quantity of the green water down her throat. Whether the unusual remedies had an effect, or not, I cannot tell, but her ladyship gradually revived, and as she leant back on the sofa, sobbing, every now and then, convulsively, I poured into her ear a thousand apologies, until I thought she was composed enough to listen to me.

"Your ladyship's maternal feelings," said I.

"It's all a calumny! a base lie, sir!" shrieked she.

"Nay, nay, why be ashamed of a youthful passion; why deny what was in itself creditable to your unsophisticated mind. Does not your heart, even now, yearn to embrace your son—will not you bless me, if I bring him to your feet—will not you bless your son, and receive him with delight?"

"It was a girl," screamed her ladyship, forgetting herself, and again falling into hysterics.

"A girl!" replied I, "then I have lost my time, and it is no use my remaining here."

Mortified at the intelligence which overthrew my hopes and castle buildings, I seized my hat, descended the stairs, and quitted the house; in my hurry and confusion quite forgetting to call the servants to her ladyship's assistance. Fortunately, I perceived the Misses Fairfax close to the iron railing of the garden. I crossed the road, wished them good-bye, and told them that I thought Lady Maelstrom looked very ill, and they had better go in to her. I then threw myself into the first hackney-coach, and drove home. I found Timothy had arrived before me, and I narrated all that had passed.

"You will never be able to go there again," observed Timothy, "and depend upon it, she will be your enemy through life. I wish you had not said any thing to her."

"What is done cannot be undone; but recollect that if she can talk, I can talk also."

"Will she not be afraid?"

"Yes, openly, she will; but open attacks can be parried."

"Very true."

"But it will be as well to pacify her, if I can. I will write to her." I sat down and wrote as follows:—

"MY DEAR LADY MAELSTROM,—I am so astonished and alarmed at the situation I put you in, by my impertinence and folly, that I hardly know how to apologize. The fact is, that looking over some of my father's old letters, I found many from Warrender, in which he spoke of an affair with a young lady, and I read the name as your maiden name, and also discovered where the offspring was to be found. On re-examination, for your innocence was too evident at our meeting to admit of a doubt, I find that the name, although something like yours, is *spelt very differently*, and that I must have been led into an unpardonable error. What can I say, except that I throw myself on your mercy? I dare not appear before you again. I leave town to-morrow, but if you can pardon my folly and impertinence, and allow me to pay my respects when London is full again, and time shall have softened down your just anger. Write me one line to that effect, and you will relieve the burdened conscience of

"Your's most truly,

"J. NEWLAND."

"There, Tim," said I, as I finished reading it over, "take that as a sop to the old Cerberus. She may think it prudent, as I have talked of letters, to believe me and make friends. I will not trust her, nevertheless."

Tim went away, and very soon returned with an answer.

"You are a foolish mad-cap, and I ought to shut my doors against you; you have half killed me—spoilt my gown, and I am obliged to keep my bed. Remember, in future, to be sure of the right name before you make an assertion. As for forgiving you, I shall think of it, and when you return to town, you may call and receive my sentence. Cecilia was quite frightened, poor dear girl, what a dear affectionate child she is!—she is a treasure to me, and I don't think I ever could part with her. She sends her regards.

"Yours,

"C. MAELSTROM."

"Come, Timothy, at all events this is better than I expected—but now I'll tell you what I propose to do. Harcourt was with me yesterday, and he wishes me to go down with him to ———. There will be the assizes, and the county ball, and a great deal of gaiety, and I have an idea that it is just as well to beat the country as the town. I dine with old Masterton on Friday. On Saturday I will go down and see Fleta, and on Tuesday or Wednesday I will start with Harcourt to his father's, where he has promised me a hearty welcome. Was there any thing at Coleman-street?"

"Yes, sir; Mr. Iving said that he had just received a letter from your correspondent, and that he wished to know if the little girl was well; I told him that she was. Mr. Iving laid the letter down on the desk, and I read the post-mark, Dublin."

"Dublin," replied I. "I should like to find out who Melchior is—and so I will as soon as I can."

"Well, sir, I have not finished my story. Mr. Iving said, 'My correspondent wishes to know whether the education of the little girl is attended to?' 'Yes,' replied I, 'it is.' 'Is she at school?' 'Yes, she has been at school ever since we have been in London.' 'Where is she at school?' inquired he. Now, sir, as I never was asked that question by him before, I did not know whether I ought to give an answer, so I replied, 'that I did not know.' 'You know whether she is in London or not, do you not?' 'How should I?' replied I, 'master had put her to school before I put on his liveries.' 'Does he never go to see her?' inquired he. 'I suppose so,' said I. 'Then you really know nothing about it?—then look you, my lad, I am anxious to find out where she is at school, and the name of the people, and if you will find out the direction for me, it will be money in your pocket, that's all.' 'Um,' replied I, 'but how much?' 'Why, more than you think for, my man, it will be a ten-pound note.' 'That alters the case,' replied I; 'now I think again, I have an idea that I do remember seeing her address on a letter my master wrote to her.' 'Aye,' replied Mr. Iving, 'it's astonishing how money sharpens the memory. I'll keep to my bargain; give me the address, and here's the ten-pound note.' 'I'm afraid that my master will be angry,' said I, as if I did not much like to tell him. 'Your master will never know any thing about it, and you may serve a long time before he gives you a ten-pound note above your wages.' 'That's

very true,' said I, 'service is no inheritance. Well, then, give me the money, and I'll write it down.'

"And did you give it?" interrupted I.

"Stop a moment, sir, and you shall hear. I wrote down the address of that large school at Kensington, which we pass when we go to Mr. Aubrey White's."

"What, that tremendous large board with yellow letters—Mrs. Let—what is it?"

"Mrs. Lipscombe's seminary—I always read the board every time I go up and down. I gave him the address, Miss Johnson, at Mrs. Lipscombe's seminary, Kensington. Well—and here's the ten-pound note, sir, which I think I have fairly earned."

"Fairly earned, Tim?"

"Yes, fairly earned; for it's all fair to cheat those who would cheat you."

"I cannot altogether agree with you on that point, Tim, but it certainly is no more than they deserve; but this is matter for reflection. Why should Melchior wish to find out her address without my knowledge?—depend upon it, there is something wrong."

"That's what I said to myself coming home; and I made up my mind, that, for some reason or another, he wishes to regain possession of her."

"I entertain the same idea, Timothy, and I am glad you have disappointed him. I will take care that they shall not find her out, now that I am upon my guard."

"But, sir, I wish to draw one good moral from this circumstance; which is—that if you had been served by any common footman, your interest would, in all probability, have been sacrificed to the ten-pound note; and that not only in this instance, but in many others, I did a very wise thing in taking my present situation."

"I am but too well aware of that, Tim, my dear fellow," said I, extending my hand, "and depend upon it, that if I rise, you do. You know me well enough by this time."

"Yes, I do, Japhet, and had rather serve you than the first nobleman in the land. I'm going to purchase a watch with this ten-pound note, and I never shall look at it without remembering the advantage of keeping a watch over my tongue."

I proved the will of Major Carbonnell, in which there was no difficulty; and then I sat down to consider in what way I might best husband my resources. The house was in good repair, and well furnished. At the time that I lived with the major, we had our drawing-room, and his bed-room, and another room equally large, used as his dressing-room, on the first floor. The second floor was appropriated to me, and the sitting-room was used as a dining-room when we dined at home, which was but seldom. The basement was let as a shop, at one hundred pounds per annum, but we had a private door for entrance, and the kitchens and attics. I resolved to retain only the first-floor, and let the remainder of the house; and I very soon got a tenant at sixty pounds per annum. The attics were appropriated to Timothy and the servants belonging to the lodger. Of this tenant, I shall speak hereafter.

After having disposed of what was of no service to me, I found that, deducting the thousand pounds paid into the banker's, for Lord Windermear, I had a little above three thousand pounds in ready money, and what to do with this I could not well decide. I applied to Mr. Masterton, stating the exact amount of my finances, on the day that I dined with him, and he replied, "You have two good tenants, bringing you in one hundred and sixty pounds per annum—if this money is put out on mortgage, I can procure you five per cent., which will be one hundred and fifty pounds per annum. Now, the question is, do you think that you can live upon three hundred and ten pounds per annum? You have no rent to pay, and I should think that, as you are not at any great expense for a servant, that you might, with economy, do very well. Recollect, that if your money is lent on mortgage, you will not be able to obtain it at a moment's warning. So reflect well before you decide."

I consulted with Timothy, and agreed to lend the money, reserving about two hundred pounds to go on with, until I should receive my rents and interest. On the Friday I went to dine with Mr. Masterton, and narrated what had passed between me and Lady Maelstrom. He was very much diverted, and laughed immoderately. "Upon my faith, Mr. Newland, but you have a singular species of madness; you first attack Lord Windermear, then a bishop, and, to crown all, you attack a dowager peeress. I must acknowledge, that if you do not find out your parents, it will not be for want of inquiry. Altogether, you are a most singular character, your history is most singular, and your good fortune is equally so. You have made more friends before you have come to age, than most people do in their whole lives. You commence the world with nothing, and here you are, with almost a competence—have paid off a loan of one thousand pounds, which was not required—and are moving in the best society. Now the only drawback I perceive in all this is, that you are in society under false colours, having made people suppose that you are possessed of a large fortune."

"It was not exactly my assertion, sir."

"No, I grant, not exactly; but you have been a party to it, and I cannot allow that there is any difference. Now, do you mean to allow this supposition to remain uncontradicted?"

"I hardly know what to say, sir; if I were to state that I have nothing but a bare competence, it will be only injurious to the memory of Major Carbonnell. All the world will suppose that he has ruined me, and that I had the fortune, whereas, on the contrary, it is to him that I am indebted for my present favourable position."

"That may be very true, Mr. Newland; but if I am to consider you as my protégé, and I may add, the protégé of Lord Windermear, I must make you *quite honest*—I will be no party to fraud in any shape. Are you prepared to resign your borrowed plumes, and appear before the world as you really are?"

"There is but one inducement, sir, for me to wish that the world may still deceive themselves. I may be thrown out of society, and lose the opportunity of discovering my parents."

"And pray, Mr. Newland, which do you think is more likely to

tend to the discovery, a general knowledge that you are a Foundling in search of your parents, or your present method, of taxing every body upon suspicion. If your parents wish to reclaim you, they will then have their eyes directed towards you, from your position being known; and I will add, there are few parents who would not be proud of you as a son. You will have the patronage of Lord Windermear, which will always secure you a position in society, and the good wishes of all, although I grant, that such worldly people as Lady Maelstrom may strike your name off their porters' list. You will, moreover, have the satisfaction of knowing that the friends which you make have not been made under false colours and appearances, and a still further satisfaction, arising from a good conscience."

"I am convinced, sir, and I thank you for your advice. I will now be guided by you in every thing."

"Give me your hand, my good lad, I now will be your friend to the utmost of my power."

"I only wish, sir," replied I, much affected, "that you were also my father."

"Thank you for the wish, as it implies that you have a good opinion of me. What do you mean to do?"

"I have promised my friend Mr. Harcourt to go down with him to his father's."

"Well?"

"And before I go I will undeceive him."

"You are right; you will then find whether he is a friend to you or to your supposed ten thousand pounds per annum. I have been reflecting, and I am not aware that any thing else can be done at present than acknowledging to the world who you really are, which is more likely to tend to the discovery of your parents than any other means, but at the same time I shall not be idle. All we lawyers have among us strange secrets, and among my fraternity, to whom I shall speak openly, I think it possible that something may be found out which may serve as a clue. Do not be annoyed at being cut by many, when your history is known; those who cut you are those whose acquaintance or friendship is not worth having; it will unmask your friends from your flatterers, and you will not repent of your having been honest; in the end it is the best policy, even in a worldly point of view. Come to me as often as you please; I am always at home to you, and always your friend."

Such was the result of my dinner with Mr. Masterton, which I narrated to Timothy as soon as I returned home. "Well, Japhet, I think you have found a real friend in Mr. Masterton, and I am glad that you have decided upon following his advice. As for me, I am not under false colours, I am in my right situation, and wish no more."

In pursuance of my promise to Mr. Masterton, I called upon Harcourt the next morning, and after stating my intention to go down for a day or two into the country to see a little girl who was under my care, I said to him, "Harcourt, as long as we were only town acquaintances, mixing in society, and under no peculiar obligation to each other, I did not think it worth while to undeceive you on a point

in which Major Carbonnell was deceived himself, and has deceived others ; but now that you have offered to introduce me into the bosom of your family, I cannot allow you to remain in error. It is generally supposed that I am about to enter into a large property when I come of age ; now, so far from that being the case, I have nothing in the world but a bare competence, and the friendship of Lord Windermear. In fact, I am a deserted child, ignorant of my parents, and most anxious to discover them, as I have every reason to suppose that I am of no mean birth. I tell you this candidly, and unless you renew the invitation, shall consider that it has not been given."

Harcourt remained a short time without answering. " You really have astonished me, Newland ; but," continued he, extending his hand, " I admire—I respect you, and I feel that I shall like you better. With ten thousand pounds a-year, you were above me—now we are but equals. I, as a younger brother, have but a bare competence, as well as you ; and as for parents—for the benefit I now derive from them, I might as well have none. Not but my father is a worthy, fine old gentleman, but the estates are entailed ; he is obliged to keep up his position in society, and he has a large family to provide for, and he can do no more. You have indeed an uncommon moral courage to have made this confession. Do you wish it to be kept a secret?"

" On the contrary, I wish the truth to be known."

" I am glad that you say so, as I have mentioned you as a young man of large fortune to my father, but I feel convinced when I tell him this conversation, he will be much more pleased in taking you by the hand, than if you were to come down and propose to one of my sisters. I repeat the invitation with double the pleasure that I gave it at first."

" I thank you, Harcourt," replied I ; " some day I will tell you more. I must not expect, however, that every body will prove themselves as noble in ideas as yourself."

" Perhaps not, but never mind that. On Friday next, then, we start."

" Agreed." I shook hands and left him. The behaviour of Harcourt was certainly a good encouragement, and had I been wavering in my promise to Mr. Masterton, would have encouraged me to proceed. I returned home with a light heart and a pleasing satisfaction, from the conviction that I had done right. The next morning I set off for ———, and, as it was a long while since I had seen Fleta, our meeting was a source of delight on both sides. I found her very much grown and improved. She was approaching her fifteenth year, as near as we could guess—of course her exact age was a mystery. Her mind was equally expanded. Her mistress praised her docility and application, and wished to know whether I intended that she should be taught music and drawing, for both of which she had shown a decided taste. To this I immediately consented, and Fleta hung on my shoulder and embraced me for the indulgence. She was now fast approaching to womanhood, and my feelings towards her were more intense than ever. I took the chain of coral and gold beads from her neck, telling her that I must put it into a secure place, as much depended upon it. She was curious to know why, but I would not enter into the subject

at that time. One caution I gave her, in case, by any chance, her retreat should be discovered by the companions of Melchior, which was, that without I myself came, she was on no account to leave the school, even if a letter from me was produced, requesting her to come, unless that letter was delivered by Timothy. I gave the same directions to her mistress, paid up her schooling and expenses, and then left her, promising not to be so long before I saw her again. On my return to town I deposited the necklace with Mr. Masterton, who locked it up carefully in his iron safe.

On the Friday, as agreed, Harcourt and I, accompanied by Timothy and Harcourt's servant, started on the outside of the coach, as younger brothers usually convey themselves, for his father's seat in ——shire, and arrived there in time for dinner. I was kindly received by old Mr. Harcourt and his family, consisting of his wife and three amiable and beautiful girls. But on the second day, during which interval I presume Harcourt had an opportunity of undeceiving his father, I was delighted to perceive that the old gentleman's warmth of behaviour towards me was increased. I remained there for a fortnight, and never was so happy. I was soon on the most intimate terms with the whole family, and was treated as if I belonged to it. Yet when I went to bed every night, I became more and more melancholy. I felt what a delight it must be to have parents, sisters, and friends—a bosom of a family to retire into, to share with it your pleasures and your pains; and the tears often ran down my cheeks, and moistened my pillow, when I had not an hour before been the happiest of the happy, and the gayest of the gay. In a family party, there is nothing so amusing as any little talent out of the general way, and my performances and tricks on cards, &c., in which Melchior had made me such an adept, were now brought forward as a source of innocent gratification. When I quitted, I had a general and hearty welcome to the house from the parents; and the eyes of the amiable girls, as well as mine, were not exactly dry, as we bade each other farewell.

“ You told your father, Harcourt, did you not ? ”

“ Yes, and the whole of them, Japhet ; and you must acknowledge, that in their estimation you did not suffer. My father is pleased with our intimacy, and advises me to cultivate it. To prove to you that I am anxious so to do, I have a proposal to make. I know your house as well as you do, and that you have reserved only the first floor for yourself ; but there are two good rooms on the first floor, and you can dispense with a dressing-room. Suppose we club together. It will be a saving to us both, as poor Carbonnell said, when he took you in.”

“ With all my heart ; I am delighted with the proposal.”

Harcourt then stated what it was his intention to offer for his share of the apartment ; the other expenses to be divided, and his servant dismissed. I hardly need say, that we did not disagree, and before I had been a week in town, we were living together. My interview with Mr. Masterton, and subsequent events, had made me forget to call on the governors of the Foundling Hospital, to ascertain whether there had been any inquiries after me. On my return to town I went there, and finding that there was a meeting to be held on the next

day, I presented myself. I was introduced into the room where they were assembled.

"You wish to speak with the governors of the Hospital, I understand," said the presiding governor.

"Yes, sir," replied I; "I have come to ask whether an inquiry has been made after one of the inmates of this charity, of the name of Japhet Newland."

"Japhet Newland!"

"If you recollect, sir, he was bound to an apothecary of the name of Cophagus, in consequence of some money which was left with him as an infant, enclosed in a letter, in which it was said that he would be reclaimed if circumstances permitted."

"I recollect it perfectly well—it is now about six years back; I think there was some inquiry, was there not, Mr. G——?"

"I think that there was, about a year and a half ago; but we will send for the secretary, and refer to the minutes."

My heart beat quick, and the perspiration bedewed my forehead, when I heard this intelligence. At last my emotion was so great, that I felt faint. "You are ill, sir," said one of the gentlemen; "quick—a glass of water."

The attendant brought a glass of water, which I drank, and recovered myself. "You appear to be much interested in this young man's welfare."

"I am, sir," replied I; "no one can be more so."

The secretary now made his appearance with the register, and after turning over the leaves, read as follows: "August the 16th —, a gentleman came to inquire after an infant left here, of the name of Japhet, with whom money had been deposited—Japhet, christened by order of the governors, Japhet Newland—referred to the shop of Mr. Cophagus, Smithfield Market. He returned the next day, saying that Mr. Cophagus had retired from business—that the parties in the shop knew nothing for certain, but believed that the said Japhet Newland had been transported for life for forgery, about a year before."

"Good heavens! what an infamous assertion!" exclaimed I, clasping my hands.

On reference back to the calendar, we observed that one J. Newland was transported for such an offence. Query?

"It must have been some other person; but this has arisen from the vindictive feeling of those two scoundrels who served under Plegget," cried I.

"How can you possibly tell, sir?" mildly observed one of the governors.

"How can I tell, sir?" replied I, starting from my chair. "Why I am *Japhet Newland* myself, sir."

"You, sir?" replied the governor, surveying my fashionable exterior, my chains, and bijouterie.

"Yes, sir, I am the Japhet Newland brought up in this asylum, and who was apprenticed to Mr. Cophagus."

"Probably, then, sir," replied the president, "you are the Mr. Newland whose name appears at all the fashionable parties in high life?"

"I believe that I am the same person, sir."

"I wish you joy upon your success in the world, sir. It would not appear that it can be very important to you to discover your parents."

"Sir," replied I, "you have never known what it is to feel the want of parents and friends. Fortunate as you may consider me to be—and I acknowledge I have every reason to be grateful for my unexpected rise in life—I would at this moment give up all that I am worth, resume my Foundling dress, and be turned out a beggar, if I could but discover the authors of my existence." I then bowed low to the governors, and quitted the room. I hastened home with feelings too painful to be described. I had a soreness at my heart, an oppression on my spirits, which weighed me down. I had but one wish—that I was dead. I had already imparted to Harcourt the history of my life, and when I came in, I threw myself upon the sofa in despair, and relieved my agonized heart with a flood of tears. As soon as I could compose myself, I stated what had occurred.

"My dear Newland, although it has been an unfortunate occurrence in itself, I do not see that you have so much cause to grieve, for you have this satisfaction, that it appears there has been a wish to reclaim you."

"Yes," replied I, "I grant that, but have they not been told, and have they not believed, that I have been ignominiously punished for a capital crime? Will they ever seek me more?"

"Probably not; you must now seek them. What I should recommend is, that you repair to-morrow to the apothecary's shop, and interrogate relative to the person who called to make inquiries after you. If you will allow me, I will go with you."

"And be insulted by those malignant scoundrels?"

"They dare not insult you. As an apothecary's apprentice they would, but as a gentleman they will quail; and if they do not, their master will most certainly be civil, and give you all the information which he can. We may as well, however, not do things by halves; I will borrow my aunt's carriage for the morning, and we will go in style."

"I think I will call this evening upon Mr. Masterton, and ask his advice."

"Ask him to accompany us, Newland, and he will frighten them with libel, and defamation of character."

I called upon Mr. Masterton that evening, and told my story. "It is indeed very provoking, Newland; but keep your courage up, I will go with you to-morrow, and we will see what we can make of it. At what time do you propose to start?"

"Will it suit you, sir, if we call at one o'clock?"

"Yes; so good night, my boy, for I have something here which I must contrive to get through before that time."

Harcourt had procured the carriage, and we picked up Mr. Masterton at the hour agreed, and proceeded to Smithfield. When we drove up to the door of Mr. Plegget's shop, the assistants at first imagined that it was a mistake; few handsome carriages are to be seen stopping in this quarter of the metropolis. We descended and entered the shop, Mr. Masterton inquiring if Mr. Plegget was at home. The

shopmen, who had not recognized me, bowed to the ground in their awkward way; and one ran to call Mr. Plegget, who was up stairs. Mr. Plegget descended, and we walked into the back parlour. Mr. Masterton then told him the object of our calling, and requested to know why the gentleman who had inquired after me had been sent away with the infamous fabrication that I had been transported for forgery. Mr. Plegget protested innocence—recollected, however, that a person had called—would make every inquiry of his shopmen. The head man was called in and interrogated—at first appeared to make a joke of it, but when threatened by Mr. Masterton became humble—acknowledged that they had said that I was transported, for they had read it in the newspapers—was sorry for the mistake; said that the gentleman was a very tall person, very well dressed, very much of a gentleman—could not recollect his exact dress—was a pale, fair man, with a handsome face—seemed very much agitated when he heard that I had been transported. Called twice, Mr. Plegget was not in at first—left his name—thinks the name was put down on the day book—when he called a second time, Mr. Plegget was at home, and referred him to them, not knowing what had become of me. The other shopman was examined, and his evidence proved similar to that of the first. The day-book was sent for, and the day in August ——— referred to; there was a name written down on the side of the page, which the shopman said he had no doubt, indeed he could almost swear, was the gentleman's name, as there was no other name put down on that day. The name, as taken down, was *Derbennon*. This was all the information we could obtain, and we then quitted the shop, and drove off without there being any recognition of me on the part of Mr. Plegget and his assistants.

“I never heard that name before,” observed Harcourt to Mr. Masterton.

“It is, in all probability, De Benyon,” replied the lawyer; we must make allowances for their ignorance. At all events, this is a sort of clue to follow up. The De Benyons are Irish.”

“Then I will set off for Ireland to-morrow morning, sir,” said I.

“You will do no such thing,” replied the lawyer; “but you will call upon me to-morrow evening, and perhaps I may have something to say to you.”

I did not fail to attend Mr. Masterton, who stated that he had made every inquiry relative to the De Benyons, as he had said; they were an Irish family of the highest rank, and holding the peerage of De Beauvoir; but that he had written to his agent in Dublin, giving him directions to obtain for him every possible information in his power relative to all the individuals composing it. Till this had been received, all that I could do was to remain quiet. I then narrated to him the behaviour of the agent, Mr. Iving, to Timothy. “There is some mystery there, most assuredly,” observed Mr. Masterton; “when do you go again to ———?”

I replied, that it was not my intention to go there for some time, unless he would wish to see the little girl.

“I do, Newland. I think I must take her under my protection as well as you. We will go down to-morrow. Sunday is the only day I can spare; but it must be put down as a work of charity.”

The next day we went down to ———. Fleta was surprised to see me so soon, and Mr. Masterton was much struck with the elegance and classical features of my little protégé. He asked her many questions, and with his legal tact continued to draw from her many little points relative to her infant days, which she had, till he put his probing questions, quite forgotten. As we returned to town, he observed, "You are right, Japhet, that is no child of humble origin. Her very appearance contradicts it; but we have, I think, a chance of discovering who she is—a better one, I'm afraid, than at present we have for your identification. But never mind, let us trust to perseverance."

For three weeks I continued to live with Harcourt, but I did not go out much. Such was the state of my affairs, when Timothy came to my room one morning, and said, "I do not know whether you have observed it, sir; but there is a man constantly lurking about here, watching the house, I believe. I think, but still I'm not quite sure, that I have seen his face before; but where I cannot recollect."

"Indeed, what sort of a person may he be?"

"He is a very dark man, stout, and well made; and is dressed in a sort of half-sailor, half-gentleman's dress, such as you see put on by those who belong to the Funny Clubs on the river; but he is not at all a gentleman himself—quite the contrary. It is now about a week that I have seen him, every day; and I have watched him, and perceive that he generally follows you as soon as you go out."

"Well," replied I, "we must find out what he wants—if we can. Point him out to me; I will soon see if he is tracing my steps."

Timothy pointed him out to me after breakfast; I could not recollect the face, and yet it appeared that I had seen it before. I went out, and after passing half a dozen streets, I turned round and perceived that the man was dodging me. I took no notice, but being resolved to try him again, I walked to the White Horse Cellar, and took a seat inside a Brentford coach about to start. On my arrival at Brentford I got out, and perceived that the man was on the roof. Of a sudden it flashed on my memory—it was the gipsy who had come to the camp with the communication to Melchior, which induced him to quit it. I recollected him—and his kneeling down by the stream and washing his face. The mystery was solved—Melchior had employed him to find out the residence of Fleta. In all probability they had applied to the false address given by Timothy, and in consequence were trying, by watching my motions, to find out the true one. "You shall be deceived, at all events," thought I, as I walked on through Brentford until I came to a ladies' seminary. I rang the bell, and was admitted, stating my wish to know the terms of the school for a young lady, and contrived to make as long a stay as I could, promising to call again, if the relatives of the young lady were as satisfied as I professed to be. On my quitting the house, I perceived that my gipsy attendant was not far off. I took the first stage back, and returned to my lodgings. When I had told all that had occurred to Timothy, he replied, "I think, sir, that if you could replace me for a week or two, I could now be of great service. He does not know me, and if I were to darken my face, and put on a proper dress,

I think I should have no difficulty in passing myself off as one of the tribe, knowing their slang, and having been so much with them."

"But what good do you anticipate, Timothy?"

"My object is to find out where he puts up, and to take the same quarters—make his acquaintance, and find out who Melchior is, and where he lives. My knowledge of him and Nattée may perhaps assist me."

"You must be careful then, Timothy; for he may know sufficient of our history to suspect you."

"Let me alone, sir. Do you like my proposal?"

"Yes, I do; you may commence your arrangements immediately."

The next morning Timothy had procured me another valet, and throwing off his liveries, made his appearance in the evening, sending up to say a man wished to speak to me. He was dressed in highlow boots, worsted stockings, greasy leather small clothes, a shag waistcoat, and a blue frock overall. His face was stained of a dark olive, and when he was ushered in, neither Harcourt, who was sitting at table with me, or the new servant, had the slightest recognition of him. As Harcourt knew all my secrets, I had confided this; but had not told him what Timothy's intentions were, as I wished to ascertain whether his disguise was complete. I had merely said I had given Timothy leave for a few days.

"Perhaps you may wish me away for a short time," said Harcourt, looking at Tim.

"Not at all, my dear Harcourt, why should I? There's nobody here but you and Timothy."

"Timothy! excellent—upon my word, I never should have known him."

"He is going forth on his adventures."

"And if you please, sir, I will lose no time. It is now dark, and I know where the gipsy hangs out."

"Success attend you then, but be careful, Tim. You had better write to me, instead of calling."

"I had the same idea; and now I wish you a good evening."

When Timothy quitted the room, I explained our intentions to Harcourt. "Yours is a strange, adventurous sort of life, Newland; you are constantly plotted against, and plotting in your turn—mines and counter mines. I have an idea that you will turn out some grand personage after all; for if not, why should there be all this trouble about you?"

"The trouble, in the present case, is all about Fleta; who must, by your argument, turn out some grand personage."

"Well, perhaps she may. I should like to see that little girl, Newland."

"That cannot be just now, for reasons you well know; but some other time it will give me great pleasure."

On the second day after Tim's departure, I received a letter from him by the twopenny post. He had made the acquaintance of the gipsy, but had not extracted any information, being as yet afraid to venture any questions. He further stated that his new companion had no objection to a glass or two, and that he had no doubt but that

if he could contrive to make him tipsy, in a few days he would have some important intelligence to communicate. I was in a state of great mental agitation during this time. I went to Mr. Masterton, and narrated to him all that had passed. He was surprised and amused, and desired me not to fail to let him have the earliest intelligence of what came to light. He had not received any answer as yet from his agent in Dublin. It was not until eight days afterwards that I received further communication from Timothy; and I was in a state of great impatience, combined with anxiety, lest any accident should have happened. His communication was important. He was on the most intimate footing with the man, who had proposed that he should assist him to carry off a little girl, who was at a school at Brentford. They had been consulting how this should be done, and Timothy had proposed forging a letter, desiring her to come up to town, and his carrying it as a livery servant. The man had also other plans, one of which was to obtain an entrance into the house by making acquaintance with the servants; another, by calling to his aid some of the women of his fraternity to tell fortunes: nothing was as yet decided, but that he was resolved to obtain possession of the little girl, even if he were obliged to resort to force. In either case Timothy was engaged to assist. When I read this, I more than congratulated myself upon the man's being on the wrong scent, and that Timothy had hit upon his scheme. Timothy continued:—that they had indulged in very deep potations last night, and that the man had not scrupled to say that he was employed by a person of large fortune, who paid well, and whom it might not be advisable to refuse, as he had great power. After some difficulty, he asked Timothy if he had ever heard the name of Melchior in his tribe. Timothy replied that he had, and that at the gathering he had seen him and his wife. Timothy at one time thought that the man was about to reveal every thing, but of a sudden he stopped short, and gave evasive answers. To a question put by Timothy, as to where they were to take the child if they obtained possession of her, the man had replied, that she would go over the water. Such were the contents of the letter, and I eagerly awaited a further communication.

The next day I called at Long's Hotel upon a gentleman with whom I was upon intimate terms. After remaining a short time with him I was leaving the hotel, when I was attracted by some trunks in the entrance hall. I started when I read the address of—"A. De Benyon, Esq., to be left at F——t Hotel, Dublin." I asked the waiter who was by whether Mr. De Benyon had left the hotel. He replied that he had left it in his own carriage that morning, and having more luggage than he could take with him, had desired these trunks to be forwarded by the coach. I had by that time resumed my serenity. I took out a memorandum-book, wrote down the address on the trunks, saying that I was sorry not to have seen Mr. De Benyon, and that I would write to him.

But if I composed myself before the waiter, how did my heart throb as I hastily passed through Bond Street to my home! I had made up my mind, upon what very slight grounds the reader must be aware, that this Mr. De Benyon either must be my father, or if not,

was able to tell me who was. Had not Mr. Masterton said that there was a clue—had he not written to Dublin? The case was to my excited imagination as clear as the noon day, and before I arrived home, I had made up my mind in what manner I should proceed. It was then about four o'clock. I hastily packed up my portmanteau—took with me all my ready money, about sixty pounds, and sent the servant to secure a place in the mail to Holyhead. He returned, stating that there was a seat taken for me. I waited till half-past five to see Harcourt, but he did not come home. I then wrote him a short note, telling him where I was going, and promising to write as soon as I arrived.

“Ireland is to be the ground of my future adventures, my dear Harcourt. Call upon Mr. Masterton, and tell him what I have done, which he surely will approve. Open Timothy's letters, and let me have their contents. I leave you to arrange and act for me in every respect until I return. In the mean time believe me,

“Ever yours,

“J. NEWLAND.”

I gave the letter to the valet, and calling a coach drove to the office, and in less than five minutes afterwards was rolling away to Holyhead, felicitating myself upon my promptitude and decision, little imagining to what the step I had taken was to lead.

It was a very dark night in November when I started on my expedition. There were three other passengers in the mail, none of whom had yet spoken a word, although we had made several miles of our journey. Muffled up in my cloak, I indulged in my own reveries as usual, building up castles which toppled over one after another as I built and rebuilt again. At last one of the passengers blew his nose, as if to give warning that he was about to speak; and then inquired of the gentleman next him if he had seen the evening newspapers. The other replied in the negative. “It would appear that Ireland is not in a very quiet state, sir,” observed the first.

“Did you ever read the history of Ireland?” inquired the other.

“Not very particularly.”

“Then, sir, if you were to take that trouble, you will find that Ireland, since it was first peopled, never has been in a quiet state, nor perhaps ever will. It is a species of human volcano—always either smoking, burning, or breaking out into eruptions and fire.”

“Very true, sir,” replied the other. “I am told the White Boys are mustering in large numbers, and that some of the districts are quite impassable.”

“Sir, if you had travelled much in Ireland, you would have found out that many of the districts are quite impassable, without the impediment of the White Boys.”

“You have been a great deal in Ireland then, sir,” replied the other.

“Yes, sir,” said the other with a consequential air, “I believe I may venture to say that I am in charge of some of the most considerable properties in Ireland.”

"Lawyer—agent—five per cent.—and so on," muttered the third party, who sate by me, and had not yet spoken.

There was no mistaking him—it was my former master, Mr. Cophagus; and I cannot say that I was very well pleased at this intimation of his presence, as I took it for granted that he would recognize me as soon as it was daylight. The conversation continued without any remarks being made upon this interruption on the part of Mr. Cophagus. The agent, it appeared, had been called to London on business, and was returning. The other was a professor of music bound to Dublin on speculation. What called Mr. Cophagus in that direction I could not comprehend; but I thought I would try and find out. I therefore, while the two others were engaged in conversation, addressed him in a low tone of voice. "Can you tell me, sir, if the College at Dublin is considered good for the instruction of surgical pupils?"

"Country good, at all events—plenty of practice—broken heads—and so on."

"Have you ever been in Ireland, sir?"

"Ireland!—never—don't wish to go—must go—old women will die—executor—botheration—and so on."

"I hope she has left you a good legacy, sir," replied I.

"Legacy—humph—can't tell—silver tea-pot—suit of black, and so on. Long journey—won't pay—can't be helped—old women always troublesome—live or dead—bury her, come back—and so on."

Although Mr. Cophagus was very communicative in his own way, he had no curiosity with regard to others, and the conversation dropped. The other two had also asked all the questions which they wished, and we all, as if by one agreement, fell back in our seats, and shut our eyes, to court sleep. I was the only one who wooed in it vain. Day broke, my companions were all in repose, and I discontinued my reveries, and examined their physiognomies. Mr. Cophagus was the first to whom I directed my attention. He was much the same in face as when I had left him, but considerably thinner in person. His head was covered with a white night-cap, and he snored with emphasis. The professor of music was a very small man, with mustachios; his mouth was wide open, and one would have thought that he was in the full execution of a bravura. The third person, who had stated himself to be an agent, was a heavy, full-faced, coarse-looking personage, with his hat over his eyes, and his head bent down on his chest, and I observed that he had a small packet in one of his hands, with his fore finger twisted through the string. I should not have taken further notice, had not the name of *T. Iving*, in the corner of the side on which the direction was, attracted my attention. It was the name of Melchior's London correspondent, who had attempted to bribe Timothy. This induced me to look down and read the direction of the packet, and I clearly deciphered, Sir Henry De Clare, Bart., Mount Castle, Connemara. I took out my tablets, and wrote down the address. I certainly had no reason for so doing, except that nothing should be neglected, as there was no saying what might turn out. I had hardly replaced my tablets when the party awoke, made a sort of snatch at the packet, as if recollecting it, and wishing to

ascertain if it were safe, looked at it, took off his hat, let down the window, and then looked round upon the other parties.

"Fine morning, sir," said he to me, perceiving that I was the only person awake.

"Very," replied I, "very fine; but I had rather be walking over the mountains of Connemara, than be shut up in this close and confined conveyance."

"Hah! you know Connemara, then? I'm going there; perhaps you are also bound to that part of the country? but you are not Irish."

"I was not born or bred in Ireland, certainly," replied I.

"So I should say. Irish blood in your veins, I presume."

"I believe such to be the case," replied I, with a smile, implying certainty.

"Do you know Sir Henry de Clare?"

"Sir Henry de Clare—of Mount Grunnis Castle—is he not?"

"The same; I am going over to him. I am agent for his estates, among others. A very remarkable man. Have you ever seen his wife?"

"I really cannot tell," replied I; "let me call to mind."

I had some how or another formed an idea, that Sir Henry de Clare and Melchior might be one and the same person; nothing was too absurd or improbable for my imagination, and I had now means of bringing home my suspicions. "I think," continued I, "I recollect her—that is, if she is a very tall, handsome woman, dark eyes and complexion."

"The very same," replied he.

My heart bounded at the information; it certainly was not any clue to my own parentage, but it was an object of my solicitude, and connected with the welfare of Fleta. "If I recollect right," observed I, "there are some curious passages in the life of Sir Henry?"

"Nothing very particular," observed the agent, looking out of the window.

"I thought that he had disappeared for some time."

"Disappeared! he certainly did not live in Ireland, because he had quarrelled with his brother. He lived in England until his brother's death."

"How did his brother die, sir?"

"Killed by a fall when hunting," replied the agent. "He was attempting to clear a stone wall, the horse fell back on him, and dislocated his spine. I was on the spot when the accident happened."

I recollected the imperfect communication of Fleta, who had heard the gipsy say that "he was dead;" and also the word *horse* made use of, and I now felt convinced that I had found out Melchior. "Sir Henry, if I recollect right, has no family," observed I.

"No; and I am afraid there is but little chance."

"Had the late baronet, his elder brother, any family?"

"What, Sir William? No; or Sir Henry would not have come into the title."

"He might have had daughters," replied I.

"Very true; now I think of it, there was a girl, who died when young."

"Is the widow of Sir William alive?"

"Yes; and a very fine woman she is; but she has left Ireland since her husband's death."

"I did not venture to ask any more questions. Our conversation had roused Mr. Cophagus and the other passengers, and as I had reflected how I should behave in case of a recognition, I wished to be prepared for him. "You have had a good nap, sir," said I, turning to him."

"Nap—yes—coach nap, bad—head sore—and so on. Why—bless me—Japhet—Japhet New—yes—it is."

"Do you speak to me, sir?" inquired I, with a quiet air.

"Speak to you—yes—bad memory—hip! quite forgot—old master—shop in Smithfield—mad bull—and so on."

"Really, sir," replied I, "I am afraid you mistake me for some other person."

Mr. Cophagus looked very hard at me, and perceiving that there was no alteration in my countenance, exclaimed, "Very odd—same nose—same face—same age too—very odd—like as two pills—beg pardon—made a mistake—and so on."

Satisfied with the discomfiture of Mr. Cophagus, I turned round, when I perceived the Irish agent, with whom I had been in conversation, eyeing me most attentively. As I said before, he was a hard-featured man, and his small grey eye was now fixed upon me, as if it would have pierced me through. I felt confused for a moment, as the scrutiny was unexpected from that quarter; but a few moments reflection told me, that if Sir Henry de Clare and Melchior were the same person, and this man his agent, in all probability he had not been sent to England for nothing; that if he was in search of Fleta, he must have heard of my name, and perhaps something of my history. "I appear to have a great likeness to many people," observed I, to the agent, smiling. "It was but the other day I was stopped in Bond Street, as a Mr. Rawlinson."

"Not a very common face either, sir," observed the agent; "if once seen not easily forgotten, or easily mistaken for another."

"Still, such appears to be the case," replied I, carelessly.

We now stopped to take refreshment. I had risen from the table, and was going into the passage, when I perceived the agent looking over the way-bill with the guard. As soon as he perceived me, he walked out into the front of the inn. Before the guard had put up the bill, I requested to look at it, wishing to ascertain if I had been booked in my own name. It was so. The four names were—Newland, Cophagus, Baltzi, M'Dermott. I was much annoyed at this circumstance. M'Dermott was, of course, the name of the agent; and that was all the information I received in return for my own exposure, which I now considered certain; I determined, however, to put a good face on the matter, and when we returned to the coach, again entered into conversation with Mr. M'Dermott, but I found him particularly guarded in his replies whenever I spoke about Sir Henry or his family, and I could not obtain any further information.

Mr. Cophagus could not keep his eyes off me—he peered into my face—then he would fall back in the coach. “Odd—very odd—must be—no—says not—um.” In about another half hour, he would repeat his examination, and mutter to himself. At last, as if tormented with his doubts, he exclaimed, “Beg pardon—but—you have a name?”

“Yes,” replied I, “I have a name.”

“Well, then—not ashamed. What is it?”

“My name, sir,” replied I, “is Newland;” for I had resolved to acknowledge to my name, and fall back upon a new line of defence.

“Thought so—don’t know me—don’t recollect shop—Mr. Brookes’s—Tim—rudiments—and so on.”

“I have not the least objection to tell you my name; but I am afraid you have the advantage in your recollection of me. Where may I have had the honour of meeting you?”

“Meeting—what, quite forgot—Smithfield?”

“And pray, sir, where may Smithfield be?”

“Very odd—can’t comprehend—same name, same face—don’t recollect me, don’t recollect Smithfield?”

“It may be very odd, sir; but, as I am very well known in London, at the west end, perhaps we have met there. Lord Windermear’s, perhaps—Lady Maelstrom’s—and I continued mentioning about a dozen of the most fashionable names. At all events, you appear to have the advantage of me; but I trust you will excuse my want of memory, as my acquaintance is very extensive.”

“I see—quite a mistake—same name—not same person—beg pardon, sir—apologies—and so on,” replied the apothecary, drawing in a long sigh.

I watched the countenance of the agent, who appeared at last to be satisfied that there had been some mistake; at least he became more communicative, and as I no longer put any questions to him relative to Sir Henry, we had a long conversation. I spoke to him about the De Benyons, making every inquiry that I could think of. He informed me that the deceased earl, the father of the present, had many sons, who were some of them married, and that the family was extensive. He appeared to know them all, the professions which they had been brought up to, and their careers in life. I treasured up his information, and as soon as I had an opportunity, wrote down all which he had told me. On our arrival at Holyhead, the weather was very boisterous, and the packet was to depart immediately. Mr. M’Dermott stated his intentions to go over, but Mr. Cophagus and the professor declined; and, anxious as I was to proceed, I did not wish to be any longer in company with the agent, and, therefore, also declined going on board. Mr. M’Dermott called for a glass of brandy and water, drank it off in haste, and then, followed by the porter, with his luggage, went down to embark.

As soon as he was gone I burst out into a fit of laughter. “Well, Mr. Cophagus, acknowledge that it is possible to persuade a man out of his senses. You knew me, and you were perfectly right in asserting that I was Japhet, yet did I persuade you at last that you were mistaken. But I will explain to you why I did so.”

"All right," said the apothecary, taking my proffered hand, "thought so—no mistake—handsome fellow—so you are—Japhet Newland—my apprentice—and so on."

"Yes, sir," replied I, laughing, "I am Japhet Newland." (I turned round, hearing a noise, the door had been opened, and Mr. M'Dermott had just stepped in; he had returned for an umbrella, which he had forgotten; he looked at me, at Mr. Cophagus, who still held my hand in his, turned short round, said nothing, and walked out.) "This is unfortunate," observed I, "my reason for not avowing myself, was to deceive that very person, and now I have made the avowal to his face; however, it cannot be helped."

I sat down with my old master, and as I knew that I could confide in him, gave him an outline of my life, and stated my present intentions.

"I see, Japhet, I see—done mischief—sorry for it—can't be help'd—do all I can—um—what's to be done?—be your friend—always liked you—help all I can—and so on."

"But what would you advise, sir?"

"Advice—bad as physic—nobody takes it—Ireland—wild place—no law—better to go back—leave all to me—find out—and so on."

This advice I certainly could not consent to follow.

(To be continued.)

STANZAS ON VISITING AN OLD CASTLE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

SING the days of olden times,
String the olden harp anew;
Weave the spell of golden rhymes
O'er the heart and fancy too:

Tell of banner'd hall and hearth,
Chivalry's and beauty's train,
Sleeping in forgotten earth;
Sing their loves and lives again.

Where the weed of ruin springs,
Trode the gay and courtly throng;
Where the bird of darkness wings,
Sang the gifted sons of song:

O'er the chequered pavement, spread
With broken fragments all around,
Festive feet were wont to tread
Lightly, to the harper's sound.

In the lonely chambers, see,
Where the bridal couch was spread,
Dark and faded tapestry
Strikes a cold and solemn dread.

Oh! how every thing one sees,
Tells of beings now no more!
Hark!—'tis nothing but the breeze,
Sighing through some corridor.

So the little chapel, now
Stript of all its holy things;
Loving knees no longer bow,
Choral voice no longer sings.

Vacant is the altar's place,
Where the prayer of faith was said;
Not a flower or light to grace,—
Priest and people, all are fled!

Death! thou fearful leveller!
Thou hast held thy wassail here,—
With the worms a reveller,
Making of destruction, cheer.

Here let *pride* a lesson learn!
Here let beauty moralize,
Turning from the storied urn,
Upward, to the breathing skies.

All that's *old* is passed away,
All that's *new* is *little worth*;
Saint and martyr from their clay,
Breathe of man's immortal birth.

Farewell halls of olden time!
Bannered tomb and trophied urn!
As the mouldering steps I climb,
Oft a wistful eye I turn.

There will come a time, when all
The gay abodes of man will be
Dark, as this neglected hall,
That echoes my rude minstrelsy.

When crown and garland drop away
From regal head, and lordly brow,
And all that live in this our day
Will be, as those that slumber now.

Oh! it is a mournful thing,
To meditate on what *must be*,
To think how Time's enduring wing
Is laden for futurity:

And oh! to see, as in a glass,
The countless myriads of the dead,
With none to answer us, alas!
The question,—whither are they fled?

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM 1814, ESPECIALLY DOMESTIC.¹

THE treaty of peace was universally approved by the nation. When Lord Castlereagh returned from Châtillon-sur-Seine he was received by thunders of applause from both sides of the House of Commons. The animation of spirits which these cheers produced on his whole frame, mental and bodily, gave a force and directness to his speeches during the short remainder of the session, which totally altered their character.

The Corn Laws were the principal subject which occupied parliament during this year. They were discussed with great violence, but not with great profundity or knowledge. A committee was appointed, with a very intelligent chairman; but though a landed proprietor in Scotland—one who had been a large manufacturer—and still, I believe, held cotton-mills, and who had some inconsistent notions on the subject. The report was far from satisfactory to either side of the disputants. The commercial body considered the interests of *foreign*, rather than of *domestic*, trade. The importers of food are always at the mercy of the growers: and the only real riches of a country are those which are an *excess* above costs and fair profits. This, however, is a doctrine which will not be generally admitted. It is notorious that the landholders are always sluggish in the promotion of their own interests, while trade and the funded bodies are active, combined, and intriguing. The latter beset the ministers, while the mob were clamorous and menacing without. Vansittart—always feeble and compromising—wavered. The subject was one, of which Lord Castlereagh—overwhelmed with foreign politics—had not time to be a master. I do not recollect a single good speech on the subject, though Charles Western was not wanting in zeal and information. George Rose, who was apt to overwhelm the House with tabular details, was against interference. Huskisson had notions of his own, out of which it was impossible to extract clear principles: but he, under an appearance of supporting the landed claims, could be discovered, by deep investigators, to lean strongly to the opposite party. He had no power of oratory, and commonly fatigued the House. He involved every thing in masses of documents and partial calculations.

That vast funded property, which was drawn out of the vitals of the capital and industry of the people, was, and is, an *incubus* on the prosperity of the country. And government, instead of taking measures to diminish its weight, has done every thing which has had the effect of frightfully augmenting it. Money-lenders always make hard bargains, because the borrower is always at their mercy. The laws passed since the peace have nearly doubled the capital so lent, and ruined both proprietors and labourers of the rural population.

Another evil of the enormous amount of the funded debt is, that it induces the expenditure of too large a portion of the national income in the capital.

A House of Commons is a body curiously arranged. To carry questions requires great organisation and skilful tactics. An individual standing by himself can do nothing. Motions must be settled beforehand by one party or the other, and lines of argument selected, and parts assigned to the different speakers; and the members must be kept together for attendance and for voting. By such means men of very moderate talents, and still less oratory, become habitual speakers:—while those of rich minds and high acquirements, without such assistance, never discover their powers. One has seen numbers of these artificial men, of a flat mediocrity, who had their little day, but whose memories

¹ Continued from p. 328.

never survive the grave, or even their continuance in parliament. They are something in the nature of parrots, who repeat the lesson taught them. But yet all the concentrated ability, information, and experience of the House, which is confined to private conversation, is not lost. There is often light struck from the collision, which spreads beyond those to whom it is addressed. In the House, as a body, there was, in my time, a vast fund of good sense and comprehensive wisdom.

It is astonishing into what a nutshell things, which made a great noise at the time, afterwards shrink! What era could apparently be more big with great events than the year 1814? Yet in the recital, at the distance of twenty years, it seems to vanish into air. For what did Napoleon run such a career of noise, danger, violence, and recklessness? If on the aggregate he has done more good than evil, then let his memory be cherished! His career was that of a gigantic, sagacious, and most daring mind; but was it one of public virtue? If in the purgation of ancient abuses he did some good, was it not acquired at the cost of more harm? To Great Britain he did irreparable injury: the debt, with which he loaded it, will never be redeemed. There is a great evil in the destruction of ancient institutions: but there *may be* a paramount good. Napoleon struck at all the feeblenesses and prejudices of old governments; but did he not uproot with them all the virtue and all the usefulness? For what did he do it? Was it not for personal ambition and aggrandisement? Why did he sacrifice and murder that most heroic of human beings—the Duc d'Enghien? It has been said, that he opened the paths to virtue and genius against privilege: it is true that he opened the paths to reckless enterprise and worldly adroitness. It is better to protect those who

“Pursue the noiseless tenor of their way.”

Suppose that the governments of Europe, though re-established, have been liberalised: yet to gain this advantage what torrents of blood have been shed—what property has been overturned—what millions of treasure have been spent! If Napoleon rose by innate power, skilfully directed, he fell by the rashness of inebriated success.

The extraordinary energies of the movers of the revolutionary war had been met by equally extraordinary efforts and resources on the part of Great Britain. But as on the one side they were at last exhausted, so on the other side they would soon have been. The financial means could not have gone on at the same rate much longer. It is true that they in part reproduced their own sources: otherwise they could not have progressed so long. The profuse expenditure of the public quickens circulation, and animates industry. But the great thing of all was—as was experimentally proved—that the circumstances of the war gave both stimulus and protection to agriculture. But was it true that any class, except mere annuitants, suffered by this?—because both wages and profits rose in proportion to the price of corn. Hence it is clear that agricultural produce is the real wealth of a great country; and that so long as that continued to increase at a proportionate amount, was the augmented expenditure of the state covered. Perhaps, however, even then the enormous loans had the effect of making property change hands.

It ought to have been foreseen that a diminution of demand, or of the briskness of demand, would render languid, if not paralyse, all the markets: and that the necessary change from this state of things required the most prudent and skilful treatment. The ministers did not seem to be at all aware of what was likely to ensue. The Chancellor of the Exchequer appeared to believe that finance was a sort of *hocus pocus* of figures; and that a cessation of expenditure, and a diminution in the price of corn, was a necessary gain.

To cause additions to the public burdens, if the public income was diminished, could be no relief. Hence the aggravated pressure of taxa-

tion after the peace. And all the financial steps, which were now taken for some years, went to aggravate the disease.

In looking back to the debates of that time, we see nothing of profundity or of a sagacious view of the future on either side. The landed interests were accused of partial and mercenary views: on the contrary, they were blind or supine to the evils which hung over them. The administration was not altogether a landed body. The great landholders were, for the most part, arranged on the opposition benches in both Houses. But they had long committed themselves on the bullion question, which they had adopted as a party measure, to check and annoy the ministry of the day in carrying on the war. There is no doubt that this was an impediment which entangled them in all their arguments. It met Huskisson at every turn. After every former peace the price of corn had been higher in peace than in war. What are called high rents can have nothing to do with the price of corn; because rents are a mere surplus, which cannot be paid (or at least cannot be long paid) till there is an excess of produce above costs and fair profits.

One cannot help speculating what Pitt would have done under these circumstances. Pitt committed some errors in political economy, which he would not have committed in a later stage of the science. But if he had not an originating genius, he had an apprehensive genius, which would have gone forward as the lights of that difficult department of knowledge increased. I do not think that was the case with those who now held the reins of government. They did not at all see what they were about upon this subject. Pitt had the boldness which belongs to lofty and far-seeing talents. And he had—what is equally necessary for a leading minister—strong, clear, and popular oratory.

He, who has not the confidence in his own powers of persuasion or reasoning which belongs to the genius of eloquence, will shrink from proposing many things, of which he has himself the conviction. He will go, feeling his way step by step, when he ought to be darting forward; and, while he is pushing through all minor obstacles, be gaining rapidity by the force of his own movement. The question of resuming cash-payments had become, by the extraordinary circumstances of the war, a new question. Fearful minds were pressed down by what was called a national engagement: but no engagement of this kind can be quite irrevocable, when the circumstances are utterly changed. He is not a man of wisdom or talent who applies the same rules to different states of things.

It was impossible not to have wished that, in the unprecedented crisis which had occurred, there had been men in high places with ascendant and inventive powers of mind. The file of office would not do. The only chance of escape, in such a case, is to ride the broad seas; not timidly to keep near the shore, where the shoals and the rocks will dash the vessel to pieces.

If it had been possible to reconcile the people to the measure of raising the supplies within the year, I believe myself that the expenses of the war might have continued to have been borne for a long time: but I doubt if the system of loans could have gone much farther.

If peace brings forth more productive industry than war, it is better for the prosperity of a nation: but this effect of peace is at least doubtful. The long war had brought up a generation, which, on its cessation, would be thrown upon society without employment or support; and all the demands which they had created in the market would cease. It was a vain supposition that they would apply themselves to what is called productive labour.

Loans had of themselves the effect of increasing the circulating medium to a vast extent, because they were founded on an anticipation of future produce; and paper money was issued on its faith. In that currency these loans were thus made; and such currency was then exchanged by

government for actual produce at a high rate. When the operation of this machinery ceased, it ought to have been foreseen that a universal languor would ensue. But every thing was done to increase this impending disease, instead of keeping it off, or softening it.

There were, indeed, those who foretold that the continent would now enter into competition with our manufactures. And to remedy this, they insisted on increasing the evil, by proposing that *it should compete also with our home-grown corn!!* Thus hoping to benefit the home manufacturer at the expense of the home corn-grower. So that if the plan succeeded, this country would lose more than it would gain. But it could not answer the purpose even of the party proposed to be benefited, because, unless wages fell proportionably, it would not adequately reduce the price of the commodity; and if they did so fall, then the reduced price of the corn would do them no good.

The visit of the foreign sovereigns to London amused the people this spring, and renewed the love of the pomps of royalty. The passage through London of Louis XVIII. from his seclusion at Hartwell, in Buckinghamshire, to resume possession of his ancient kingdom, was grand and affecting.

The affairs of the Princess of Wales, who complained to parliament of not being permitted to be received at court, and also regarding her income, began to make a stir.

The Duke of Wellington, for the first time, took his seat in the Lords, and received the thanks of parliament. He returned his acknowledgments to the Commons in person, seated on a chair placed for him on the floor, opposite the Speaker, who pronounced, in the name of the Commons, a magnificent eulogy worded with great care, elegance, and pointed compactness.

Consols this year varied between $64\frac{3}{4}$ and $67\frac{3}{4}$ in January, and $66\frac{1}{4}$ and $66\frac{1}{4}$ in December.

In this year the following literary characters died.

1. Thomas Thornton, Esq., author of the "Present State of Turkey."
2. Dr. Charles Burney, author of the "History of Music," very aged.
3. Dr. Joseph White, Hebrew Professor at Oxford, author of the celebrated "Bampton Lectures."
4. William Eden, Lord Auckland.
5. H. Trasham, R.A., poet, author of the "Sea-Sick Minstrel."
6. Gilbert Elliott, Lord Minto.
7. William, Viscount Howe, Commander-in-chief in the American war, (who, however, does not properly come among the literary characters.)
8. Miles Peter Andrews, dramatist.
9. Edward Hussey Delaval, F.R.S., aged eighty-five.
10. Benjamin, Count Rumford, aged sixty-two.
11. Samuel Jackson Pratt, aged sixty-five, author of "Sympathy," a poem; and known as an author under the name of "Courtney Melmoth."
12. Professor Richardson, of Glasgow.
13. Rev. James Scott, D.D., aged eighty-one, called *Anti-Sejanus Scott*.

None of these were very eminent, except perhaps Dr. White, whose Bampton Lectures made a great noise, and are still highly esteemed: though a long controversy arose as to the share which the Rev. J. Badcock, a dissenting minister, and others, had in the composition of them.

Dr. Charles Burney was known as the friend and companion of Dr. Johnson, and his daughter Madame d'Arblay, the novelist, author of "Cecilia," &c. has lately published his life.

Lord Auckland was a man of some minor literary talents; and through life a busy and intriguing politician, by which he advanced himself first to an Irish, and then to an English, peerage: but not to riches!

(*To be continued.*)

A LEGEND OF THE PRIULI.

HIGH up on the misty regions of the lofty Appenines, on a peak of nearly inaccessible steepness, rose a castle of the ancient family of Priuli ; and around it on all sides, dotting with shining villages the thousand slopes of the immense mountains, lay their diminished, though still ample patrimony. At the foot of one of these many mountains, and within the deepest recess of a most verdant valley, rises the rustic spire of the village church of A———. So far was this quiet hamlet above the more populous haunts of men, and so embosomed within the intricate windings of those stupendous mountains, that few beyond the sound of its sabbath bells knew of its existence. The few dwellings of these mountain hermits were scattered at irregular distances, and nearly circled in by a scanty streamlet, which creeping round by the base of a hundred banks of most fertile slope, winds its sinuous way through a ravine, where tall trees, and a wild undergrowth of shrubs, mingle their interwoven branches in impervious shadow. The early days of May, the sweetest month of the whole year, were clothing with rich foliage the woods of A———, and breathing fragrance from a thousand shrubs and wild flowers around those calm and rural homes. It was towards the hour of noon, and a universal stillness was in the air, for the fervid sun had already hushed many voices that were musical at dawn and eventide ; when under one of the many tall and leafy shrubs which grew out from the gentle and winding watercourse, a young boy threw himself down on the verdant turf in solitary musing. A heavy pitcher that he had just filled from the stream was beside him, and his gaze would seem to be upon the sparkling water. He was of an age when toil begins to claim rude service from his children, though his frame seemed but little qualified to do such stern and rugged duties. His face was pale and famine-pinched, and its expression was not entirely of submission ; his dress was scanty and neglected, and showed, alas ! in too many a tatter, a white skin, which defied alike the scorching heat of the summer suns which blazed upon it at will, and the gentle tinge which youth and health usually send to the cheek of the mountaineer. He was given up in uninterrupted solitude to his own musings, and apparently no pleasing imagery floated before his mental vision, for the thoughts within threw out their gloomy shadows upon his pale and ample brow, and in his dark fixed glance was reflected by turns, shame, and pride, and sorrow ; but whatever might be passing inwardly, the compressed lips betrayed not by a single ejaculation the spirit's secret. The struggle was long and agonizing, and when he rose up from his seat it was tardily, with a heaviness about his limbs, and a gloom upon his brow, like one who had been worsted in a conflict. He raised his pitcher with difficulty, and climbing up the steep bank, took a pathway which led to his humble dwelling. Once beyond the limits of the ravine, he turned his back upon the only clump of cottages within view, and his step quickened. A universal stillness reigned around—no step advanced to meet him—no human voice intruded its inharmonious tones upon the sweet calm, which fell like a pervading dew upon the mind which had been parched with a thirsting passion. He continued his walk along a narrow path worn in the mountain side, till he came to a point from which a small avenue led in abrupt descent, almost upon the very roof of a most miserable and lonely hut. Had this solitary dwelling been selected for concealment, its site could not have been better chosen, for the hill rose precipitately around it on every side, and the thick shrubs, and the

spreading branches of the chesnut trees which grew down the steep, threw, not shadow only, but their very foliage upon its roof. The youth paused upon the hillside, and his glance fell sorrowfully upon his home. None of the implements of rustic toil, or aught that betokens industry, met his eye; the very door was closed, as though the light and air were enemies. After a few moments of repose he continued his descent, and lifting the latch, glided noiselessly across its threshold.

A fair woman, with a flushed cheek, and a beating heart, leaped up to receive him. The door was instantly closed, and she fell back as though exhausted on her seat. "Francesco," she said, with a tremulous voice; "you have tarried longer than you are wont—are the villagers abroad at this hour?"

"No, my mother," said the boy; "but I reposed awhile beside the brook, for the heats are now violent at noon, and I thought you might perchance sleep whilst I was absent."

The parent turned her searching gaze upon his cheek, as though in suspicion whilst he spoke; but her doubt was suddenly suppressed. "Did you meet any one?" she said, "for the Lady Constantia has been here." The very lips of Francesco whitened as he answered that he had not. "She has brought us luxuries," continued his mother, "that will become a mansion like ours, Francesco; and gay garments to replace the tatters of finery I have worn till now; and perchance you may find amongst them a new village suit, to grace the coming of the young Count Godfred, who arrives to-morrow."

"Mother," replied the youth, slowly, and with his dark eyes fixed unflinchingly upon hers, "the Lady Constance means all she does kindly, and a gift from her hands has no bitterness. As for the coming of her brother, whom we so little know, it needs not concern us—he would scarcely follow his sister's footsteps to an abode like this; it would be perhaps wiser if even she were to forget the path which leads this way."

The parent asked no further questions, for her child's meaning was written in letters of light upon his countenance. Both paused for some minutes. "Francesco," said the parent, sorrowfully, "draw near your mother, and learn from her lips a stern truth, lest it should come upon you unawares. The colour which mimics health in this cheek has deceived you, and you have thought it was only woes, whose source you knew not, which made me irritable and weak; but I have understood the symptoms of my warning better. I shall shortly leave you—the hour of my release is not far remote. The busy memories of crime, and joy, and shame, have well nigh consumed the heart in which their baleful light has burned through so many years. Before its last spark is quenched, I would fain find a spirit into which to pour out the urn of my many sorrows, to exhaust the fountain of a deep and solemn secret. But such a heart must not be my own child's; say, Francesco, know you of any one whom you would be content to name as the confidant of your parent's sins, the possessor of knowledge, which, if I had the courage, both for your sake and my own, should perish in the heart which is now its only record?"

"My mother," said the youth; "it is not a secret to me that sorrow has made the tint upon your cheek paler of late; but O yield not, after a contest of so many years, to a vain foreboding. As for the cause of your misery, if I should not know it, surely no one should; therefore leave it to your latest moment in its present grave; or if you have not courage to meet the spirits who foresaw every deed before the thought in which they originated had its birth, then make Constantia Priuli your only surviving repository; for as high and pure as is her birth, is the lofty and spotless nature of her almost unearthly spirit. My conviction is, that that young and beautiful maiden has drawn from springs in the wilderness unknown to others, an essence of exalted and rare wisdom, an intelligence of many

things mysterious to the unworthy. She will know how to distinguish deeds, whose impulses have been in a noble nature, even when they have spurned the ordinary rules of the world's legislation, from those whose turbid sources have been an unholy and lawless passion."

"But what, Francesco," said his parent, solemnly, "if the confession that I shall make, add disgrace to the heritage of penury which I shall leave you—would you even then make choice of the Lady Constantia to hear it?"

A deep blush came over the excited countenance of Francesco, and then the resistless tears burst from his eyes, and he flung his arms round his parent's neck. "O my dearest mother," he exclaimed, "speak not in this way; what you would allude to I will not conjecture, but I am quite sure that you can have no story to tell that would bring a blush upon the cheek of a young maiden either for you or for me; but the sorrow that has been for years eating up your heart, and robbing your cheeks of their beauty, tell it to her, for you will find a comforter. The heart that can associate its sympathies with those of the abject and scorned as we are, will be a fitting sanctuary for any confession which you can wish to make."

"So it shall be then, my son," said his parent; "and if any hour of your existence should come, in which you should wish to know what has made me what I am, and what I shortly shall be, Constance shall tell you. But O ask it not needlessly, lest the memory of your mother should be a curse to your heart for ever."

Upon the summit of a bold and rocky eminence, whose steep declivities no shrub, or vine, or olive had ever clambered, rose, as we have said, the lofty towers of one of the many palaces of the Priuli. The family had been for some time on its decline, and the late prince had not been one to retrieve the fallen honours of his house; he was prodigal, and had squandered more upon a single folly, than his ancestors had amassed by a generation of spoil. His pursuits were petty pastimes, and frivolous intrigues, and to them he sacrificed the high standing in his country's councils, which his father had obtained by toil and wisdom. Had he confined his ambition to victories over youths like himself, emulous of fame in idleness and extravagance, he might have attained eminence in security; but in an evil hour he aspired to a triumph over the conjugal honour of a lady of high blood. He succeeded, and carried desolation and disgrace into the home of one who had been his best friend from infancy. He well knew the power and the pride of the man he injured, for the name of Ugo Morosini was inscribed in the first class of the *libro d'oro*. An early ancestor had been one of the twelve who had appointed the first Doge, and had transmitted through twelve centuries of registered nobility the title of "Electoral" to the proud family. The present noble had spent the prime of his honourable life in a career of unusual splendour. And when he took to wife a lady of the house of Barozzi, although advanced in life, he was in the plenitude of his fame and power; and few names were more dreaded than his in Venice; for though honourable and just, he could be stern to judge, and severe to punish. Such was the individual whom a fool had thought to make the laughing-stock of Venice. Shame, indeed, was brought to the cheek of an honest man, but a most deadly vengeance was also kindled. The outrage against his domestic honour was complete, and the punishment was prompt and terrible. The offender perished with the boast upon his lip, and left to two infant children a bitter heritage of unquenchable hate. As long as their widowed parent survived, these young children lived in the retirement of the home we have described.

In unbroken solitude, with the pure precepts of a virtuous parent to guide them, and remote from all temptation to the follies which had se-

duced their father, this unfortunate lady hoped for her children a more honourable career and a happier destiny than had befallen him. In the instance of her son she found but a barren soil for the seeds of the lofty principles she would have sown, but most fertile in the vegetation of hereditary vices, which she untiringly strove to destroy. Godfred Priuli was not wanting in talent: in all that concerned his own interests he was intelligent, unscrupulous, and daring. The steep of ambition were ever rising before his mind, and he employed all his energies in training for the perilous ascent. He weighed well all the faculties which his spirit possessed, and one of the most essential he found wanting; then he flattered himself that craft would supply the place of courage, and that to mount, even to the pinnacle of the impending eminence, there were, besides the straight and rugged path, which, like a deep water-course, verged not a line from the perpendicular, many sinuous and covered ways through the shrubs, which though longer were less arduous and far safer. But in the stately and high-minded Constantia, her mother found a spirit like her own, lofty, undisguised, and holy; no syllable of her parent's teaching fell fruitlessly upon her, and thus she grew up from infancy to youth improving each day inwardly in wisdom, and to the eye in beauty.

Thus flowed on, for many years, the calm current of their lives, no event, greater than a church festa, or a birth-day, varying that which one only of their party called the monotony of their solitude. Godfred was in his twentieth year, when the death of his affectionate but neglected parent freed him from restraint. She was buried privately in the chapel of the castle, in which she had spent the years of her widowhood, leaving but one heart behind her in which she had treasured up the record of her sorrows, and her chill forebodings for the destinies of her only son.

No sooner had the grave closed over her cold remains, than Godfred hastened to make his entry into the world of which he knew so little, and had dreamed so much. His sister left not the chamber of her mourning to receive his adieus. She sent a prayer for his well-doing, but not a word of regret for his departure.

Companionless in the wild and grand scenery of the immense mountains which separated all regions of the world from hers, that fair girl, in her seventeenth spring, learned to make confidants of all spirits which minister to the will of a wonderful nature. Her penetrating and unsated mind drank wisdom from a thousand streams, the sources of which were hidden to others, and she became a creature unlike her race. She walked out like a spy into the solitary plains, and became familiar with the language of all in which life dwelt, she learned that with animals as with men, there were the frank and confiding, and the insincere and treacherous; and to distinguish every sound of joy, discontent, and pain. She had been looked upon by the few men, who during her mother's life time had sought her, as one whom knowledge had rendered dangerous. The universal calm upon her brow, and the mild though searching ray of her dark eye made the worthless feel abashed in her presence. None could bear in mind, as they looked upon her countenance, that in effect she was a young and lovely girl with a heart overflowing with tenderness, an abounding, though sealed fountain of fond love, which awaited but its destined hour to pour out its delicious and intoxicating stream for some favoured and rare spirit.

Several months had passed away since her brother left her; from that hour she had no tidings of his pursuits, and least of all any intimation of the period of his probable return. Although attached to the calm of her own life, she could not at times help turning her mind with curiosity and somewhat of interest to the experiment which he had undertaken with such indecent hurry. She had lofty notions of the fame of her ancestry, and though thinking lightly of her brother's abilities, she still

considered him as possessing a claim to a station of distinction, or at least to honourable employment.

A sweet spring evening had given way to twilight, thousands of bright stars beamed in a cloudless heaven, and then rose up the decrescent moon tardily, pouring its tide of glorious and soft light over all things. Upon a lofty and colonnaded terrace, which overlooked many miles of the bold and beautiful scenery around, walked the maiden of our brief story. Many sonnets are still in existence, of the beauty of which rumour was not silent. In one of them she is endowed with the stately step of Juno; the cheek, and the brow, and figure of Minerva. But Constantia Priuli has left other memories to her race than those of her beauty. Her countenance, as it even yet beams from the gradually perishing canvass, is brilliant with many rare expressions, which men have thought incongruous. An intelligence of wild and inscrutable mystery dwells within the gaze of a full and dazzling eye, that seems to read, within an element of its own, the wisdom and the concert of nature's plans. Upon her arched and soul-taught lips men have imagined they could read the invincible resolve which they knew her to possess, and her snowy and serene brow is said to be a fit throne for unconquerable pride.

No attendant disturbed the contemplation of her walk, or was at hand to constrain the liberty of any impulse, as she paused to gaze, now upon the bright moon, and now upon the shadowy and thirsty earth, as it held up every flowery chalice and porous branch to the soft and soothing dew, which like the spirit of an unseen blessing pervaded every minutest channel, by which the leaf, and bark, and flower, drank in their nutriment. A universal stillness was over all things, and the melodious songs of responding nightingales, which floated divinely through the night, broke not the charm which repose had breathed through earth and air.

Watching the globe of the bright moon, as it pursued its luminous pathway over a vast surface of the azure heaven, and the single and lovely star which, like an attendant spirit, accompanied its declining course to the verge of the horizon, Constantia prolonged her vigil into the first hour of morning. As she turned lingeringly away from the scenery she loved so much, a shadow fell across her path, and with a noiseless step her brother stood beside her. He was dressed in the rich and gay attire of a Venetian noble, which formed a startling contrast with the sombre robes of deep mourning which fell around the stately form of his sister. He threw back the veil from her face, and touched her forehead with his lips. The last rays of the slowly receding moon fell upon her sweet features, and betrayed to her brother that she at least had sorrowed over the loss of a parent who had loved him. Their meeting was friendly, but unimpassioned; and an observer, less acute than Constantia, might have detected a mind ill at ease under features of constrained rejoicing, even during the earliest moments of his greeting, after so considerable an absence.

"Constantia," said her brother, when the inquiries after mutual health were answered, "but three days ago, and I was in Venice; have you no question to ask of that astonishing city? No secret and suppressed curiosity about its gaieties and intrigues?"

"Surely, I must have," she replied, "for Venice has been ever a watchword to the romantic and rustic maidens, to whom that awful city is known but by startling tales, and the dreams they engender; they look upon it as an ancient haunted house, in which ghosts of murdered men and spirits, whose impulses are not human, mingle in the crowds of living spectres scarcely less mysterious than themselves."

"Fie, Constantia," said her brother, "such are not stories for a lady's hearing; I can tell you gayer things of Venice. Within the last few

weeks she has changed her doge, for Francesco Loredano sleeps with his fathers in the church of St. John and Paul; and Marco Foscarini, our father's friend, is Prince of the Adriatic."

"And did our father's friend remember the heir of a falling house?" asked the maiden.

"He did, Constantia, he did more," replied the young man eagerly. "He has an only son, in whom the state has great hopes; he is noble in soul as in blood, and of vast power in Venice? and——"

"I rejoice in his well-doing," said Constantia hastily, "but what of your own pursuits, my brother, since last we parted?"

"I went, Constantia," he said, "to see whether something might not be done to save from utter oblivion a name, than which few are nobler; and I found myself not without friends in Venice, where our mother's family is still powerful. But there was no one who took our interests to heart as did Lorenzo Foscarini. You must surely remember him well, Constantia; it is scarcely three years since he was with his father within these walls."

"I have not forgotten them," replied the lady, "but, under the auspices of friends become so powerful, how does it happen that you have left Venice?"

"May I whisper the reason, even to you, my sister?" said the young man. "Can I be sure that, although no sound of human movement falls upon the acutest sense, there be not in the very air one of those viewless ministers you spoke of, who will bear my words to the council of the terrible? Listen then, Constantia, for the tale concerns yourself as well as me. There lives a man, who is dreaded more than sudden death in Venice; he is one of the secret and terrible council of the inquisition; and even there he rules sternly, as one whom to thwart were certain ruin; men syllable his name with trembling, for his frown is like pestilence, and his anger like a consuming fire. I saw him as he stepped from his gondola for the council chamber, where the Gandolini, sire and son, perished under torture, and I asked one near me, who he was? and his cheek became ashy pale, and his limbs seemed stricken suddenly as he whispered me it was Ugo Morosini. His stern features are fearfully visible to me even now. I never saw any that resembled them, for they are full of scorn and daring, mingled strangely with craftiness and cruelty. He is childless and friendless in the world, and men say he would long since have thrown away his life in battle, but an evil spirit preserved him through a thousand perils, to be a woe to himself, and a withering curse to his foes in Venice. Well, Constantia, this man has vowed our ruin."

"And, wherefore?" said his sister. "What can he fear from us?"

"I know not," said Godfred, "but his eye met mine as I stood by the new doge, at St. Marc's altar, and I saw flash across his mind the memory of traits, which he saw but for a minute in my childhood. Even Lorenzo trembled as he told me how terrible was the man, who, as far as he could learn, for some deed of our father's, was become our enemy. I had but brief counselling with Lorenzo, and then left not even a trace of my path hitherwards."

"And was this all," said Constantia, scornfully, "that your friend, the son of the great prince, could do for you, counsel your speedy flight?"

"No, Constantia," replied the young man, "he recommended flight from a danger that was pressing, but he has offered to ally our fortunes with his, and to stake his life for mine. And will my dear sister refuse him a boon in return? Will she help to prop up the fortunes of her father's house, and save her brother's limbs from the tortures of that dark and dreadful palace?"

Constantia looked fixedly upon her brother's cheeks, but made no reply; he took her hand in agitation, and awaited an answer.

"Speak on, Godfred," she said, "and in a language as plain as shall be my answer. What would you have of a maiden of the house of Priuli?"

"Your hand in marriage for Lorenzo Foscari," said her brother.

A sneer passed slightly, but distinctly enough, over her beautiful lip as she replied, "You have commenced your career not amiss, Godfred! So, in exchange for my poor person, they promise you to ward off the malocchio of Ugo Morosini, lest soul and body should be blighted by his glance. It will, indeed, be a boast to your race for ever, that you had the address to make me a stepping-stone to your own promotion. My brother, though I never hoped much either from your talents or your affection, I flattered myself you would never have had the courage to make any such proposal to me, for in your heart you knew me better than to think I would be a party to any such bargain."

Godfred bit his lip in suppressed rage, as he looked up into his sister's face; her features had been excited, but they almost instantaneously subsided into calm. "Constantia," he said, after a minute's thought, "this would be unexampled folly, but it is too late. I have pledged my word to Lorenzo. Remember that we have enemies enough already, and beware how you bring ruin and dishonour upon us both."

"My brother," said the lady, "I thought you were wiser than to threaten me. In your own keeping is your own honour, as is my unrestrainable freedom and perfect free will in mine. And now fare thee well; our conference has lasted long enough for to-night. It may perchance furnish you with a subject for other schemes." Thus ended the first interview, after a long separation, in terms of little less than defiance.

The morning after Godfred's arrival broke in vernal loveliness over his retired and wide domains. The villagers went abroad to their early toil, and the sound of their varied labours mingled discordantly with the sweet melody of morning song, which every free and joyous bird poured out to awakening nature in gratitude and gladness. The sweet almond, the myrtle, and the rich bean blossom gave up their fragrance to the soft fresh breeze. The generating spirit of an ever-renovating nature had breathed its influence through every region of the habitable elements, extracting new life from every atom of air and earth in which life had already dwelt, and assuming new and ever beauteous forms for its visible and material dwelling. Another bright and most glorious sun had given a new impulse to vegetation, which, bursting out in germ, and leaf, and blossom, clothed the bosom of its parent earth with its spring loveliness. The fervid and still hour of noon was over A——, and the labourer sought the shadow of every bank and shrub to snatch an hour of repose from his toil. Constantia, as was her custom, went out unaccompanied from her home, and her unrestrained steps wandered wherever the spirit of wisdom led her; through plains where the harmonious insects had their paradise, where the eye could see new and ever-varying combinations of surpassing beauty, and the ear drink untiring strains of ravishing melody. Once at the foot of the castle hill, her path lay through vineyards, and olive groves, and fruit trees glowing in rich blossom. Many times she seemed to hesitate on her way, and when her steps again advanced, the colour on her cheeks varied. She came at length to the banks of the ravine, which wound round the little hamlet of A——, and descended within its leafy and secluded windings.

From that moment her step was less confident, and she paused oftener, as the noise of the branches she displaced in her walk mimicked the step or the voice of man. A few minutes brought her to a recess, where the sparkling water tarried in its course, ever renewing the limpid fountain from which the villagers drew their water. Rustic piety had built a little altar to the Madonna, and placed her benign and parental picture as guardian of a

spot which they considered holy. Upon a block of stone, half buried in the earth, and marked with the prints of the knees of pious votaries, sat the youth Francesco, as we saw him when we visited this fountain cell before. His pitcher was empty beside him, and his brow moody with deep thought. So silent had been the step of Constantia, that her presence was unannounced by the slightest sound.

Francesco leaped up from his seat in voiceless and confused astonishment, and a deep blush broke over the cheek of both. More beautiful than the very brightest of those imaginings which youth delights in, when the spring season quickens the maturity of its sensibilities, was this lovely and high-born maiden, as she stood beside him in this solitary chapel. She was clad in rich garments, and he in rags; but that spirit which equalizes all ranks, had made his misery unrepelling, nay, eloquent, though he knew it not. Although wearing the dress of extreme poverty, Francesco well knew that he was the child of no pauper. He knew that his garments were adopted, as was his very name, for purposes of concealment. Enough had escaped in moments of unguarded fondness, from the lips of his parent, to let him know that a day might come when he might go out from their well-nigh subterranean hovel, into a bright and gay world, where his fortunes should be with the mighty. Toil had stamped no mark or stain upon his snowy skin, nor had a single hour of servitude abased the dignity of his eminently noble brow. An irritable, though fond mother, had kept him oftener by a sick couch than in the fresh air of the hill side, where health dwells, till his cheek became thin as though famine fed upon it. Much of all this was known to Constantia; her eye had become habituated to the mask of poverty, till the features, frightful as they usually seem, had ceased to scare. At one time she had been a frequent inmate and favourite in the cottage of his mother, but of late some singular suspicion had rendered her visits less welcome. This was the first time that they had ever met where no eye could influence either deed or speech. It is not surprising that both were embarrassed. Constantia was the first to speak. "Francesco," she said, with a soft and unsteady voice, which thrilled through his agitated bosom, "do you wonder that I am come here to meet you? do you think, as I almost feel myself, that my courage is scarcely maidenly? I had something to impart to you which I thought shame had no right to make hard of utterance."

She paused, for notwithstanding that her pure heart was innocent and holy in thought and hope, a deep and burning blush came over her fair cheeks, as she raised her eyes at length to those of Francesco. Full well was felt the value of that lonely and confiding visit, and with ravishing sweetness fell the tones of her tremulous voice upon his soul; but a stern struggle was going on within him, and before he found accents for reply, the hot tears leaped from his eyes, and his heart sobbed as though a young girl's voice had been the warning of his doom. "Lady," he said, at last, "for the words you have said this day, may Heaven, who cares for the orphan and the abject, treasure them up where charity covers our imperfections. But O think not that I would have you utter what might drag you down from the high place of your birth and station in this fair world, for having pitied the degradation of one whom men would but value as his frail limbs could minister to the will of their master."

"Francesco," said the maiden, "mingle not repining with sentiments which are noble. Think you that it was hazard that led me to you now? Or that having told you that my heart had a secret, I am to be terrified from confessing it? No, Francesco, every bright bird which wings through the unobstructed air, every minute and lowly insect which creeps through the sinuous paths of the thickly-habited earth beneath our feet, have their impulses like ourselves, and none of them all find shame in the soft sweet voice in which is the heart's communion. What I have taken

for courage and strength, may be cowardice and weakness shrinking from what, in maiden delicacy, I should have borne in silence; but leave it to the heartless and the calculating to, accuse me of it. Let them say that I was misled by the conceit of my own wisdom—that what has sprung up in spite of me in my heart has been folly, and its avowal sin, but join not your voice to theirs, Francesco, or my degradation will be indeed bitter.” She held out her hand towards him, and a slight shade came over her fine countenance, as though her offer had been received with coolness; but it was of short and speedy passage, for the torrent of long pent-up love broke uncontrollably from the lips of Francesco, and the fair girl was pressed upon a heart whose wild and passionate beating was the best response to a confession made so frankly and confidingly.

A brief hour of delicious and intoxicating sweetness comprised this first interview at the Virgin’s Well. The voice of some villager as he sang over his awakening labour, gave the first token of time’s passage. The lovers then remembered that the hour of noon was long past. The arm of Francesco was round the slender waist of Constantia, and the thick braids of her beautiful hair were falling over it. His voice, which could be musical at will, was pouring out a sweet tide of most melodious homage, into a heart from which the memory of its sound was never to depart. Thus leaned, upon the bosom of one who to all appearances was an obscure villager, the noble Lady Constantia Priuli, and no maiden of her ancient and proud house had ever listened to vows purer or more passionate. In blushes, and sweet tears, and gratified, though timorous caresses, both proved how dear was the first hour of acknowledged love. A sound like the disturbing of thick branches gave them a second warning to depart; but they separated not until hand in hand they had knelt at the little altar of the Madonna’s fountain, and vowed, by their patron’s purity and their hopes of Paradise, faithful and changeless love through every trial which they saw awaiting them. Their parting was like the uprooting of some tender plant, in a season in which such severment brings withering.

Francesco returned elated in soul to his mother’s cottage; he discerned not the misery of its desolate hearth, the nakedness of its stained and crazy walls. That a being so utterly scorned as himself should have won the heart of any breathing creature to love him, and that that one should be the beautiful, the stately, the high-minded Constantia, seemed to him so incomprehensible, that his very existence seemed a doubt or a dream. But within a cheerless corner of that most cheerless home was a sight so piteous, that it might have recalled the intellect of an idiot from its wanderings. Coiled up within the scanty remnants of whatever covering her hut afforded, lay the fevered frame of a most beautiful woman. Disease was working upon the body from which all love of life had departed. Calm, unrepining, heartbreaking misery, whose only murmur was internally, had taken its watch upon the hectic cheek and piteous glance. When her son entered, the unfortunate woman rose from her wretched pallet and called him to her. She gazed inquiringly into his altered and agitated countenance, and then fell upon his neck and wept. “O my dear, my only child,” she exclaimed, “bear with me but a brief while longer; I shall not be for many more weeks a burthen on your patience, or an impediment to your pastimes. But, O Francesco, leave me not thus to the remorse of my withering heart; I have learned to bear with the abandonment and scorn of those to whom I was once most dear, but neglect from you is bitter as the lost hope of a soul’s salvation.” Francesco bent his head in shame, and listened to her reproof in silence. He took his seat beside her bed, and passed in patient and fond vigil the lingering hours of remaining daylight, hearkening to every struggling respiration, and the murmur of unconnected colloquy which the lips held with the phantasms of many a fevered dream.

In a scene far different from this passed the first hours of Constantia's retirement after the morning's interview. Unconscious of the interval of space, or the objects which passed before her vision on her passage from the fountain, she arrived at her own dwelling. Lost in a maze of undistinguishable feeling, transported by the possession of bliss, as novel as it was overwhelming, she looked upon herself with a kind of wonder, as though a new spirit had entered into the being which till now had been the dwelling of calmness. No dread of the opinion of a proud and selfish world had influence with her. No cold suspicion of an unworthy motive came to mingle bitterness with the cup of her joy, for she judged the soul of her lover as she did her own. A cloudless heaven of glorious sunshine was in the heart she had prepared for the spirit of love, and his coming was like the apparition on Thabor in an atmosphere of nearly insupportable light, adding beauty to even the earthly form which enshrined his radiance; for a more tremulous lustre took its throne in her dazzling and dark eye, and a faint blush, whose colour never wholly faded, took place of the less voluptuous and vestal snow which dwelt upon her rounded cheeks till the lips of love had once touched them. A great change had come over her and all things; and she learned to trace every toil and scheme of earth's mightiest and meanest children to one universal impulse of the spirit of love. She had now discovered the essential and long-sought-for link which connected many parts of the harmonious plan of a stupendous nature. A new intelligence was instilled into the soul of her contemplations, and she only wondered that the spirit which governed all things else had so long delayed entering into the region of her own being.

The spring had now advanced into summer, and the beautiful blossoms were forming into globes of clustered fruit. Bending their loaded branches over oceans of waving corn, the crooked olives, like priests of Bacchus, had wound the leaves and tendrils of the festooned vines around their limbs, and seemed to stagger beneath the influence of the Nysian nectar which circulated within. Every industrious and frugal dweller in the dark earth surveyed the abounding soil with joy; the hot sun was daily opening millions of clefts in the arid earth, which the untiring insects well knew how to fashion into homes for their offspring, and garners for the hoards of the coming harvest. But to Constantia a new season was an epoch of unanticipated bliss; her dwelling was now more than ever in the open plains, surrounded by beings like herself beautiful and happy. Francesco, too, had forgotten all the heart-aches of his past life; and although his parent was advancing visibly day by day towards the hour of her certain doom, he learned that love had a power which he had not known till now. He knew the hours when nature grew most exhausted, and when feebleness and deep sleep descended upon her eyelids, and unconsciousness gave the soul respite from the pangs of a tormenting memory, and then he would steal out from the silent cabin, with a cheek pale from long watching, and winding his way unobservedly into some secluded hollow, where an hour of sweet meeting made weariness forgotten, and taught submission. The timidity of their early interviews, when the gentlest touch brought a blush to the cheek of each, when the snowy lids dropped unconsciously over the languishing eyes of Constantia, as her lover's lips dwelt lingeringly on her soft cheek, had lost much of its embarrassment, as those meetings became more frequent. Where the most retired shrubs wove the thickest shadow, where the most inaccessible ravine, or the scarce pathless wood made solitude the surest, there were their daily meetings. And Constantia, though from her birth she had never harboured a thought by which modesty was offended, refused not her cheek to the ardour of her lover, nor to her own lip did she deny the sweetness which it craved in its turn. It would

have been well for them if *He*, who had brought their young hearts into such sweet and holy union, or the bright beings around them, their companions in unfettered love, had been the only witnesses to their secret ; but this was not their fortune. The proud spirit of Constantia, which disliked restraint, and at times questioned the wisdom of allowing it, grew incautious.

It happened one day, towards the middle of summer, when Constantia was about to leave her home for one of those delicious interviews, over which frequency had as yet cast no shade of coolness, that she met her brother in her path. The surprise was too unwelcome, and her embarrassment too great, to allow her to notice that his brow was paler than usual, and that there was but ill-suppressed ferocity in his look, as for a minute he rivetted his gaze upon her, without a salute.

"Maiden," he said at last, "do me the favour of turning again home ; I have a few words to say to you before you take your morning walk."

Constantia's mind was too much under her management, to lose long its self-possession ; she turned again towards the house, and they entered its gloomy portico in silence. Her brother led the way into a spacious room which was called his study, from whose walls, in magnificent portraiture, looked down many an ancestor of their ancient and haughty house. Constantia seated herself by a table, on which lay the envelopes and strings of some newly-opened packets, and awaited with unruffled brow the beginning of the conference.

"It is nearly three months, Constantia," said her brother, "since my return from Venice ; and you must, I am sure, remember the subject of a conversation, which terminated more harshly than it should have done."

"I do remember it perfectly," replied his sister ; "it was an offer made by a noble of Venice to extend his protection to the falling house of Priuli, if my poor person were thrown in tribute to his son. I remember also, that I was then frank enough to give you an answer which you appeared to comprehend ; is it upon the same subject that I am now summoned to such solemn conclave ?"

A bitter sneer came over the lip of Godfred, and it was with much difficulty that he composed his voice into steadiness as he spoke again. "You are here," he said, for a purpose more serious than you may choose to think it. A deep doom is upon your choice this day, therefore sister, be wise, and put on a mood less queenly, as I know you can at times."

If it were given to the very brightest eyes that ever beamed, and upon a scrutiny on which their doom depended, to pierce through the material veil which conceals the soul's secrets, Constantia would that day have read an awful sentence in the irritated breast of her brother. He handed her two letters, both from Venice ; the first was a fearful picture of the power and cruelty of Ugo Morosini, and of a discovered train which he had laid for the destruction of brother and sister equally. Constantia smiled as she read it. The other was a counter scheme scarcely less iniquitous, and the announcement of the speedy arrival of an expectant bridegroom. The maiden raised her eyes from the last scroll, which she had read hastily, and met the glance of her brother stedfastly.

"Into a rare den of intriguers and assassins," she exclaimed, "would you introduce your sister. Let not my mother's house be polluted with the presence of this Lorenzo ! I thank heaven that my steps have been ever in open paths of honesty, that my study has been the discernment of good and evil ; hence have I learned that I was born free to choose the daylight pathway to the paradise of honour, and fearlessly to spurn the asp and the basilisk from my feet : had your contemplations been more on the precepts which your sainted mother would have taught your infancy,

and less upon the crooked and sinuous schemes of craft, I should not now have to blush for your debasement!"

"Constantia," replied her brother, solemnly and calmly, "I am willing to give you, for your own sake more than mine, one more trial; I will, therefore, offer you the opportunity of pausing, before you bring on your own head a most sure and speedy ruin. Lorenzo Foscarini will be here on the third day from this! Leave not this house till then, give him your hand in quietness, and I will forgive the outrage you have meditated against your own and your house's honour!"

A deep blush came into the cheek of Constantia, and a flash of indignant passion into her strained and piercing glance. "And what is it you will forgive me?" she exclaimed, "or what right have you to syllable a word which would imply mastery over me, a freeborn maiden and coheir with yourself in the mansion and domains of my mother? Less evil to our house would be all the vengeance of the Morosini than your own inconceivable cowardice."

"Enough, enough," exclaimed her brother; "bitterly shall you rue this."

He threw open the door of the chamber, which had been the scene of this brief and unfriendly interview, and Constantia, with the stately step and august mien which no reproof of those who had pardoned pride in her infancy, had ever taught her to subdue, moved across the threshold. Godfred bent his lips to her ear as she passed him, and she staggered as though his words had stunned her. Down the steep hill, and over the plain at its base, through vineyards and olive woods, with the speed of light fled Constantia, with a scared countenance, and a gaze that discerned not the objects over which it wandered. A few minutes brought her to the silent chapel of the village well, from whose walls looked down the meek Madonna, who could bear witness for her to heaven, that no Christian maiden, in the least guarded moments of the first avowal of her love, or in the many delicious meetings which succeeded it, had ever stood before her more wholly innocent. No step moved to meet her as she entered, no arms were outstretched to embrace her as they were accustomed; but the gentle turf beneath her feet was torn and trampled by many footmarks. She staggered against the rude altar for support, and, after a while, with the palm of her hand she sprinkled water upon her fainting temples. Her countenance was not that of one wholly stunned by a calamity, for deep and sudden changes flashed across it, it was pallid and dewy like death, and then, as some dark suspicion stole through her heart, it became flushed, and its veins full, prominent, and tremulous. She bent down over the defaced turf, and searched amongst its many prints for the minute footmark of Francesco; she found it, and crushed deep into the earth beside it was her brother's, and a confusion of others, which she knew not. It was more than sufficient. She rose up and left the chapel. She had often pleased herself with thinking, that at that very altar at which their first vows had been made, she would have solemnized, before heaven's minister, the union in which every hope in life was centred; instead of this she now turned her back upon the chapel for ever, and went out from its sanctuary in despair. Her next visit was to the humble cottage of Francesco's mother, but it was without hope. He was not there, he had left no trace more recent than those she had but lately seen. It appeared that he had vanished altogether from the haunts of his former life, his place even by the side of his mother's death-bed was left vacant. But absorbed as was her soul with dreadful forebodings, which were chill as death, Constantia found in that cottage a creature as forlorn as herself. The mother of Francesco was in the last hour of her agony. As the door opened she raised her fevered but yet beautiful face, on which the death-sweat was already standing,

towards the light which fell across her bed, and her strained and terrible glance fell upon Constantia."

"My son, Francesco," she said, "are you come at last? Haste, haste, the spirit is on the wing! Close the door against the light of heaven, whilst my soul unfolds the secret of its shame. Where are you, my son? I see you not. Am I indeed blind? It should have been with weeping, but my tears have been dried up by shame and fear. I felt the cold hand of the destroyer busy on my limbs and about my eye-balls, and I felt their sinews wither; it must have been then, that their light was quenched. It is better perchance that it is so, if my deeds are to be told over to my own child. But oh! no, no—the lips would stiffen ere they taught him to curse me."

"Woman," said Constantia, "your son is not here to listen to your sorrows; a dark deed has been done, for which a darker penalty shall be exacted. It is a maiden, whose heart is stricken by despair, who sits beside you, one whom no action of crime or vengeance can astonish. Speak your last wishes, and as the God in heaven shall enable me, will I do your bidding. The cottage admitted light enough to distinguish perfectly every shade of expression on the fine face which Constantia was watching, and she saw that her voice was recognized.

"Bend nearer down to me, lady," whispered the dying woman, "I would willingly see your eyes whilst I tell you a tale of all the sorrow that Marco Priuli, your own father, brought upon me. I remember me now," she added, "my Francesco long ago chose you to hear it: he charged me to tell it only to you. When I am dead," she continued, "take this from my bosom; I would not part with it whilst life is remaining, and take it to—— Bend lower down, lady, for I have a name to whisper, which the walls should not hear. Heard ye ever speak of Ugo Morosini?—to him take it; you may make your own terms for the history which its surrender will impart. One price only he refused for its purchase, and that was forgiveness, the only one which would have tempted me to yield it sooner. But now *that* is no longer needed. I have lived, and at last perish, beneath his terrible curse. And now that my last hour is come I must give up my secret, and the fruit of my confession must be my child's heritage." The dying woman summoned every energy of her fast-failing strength for the last avowal she had to make, and Constantia bent down over her pallid lips, listened whilst, with terrible minuteness, the unfortunate woman went through every particular of a tale, whose commencement brought a blush of deep shame on the maidenly cheek of her listener, and a sickly feeling through her frame, and whose close made her blood cold and her very lips pale with horror. The last words of this awful history were over, and the shocked glance of Constantia still dwelt upon the tremulous lips which had done their duty, when she saw a quick shudder pass over every limb. Suddenly the dying woman seized with her clammy and cold hand the packet from her bosom. "Take it, take it," she exclaimed, "he *must* love his own child, though he hate the mother." Her voice failed her; she then turned her face away from the slanting rays of the now sinking sun, towards a picture of Mary Magdalen, that hung on the wall by her bed-head, and clasped her hands, as though in prayer. She spoke but once after this—it was to call her son, Francesco, to lay his hand upon her burning eyes—in a very few minutes more the frame again shuddered, and the spirit passed away.

Constantia rose up from her seat calmly. "For *his* sake," she murmured, "may God forgive her." She then took the remembrance which had been so long treasured and so jealously guarded, and she left the house. The corpse stiffened, and at nightfall was consigned to its last home in the cold earth. No eye wept a single tear over the dark coffin,

which alone separated a form faultless and full of beauty from the foul worm and its ghastly race, whose untiring watch would be beside it, till it utterly perished.

From the awful scene she had witnessed, Constantia went out into the darkness, and wandered she scarcely knew whither. Many stars took their thrones successively in the radiant heavens, and several hours passed away, during which the glorious scenery of nature underwent its diurnal changes: all living things that walked during the hours of light had now their repose, and other races distinct and numerous succeeded them. Thousands of glittering fire-flies bore their lamps before her path, and accompanied her even to the very threshold of her home.

Though it was long past midnight, she sent to summon her brother to her presence, and before the altar of her oratory she awaited his coming. His step was heavy and slow, his brow pale, and his whole mien full of resolution and gratified vengeance. Constantia beheld him with looks of unutterable scorn and loathing. "Godfred," she said, with a voice as even, though deeper and slower than its wont, "come up here on the step of the altar, that the few words which pass between us may be pronounced in the very sanctuary of Him who knows our hearts, and shall arbitrate between us." Her brother refused not her invitation; he ascended the altar steps and stood by her side, and she then saw that desperation and immovable obstinacy were in his fixed and unflurried countenance. "You have this day," continued his sister, "committed a great crime against heaven and against me! You have violated the most sacred and solemn right which your God imparted to a fellow-creature, compared with whom, in his sight, you must be as the worm: and me you have insulted, and well nigh driven into insanity. God may forgive, but his sinful creatures seldom do. I now invite you, in the name of your Creator, to deliver up to me the orphan boy whom you have this day taken from the open and sunny earth, and I will go out from the doors of my father's house for ever: and do you, till the end of your days, sorrow for having left the death-bed of a broken-hearted mother desolate."

A smile of fierce triumph flashed over the cheek of Godfred as she finished. "Sooner than that day shall come," he answered, "my own hand shall slay him. Listen now to me, Constantia, and my proposition shall be as solemn as yours. He is as yet unharmed, though within keeping from which no human hand shall take him. Three days hence will come, as I have told you, Lorenzo Foscari to this house; if at that time you choose to give him your hand in marriage, and bury in eternal silence your past folly, he shall live, though in a region far enough remote from this. I will pledge you my solemn word as a noble for his safety: but if in your obstinacy you persist in this disgusting and absurd passion, be the consequences on your head, for he shall die."

Constantia leaned against the altar, and a succession of quick shudderings taught her brother how his words had shocked her. When she again spoke, her voice was scarcely audible. "Godfred," she said, "I have but little more to say to you; but your inmost heart is as intimately known to me as is my own. Mine has never known fear save by its effects in you, and yours is full of cowardice; and to that despicable yet sole impulse of your being, I have now to address myself. Three days is the term you have fixed for your experiment, lengthen or abridge it at your pleasure. My purpose is registered where I have now but to record an oath as solemn. You are in my power more completely than if chains were wound already around your limbs; and by the purity of my own soul, and the judgment-seat of God, my vengeance shall be swift and deadly. These are not idle words thrown into the air in vain threatening; and if you bring their fulfilment on your head, you will remember them

when mercy shall be as dead in my soul, as honour and human justice are now in you. You may now leave me."

The three days were passing lingeringly on towards their close, and horror paralyzed all the energies of soul and body in Constantia. In the meantime her lover walked no more on the sunny earth. The footsteps of Francesco were still uneffaced from the trampled turf of the fountain chapel into which he was last seen to enter. From that time forth no tidings came of his fate. He lived, but away from all that life loves: his dwelling was down many, many fathoms in the bosom of the cold earth. His solitude was shared with nauseous reptiles, whose food was evaporating putrefaction, whose sleek forms were become fat from abundance, for the foul air was ever stagnant, and the dissolvent atoms of all substance around administered to their need. How time and its diurnal changes might have their succession in the fair world he had left, he had no means of telling. Eternity seemed to have begun with him, for an awful calm had settled round him, in which the current of time seemed stopped; for whilst movement, and thought, and unspeakable anguish, proved to him that life progressed within himself, he missed the external motion and sound of existence, to which his eye and ear were accustomed. Though time brought no visible change in that desolate dwelling, the infirmity of his mortal frame brought balm for the tortured spirit. A soft sleep came over him, and a sweet connected dream, in which the interval of his imprisonment was overlooked, and the spirit of love brought down a being more beautiful than himself, fragrant with odours of paradise, beaming with the reflected radiance of the celestial throne of the queen of virgins, into his own unfettered and fond embrace. His uncontrollable spirit walked abroad, as was its custom, through every favoured and fertile path of unforgotten childhood: the soft sweet voice of Constantia filled the air with music, as she mingled, like some sweet fountain at noontide, the melody of rare wisdom with the freshness of inexhaustible love.

A most jealous watch had of late been set over the mountain stronghold of the Priuli; no step had passed outwards across its threshold, and none had entered. Over its several inmates the three days, whose very minutes were numbered, rolled their even course, and the permitted current of events which man had planned was unobstructed. The third day came, morning and noon had passed away, and Constantia received no communication from her brother. Silence was as usual over all things; towards nightfall a single horseman was seen winding his way through the bridle paths which led least circuitously towards A——. No sound of acknowledged joy made known the coming of Lorenzo, the son of the Doge of Venice; he insinuated himself noiselessly into the castle, as though he were come to steal, and not to claim, a bride.

Upon the steps of God's altar, where the last interview had taken place, Constantia awaited the coming of her brother. Their defiance was now at its issue, and wanted but one scene more to decide it. And the same crucifix, before which she had three nights since stood like the spirit of an invocation, and vowed a most awful oath of vengeance, which only blood should satisfy, now gleamed in the bright light of the rising moon. All within their ancestral oratory was nearly as distinct as by day. The night was far advanced before her brother came; his step was laid noiselessly to the earth, and he glided to her side before a sound announced him. A great change had come over him since she had last seen him: his face was white and drawn, his lips stiff and livid. When he spoke, it was indistinctly; and the tones of his voice were no longer under government. He laid a cold damp hand upon his sister's arm, as though for support. "Constantia," he said, "a most unhappy and a desperate man is by your side, and will fall on his knees to implore you by all that heaven holds dear to you, and by the memory and the very bones of our

sainted mother, and by your soul's hope, push not your own brother to the inevitable choice of infamy or blood. I am so pledged, that I have no retreat; for your own sake yield to me in this last moment—all may yet be mended."

"Wicked and cruel man!" replied Constantia. "You do well indeed to pause ere you give over your soul wholly to the fiend who tempted Cain. Your heart is crushed by the contemplation of a crime so horrible, even at the hour of its perpetration. Give me up the key of his dungeon, and then pray not to me, but to heaven."

"Constantia, my own sister," said Godfred, "he shall go out free and unharmed; he shall even share to the last penny of my patrimony, if you will but consent to save your own fair fame from slander, and your brother's name from infamy."

"Godfred," said his sister, "you have tried me well nigh beyond human endurance; but if you had cruelty enough to make my words his doom, he would rather so have it, than that I should become vile enough to do your bidding. By the solemn vow that I made to him and to my God, I will abide."

"Then, Constantia," said her brother, "come with me." He wound his arm around her waist, and partly hurrying, partly supporting her staggering steps, he led her out from the oratory into utter darkness. "We shall need no light," he muttered, "on the errand on which we go." Their path was through galleries and vast chambers to a distant part of the house, till they came to a low narrow door, and so passed into a tower which flanked the building. They then began to descend by a spiral and steep stair apparently into the lowest caverns beneath the castle. This finished, and they stood together in a small cabinet, into which a damp and foul air entered from an opening in the solid wall, which had seemingly been meant to admit a window frame. They had been so long in total darkness, that the eye could perceive, on entering, that a faint light fell from above, and made visible the nature of the place in which they were. Godfred led his sister up to the low parapet which separated them from an abyss. They seemed to be many fathoms down below the surface of earth, looking through an opening in the spiral walls of a deep well; for below them the shaft shot perpendicularly downwards into impenetrable darkness, and high up above their heads the starry heavens and the light of the glorious moon were beautifully manifest. They stood silently for some minutes in this melancholy cell; then Godfred directed his sister's view downwards and upwards, and then disappeared. An awful stillness continued for a brief while, then came a sound of steps, as though from the region which bordered the brink above her, and then a voice, which entered like a stupifying opiate through her brain, stole calmly and musically over the stagnant air. "Why bind ye bandages over my eyes?" it said. "Think ye that death in any shape is so dreadful as bereavement? or that I can wish to live when all that made life dear is taken from me?—all sweet sounds, and light, and the sunny earth, and the pure bright spirit that gave beauty and animation to them all. I could wish, if so simple a favour could be extended to one about to die, to look once more upon the face of heaven. You cannot think that I dream of escape, for surely the fragile frame, which has not tasted nourishment since it was stolen from the walks of living men, has not strength enough within its limbs to burst through bonds of iron." No reply filled the pause which followed this sorrowful prayer. "Lead on then to death, ye tongueless murderers," again murmured the same voice; "for death is more welcome than darkness, and famine, and a broken heart! Is there any one amongst you who, for Heaven's pardon for the deed you are doing, will bear a message to my mother? She is helpless and dying, and I think would

rejoice to know that I await her in paradise. There is another being too who——” Here the voice stopped, as though smothered by sudden violence. A door fell over the mouth of the chasm above, and all was darkness and silence. Then came slow steps and a trailing of heavy chains, and then a sudden grating sound like the slipping of a bolt. A flashing of newly admitted light made all things momentarily visible, and then a dark mass—it was the living body of Francesco plunging down the horrible abyss. The appalling crash, as earth received it, drowned the last groan with which life parted; but then rose up the voice of a brother’s blood crying unto God from the ground, and the tragedy was complete.

* * * * *

Summer passed onwards to its close, and all things about the peaceful village of A—— were as though no mystery had for a moment disturbed its calm. The gentle breezes came down upon the ripening corn, as upon the bosom of a vast ocean, and their pathway was in soft sounds over the golden waves. A change came over the form and tint of every fruit. And, as is nature’s law in all living things, augmented loveliness preceded their maturity. Summer gave place imperceptibly to the gorgeous autumn. But though its smiles brought happiness over every hill and valley of the parturient earth, and the echoes of joyous voices floated on every breeze into the inmost recesses of all lonely places, this happy season and its festivities brought no change over the spirit of Constantia, its wandering for many weeks had been in regions where conjecture could not follow. Consciousness dwelt no more within the pale and motionless form, which, like ivory or snow, tintless and beautiful, gave no sign, save by its not altering, that the incorruptible life was not gone out. In the mean time, from every region of the earth rose up one universal sound of jubilee, for as a new life had entered into the fervescing sap of every stem, and circulated through every branch even into the minutest pores of every single leaf, so had it also into the veins of all living creatures, and the heart of man was joyful from the unseen working of the season within him. It was the holiday of the sons of toil, and men and their families went out from squalid cottages into the cornfields and vineyards. This also was the merry season of the village maidens, and their glad voices were heard in laughter and song from dawn till eventide. The grape gatherer thought it no hardship to snatch his repose at mid-day by the side of his heavy baskets of blushing fruit, nor the reaper on the fragrant sheaves. Autumn also drew to its close, the sound of song died upon the distant mountains, the golden corn, the grape, the fig, and the pomegranate, were seen no more spreading out to the glorious sun the blushing tribute of abounding beauty. The rich and many-tinted foliage was stricken, and dropped to its grave around its parent stem. Earth had had its festival, and gloom was now come, preceding winter. The heavy rains streamed down over the stripped and naked plains, swelling into fierce torrents, and bounding from the loosened rocks of mountains into many thousand chasms, unknown to the eye of man; and then bursting out again, like its sister element of flame, ravaging all things within its course, and sweeping into its home, in some far ocean, all that had been beautiful on the sloping hill and in the fertile hollow.

It was towards the very last days of autumn, when dark clouds and incessant rain made all things gloomy, that a solitary gondola might have been seen forcing its path through the swollen waters of the lagunes towards Venice; the blinds of the interior were closed, and no creature save the gondolier was visible. He was a tall, athletic man, and propelled the arrowy flight of his little bark with inconceivable swiftness. Save the whistling of the cleaving waters, no sound accompanied their path, for when the name of the palace to which he was directed fell upon his ear, the sound of song with which he usually cheered his passage died

upon his lips. Heedless of the jeers and the salutes of the many companions whom he overtook or met in his way, he abated nothing of his speed. But entering into the *canal grande*, and threading the many thousands of gondolas which played over the face of the waters with the ease and rapidity of insects over the glassy surface of a pool in summer, it shot under the arch of the Rialto like a racer that nears its goal. Many eyes watched its path through the waters inquisitively, but when they saw it strike against the marble stairs of the palace of the Morosini, all glances were thrown aside. A figure deeply muffled, and wearing a mask, was landed, glided swiftly through a crowd of menials, and ascended unquestioned the spacious staircase. A domestic of grave mien, and an eye like the falcon's, accosted the visitor, received a whispered message, and a small token, and passed again onwards. On his return the muffled and mysterious figure was beckoned to follow silently.

In a small and dimly lighted cabinet sat an individual whose bald forehead, full of minute wrinkles, and whose scant hair, white like snow, and as soft as unlaboured silk, betokened extreme age, but whose keen and terrible glance, whose fine and luminous features, showed that intellect was still in its youth and prime. Into his presence the unknown was ushered, and as he rose for an instant from his seat, his stately form staggered. But the features, ever used to command, regained speedily their sternness. "Off with your disguise," he said, in a voice whose tones bore little reasoning; "before you leave this house your inmost soul shall be as manifest as your bodily form."

The figure before him hesitated not an instant, the mask and a noble's cloak were thrown aside, and a female with a face like unglazed alabaster stood before him. Not the slightest tinge varied the corpse-like whiteness of her cheek, and an expression of ill-suppressed insanity lurked like a noxious reptile within the deep well of her unshrinking glance. When this unexpected vision met his eye, the old man shuddered, as though the phantom of a dead enemy stood before him. The stranger was the first to interrupt the awful silence. "Are you he," she said, "whom men call Ugo the cruel—Ugo Morosini?"

"I am, was the reply."

"Then is the prey within our grasp."

She took out from her bosom a small packet, and placed it within his hands, and then drew a seat before him, and glared into his amazed countenance as he perused its contents. Many changes past over those thin pale cheeks as the legend trembled within his hand: when he had read it to its close, he bent his venerable head down to the very table, at which he sat, and groaned heavily and loudly.

"And know you the hand," he said, at length, "which traced these characters?"

"I did," replied his visitor. "It now moulders in the cold earth—the writer has been called to her account, and her body, in its full and unfaded beauty, has been given to the worm."

"And my child—my long lost Dandolo Morosini, the fruit of those days when she was innocent, the lawful heir of an old and honourable house—where is he? He was stolen from me in his childhood, and they must have lived in caverns, out of God's daylight, or I should have found them. Know you aught of him?"

A glare of horrible frenzy flashed from the wild eyes into which he looked for a reply. "Do I know aught of him?" she exclaimed. Her lips quivered, and her voice was choked and inarticulate. She covered her eyes with her hands, as though to shut out from her view some appalling vision. When she looked again into the face of Morosini, the wildness of her emotions was subdued. "He, too, is dead," she murmured, plaintively. "The wise, the gentle, the beautiful, is no more;

they murdered him because I loved him, and the blood of the Morosini, forsooth, was too base to mingle with the Priuli."

Had not the source of all violent emotion been suddenly stricken dead within the bosom of the unfortunate parent, he might have been staggered by the sound of that name. As it was he made no reply. "The wisdom of an avenging God," continued Constantia, "made me the cause, and my own brother the minister, of his vengeance. For our father's blood is on your hands, and an incomprehensible and craving thirst must have entered into our nature, for how else could we have harmed aught so innocent and so gentle? His bones rest not in the peaceful grave beside his mother's, but at the bottom of a dark and loathsome pit, where, if vengeance were once taken, I would take my place beside him."

The fiend of undying hate sprang up with an expiring but fierce flash into the eyes of Morosini. "Maiden," he exclaimed, "doubtless our vengeance will be a Christian and edifying spectacle, and it will sound well in Venice that Constantia Priuli, from a love of justice, led her brother to the torture. He has now made me childless, as his father once made me the scorn and laughing-stock of Venice. It was a fit subject indeed for mirth, and musically did their pale lips laugh at last, when the old man who had been their jest became their judge. The liberality of Ugo Morosini became a proverb. I gave premiums for ingenuity in torture, and the victim has never yet failed whose dying groan repaid me."

Upon the topmost terrace of the Palazzo Morosini, in a garden like those of Babylon, raised up in mid heaven, amongst fragrant shrubs and plants of eternal flowers, sat Constantia Priuli. Around her were many statues of snowy marble, as pale as herself, but none so beautiful. The day had been when a picture of so much loveliness as the one which was spread out beneath her, would have found few admirers so impassioned as the elegant mind of that ill-fated maiden. Farther than the eye could see distinctly, on every side rolled an ocean of never-resting waters, on whose waves more immediately beneath her, careered a light navy of graceful gondolas, with their glittering prows of polished steel; incredible as it may sound, the *public* gondolas alone exceeded ten thousand. Along the banks of the infinity of canals rose up on every side in panoramic prospect a blaze of majestic architecture, order upon order, sweeping down in colonnade and terrace to the very water's edge, and towering above all palaces rose the oriental domes of San Marco, and beside it, the dark mansion of the Doge of Venice frowning in the grandeur of gothic gloom. On another side, striding, with one Rhodian arch, from bank to bank of the central and main canal which divides the city, rose the far-famed Rialto, and around it, on every side, the eye saw into the recesses of that wonderful city, descrying all the haunts of a busy people, like the intricate cells of a mighty hive; and threading with admirable order all the narrow windings which intersect it, might be seen thick dark moving lines like streams of black and busy emmets passing and repassing in emulous industry. All this, though seen for the first time, made little impression on the mind of Constantia, for all interest in the world and its pomps was dead within her. Dawn broke beautifully over Venice; it was the third of her vigil, and found her gaze still untiringly strained towards the nearest point of the opposite shore. A change flashed over the features, that till now had appeared inanimate—the object of her search had become visible. Far away in the obscure distance, where few eyes but hers could have perceived it, was a dark coloured bark, which under a light sail and many oars, bounded rapidly over the scarcely parted waters. Onward it came with unabating speed, never deviating from its direct and solitary course. A nearly imperceptible smile past for an instant over the white cheeks of Constantia—it was the first for several months—as her eye followed the flight of that swift boat, till it entered a canal, the only one on which no gondola was seen to pass.

Our story must resume the record of events at A——, from which it passed abruptly. Although Godfred Priuli had stolen many times, in the silent hours of the night, into the chamber in which lay, without any signs of returning animation, the statue-like form of his sister, she had no consciousness of his presence since the fatal night which dethroned her reason, and well nigh destroyed life. Most bitterly had he regretted the precipitancy of an action, which he still considered as of small matter in itself. The remembrance of the murder was not, indeed, pleasurable, but it bore slight comparison to the anguish arising from its effect upon his lovely and high-minded sister. He would have given worlds for the power of the voice of Ezekiel, to have bid breath come from the four winds, and breathe upon the slain that he might live. But most of all did he dread the meeting with his sister, when her spirit should again awaken, and intellect resume its throne within her glance. He almost rejoiced that the chance was so slender of that hour ever coming. But for the deeds planned and perpetrated in darkness there shall be retribution in bright light, which shall make the shame and humiliation manifest.

It had been intimated to Godfred that a crisis was approaching in the malady of Constantia, and with fear and trembling he abandoned his castle for awhile, until the result should be declared. His absence was prolonged from day to day by a remorseful conscience, and when he returned he was met by the staggering tidings that his sister had disappeared, when or whither she had gone none knew. Every grove, and hut, and hollow, around was explored, in fruitless search; and Godfred shut himself up in the solitude of his own chamber. A day or two passed away, and he too was missed; his disappearance was as sudden and as unaccountable as his sister's. All that his household knew of the matter was, that an austere looking visitor had been announced and instantly admitted, and from that hour none knew of his departure. The terrible truth was not long a secret to Godfred. He was spirited out from his stronghold by means as secret, as though the agents had started from the walls, so sudden and unseen had been their coming. With a rapidity which knew no impediment, he was hurried along a road which he knew full well. Once upon the water's edge all doubt was removed, and hope died within his heart. A dark and well-manned bark was in readiness to receive him, and in a few seconds his flight was like the swallow's over the yielding waters, which alone intervened between him and those who thirsted for his blood. It was not long before he learned into whose terrible hands he had fallen; had any one but him he dreaded been his persecutor, the doge, his father's friend, might have stood between him and his fate, but as it was, men saw that he was taken in the nets of a fierce hunter, and not a voice was raised in his behalf. He was abandoned, as though the mark of Cain was upon his brow in as glaring characters as it was within his heart.

It was yet early on the very day of his arrival in Venice, that Godfred Priuli was led out from a dungeon, scarcely so bad as the one he had assigned to his own victim, into the chamber in which was summoned to most secret conclave, the Council of the Three. Upon his chair of state sate the Doge Marco Foscarini, with a face pale and scared; and by his side were two old men, grown grey in cruelty and cunning. They conversed in suppressed voices till the door opened, and the third and remaining member of their awful tribunal entered. A signal was made, and Godfred was led in between guards armed, and for once masked. His trial was brief. No charge could be made against a noble for an offence so trivial as the hasty disappearance of a peasant boy from his territories, but many papers were brought out against him, in which high names were compromised, and he was charged with treason to the

state and secret plotting. The doge trembled upon his throne as the sneering lip of Morosini curled, when the name of Lorenzo Foscari was pronounced. The prisoner was allowed the ceremony of proclaiming his innocence before God, and denying, by all that was sacred, every charge against him ; but when he addressed himself to the doge in person for protection and fair dealing, that trembling functionary shot his quivering glance rapidly round the council, received the sign from each, and the doom of the unhappy youth was settled. At a signal he was seized, partly divested of his garments, and laid on the relentless rack, his wrists and ankles were fitted into tight rings, and from each a cord passed over through pulleys at the remote ends of the frame on which lay his prostrate form. The spirits of many brave men, whose bodies have been robbed of their sensibilities by toil and famine, by every buffet of conflicting elements, and by the privations and wounds of war, have failed them when their limbs have been straightened out on the frame for torture. The Christian martyr, indeed, has known how to subdue his scream, and give up his voice in prayer ; and young tender maidens have endured torture, and shame, which they dreaded more, for the love of their celestial spouse ; but for the weak-hearted, whose body has grown delicate from luxurious rearing, and whose soul turns upon itself in remorse for deeds of wickedness, there can be no support in the terrible hour when the enemy and the hard-hearted have them in their power.

A dead silence, as though even breathing was suspended, reigned through the room, when the signal of the doge bade the torture commence. It was a pitiful sight to see young white limbs wrenched out into deformity, and the wild eyes starting from their sockets. The curled and sunny locks were stiffened and erect, and the skin tightened over every feature of the pallid face. Then came scream upon scream in horrible and quick succession, till the blood burst from the mouth in torrents, and the voice was only audible in a hoarse gurgling, as it struggled with the nearly suffocated lungs. A momentary respite was then allowed him, ere, as though in fiendish mockery, the question was put again. No sooner were the cords loose on their pullies, than the strained limbs, in which elasticity was not yet destroyed, coiled themselves with a sickening creaking into their own homes. No one of the several spectators of that cruel scene, evinced a word or look of pity. When the first interval was allowed, all eyes instinctively sought the glance of Ugo, the master fiend ; it was unmoved in its glassy and cold stare on the outstretched form before him. A second signal was given, the cords were again strained, and the body of the sufferer grew again into gigantic and hideous proportion ; the limbs were wrenched out into shapeless lengths, and the hollow joints, sucked in from the compressed flesh, blood to fill up their cavities ; every sinew and muscle throughout the surface of the body rose up into frightful distinctness, and the whole wonderful plan of the infinite tracery of minute veins, through which life circulated, became visible. The lips sent forth horrible volumes of unfashioned sound, as intelligible and far more awful than the most plaintive language ; and, finally, as insupportable pain strangled every energy of remaining strength, the shrill screams sunk into low and continual moaning. Thrice was the spirit arrested in its flight, and longer intervals were allowed to husband the powers of endurance, and restoratives were given to the thirsting palate, but not in charity. The stern inquisitors, whose hearts sympathized but little with human suffering, felt their nerves affected by the sight and sounds of so much horror ; even the satanic gaze of Ugo roamed from the disfigured body of his victim to the face of the guard, who stood nearest to him, but whatever that breast might feel, or the features express, was hidden beneath their mask. The spirit was invited back to its excruciated tenement. " O death ! death ! " murmured the miserable man, " O that I could die ! "

For the fourth time was the signal made, and the tremendous engine set in movement, and with increased force, for the tortured body had sustained its utmost, and this last signal was understood to finish with him. Then, when a succession of fierce convulsions, strong enough even to strain the cords which bound him, too clearly told that a brief while more would effect his rescue, and when reason tottered on the brink of insanity, the mask fell from the features of Constantia, and she smiled a smile of insane triumph, and bent over the face of her brother. Even in his agony, recognition was perfect and instantaneous. At the same moment the cords which were straining his limbs to the utmost, suddenly relaxed, and as though the revenge of all was instantaneously sated, he was allowed the last moments of his existence to offer up with a penitent heart the horrible tortures he had suffered, in retribution for innocent blood which his hands had shed, and for a lofty mind, the light of whose celestial intellect he had stamped out.

D. M. C.

SONG.

WE MET BY YARROW'S GOLDEN STREAM.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

WE met by Yarrow's golden stream,
To breathe our parting vow:
I hear thee still—I see the gleam
Of moonlight on thy brow.
Though *some* there be, that smile on me,
As thou didst when we met;
No other smile shall me beguile,
Or teach me to forget.

Though distant far from Yarrow's stream,
And farther still from thee,
In *musings* hour and *midnight dream*
The *past* comes back to me:
And beauty's eye, though witchingly
On me its glance be set,
Can ne'er displace thy angel face,
Or teach me to forget.

O! never more, by Yarrow's stream,
My wilding harp shall wake,
Though it will rouse a sadder theme
Than ever heart did break:
While far above those lights of love,
At voiceless vespers met,
Thy spirit may approve his lay,
Who never can forget.

AN AUTO-BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

LACOCK ABBEY.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

LACOCK ABBEY is so interwoven with my recollections of early days and early friends, that when memory conjures up the fairy scenes of my happy youth, that venerable pile rises up in all the touching character of its holy beauty. Lacock Abbey was founded in a distant age, by Ella, Countess of Shrewsbury ; who, with her two nieces took the veil, and is buried in the cloisters of the abbey. There is something highly picturesque and moving to the feelings, in the appearance of this fine abbey, standing in a fertile vale, with its old avenue, broad terrace walks, and extensive cloisters, breathing as it were the heavenly music of those holy spirits, that once animated the vestal forms of beauty, now mouldered into dust, and of which the profane foot that treads over it takes no account.

The entrance hall is a magnificent apartment, with a double row of niches round its sides, filled with statues, many of them finely executed ; one of a bishop, with a book in his hand, is particularly striking, and looks instinct with life. There is another equally good (though out of keeping with the tone of the building) of Diogenes, with his lantern, going in search of an honest man. Over the high mantel that crowns the hospitable hearth of olden days, are the effigies of the Countess of Shrewsbury and her two beautiful nieces, habited as nuns.

From a door on one side of the hall you enter the inner cloisters, and a small green enclosure, which still bears the name of " the nun's burying ground." The great dining-room is a noble and lofty apartment, fit for the banquetings of ancient times. Some fine paintings upon pannel adorn the sides. There are also two full-length portraits, by Vandyke, of Charles the First and his queen, Henrietta Maria ; and one of bluff King Hal, by Holbein. From the dining-room, a few steps conduct to a gallery hung with family portraits, and other old pictures ; one of a nun, who (as a legend of the abbey says) " escaped with her lover, having leaped from the high tower, in which the abbess had confined her, and sustained no injury from her fall, but the fracture of her little finger." The portrait of her lover, if the painter was correct in his likeness, would only justify the nun's conduct upon the supposition of witchcraft ; for to look at his more than disagreeable visage, one would imagine the young maiden to have broken her finger in running away from, instead of to, him. At the end of the gallery, another flight of steps leads up to the library, one of the most appropriate rooms for study imaginable. One of the windows looks into the cloister ; and contemplation seems, with its still small voice, to woo us to sit down, and muse upon " the days of other years." There are some scarce old books, and many interesting records, to-

gether with some good paintings in this room. A portrait of Oliver Cromwell's favourite daughter, a lovely melancholy looking creature, claims all our sympathy for the poor victim of a father's heartless ambition. Lord and Lady Falconbridge, and the celebrated beauty, Dorothy Sidney, Countess of Sunderland, Waller's "Saccharissa," also adorn the walls. The abbey is not so largely accommodated with sitting-rooms as many good country houses, long galleries and corridors taking up much of the building. Of the chapel I cannot speak; for though a constant visitor at the abbey for many years, I never once attended service there, and that, from no other motive than a repugnance to go out of mere curiosity, as many of my friends did. At the period to which I am now reverting, the late Countess of Shrewsbury resided at the abbey, which she held of the present owner, Mr. Talbot, son of Lady Elizabeth Talbot, since married to Captain Fielding. Lady Shrewsbury, though nearly eighty years of age, had all the vivacity of youth; and her good temper, hospitality, and a large fund of anecdote, made young people delight in her society. She was a strict Catholic, pious without parade, and a genuine supporter of the old aristocracy, without any of those unbecoming airs of pride, too often attending high rank. She had been in her youth a great beauty, and was sent by her father, Lord Dormer, to a French convent to be educated. Her own account of her first interview with the Earl of Shrewsbury was very amusing; "Being told that an English gentleman had brought letters from my father, I hurried into the lady abbess's parlour, where the earl, then a beautiful young man, was waiting to see me. I had been so long within those dismal walls, and never seen a man, but our old confessor, and a hideous looking creature, who came to draw my tooth, that the earl looked like an angel to me." They were soon married, and spent some time at the court of the French monarch. On her arrival in England, Lady Shrewsbury went in all her bridal state to visit her sister, Miss Dormer, at the convent where she was passing her noviciate, previously to her taking the veil. Lady Shrewsbury used all her sisterly arts to entice back the young recluse to the gay world she had forsaken, but in vain. She thanked the countess; but told her she did not envy her grandeur, but was far happier in her humble state. She afterwards took the veil, and was made abbess (I think) of a convent at Winchester. Lady Shrewsbury had no children; but she had adopted two young boys, the sons of a Mr. Talbot, who was next heir to the earldom. The eldest of the boys (and her favourite) died; and the survivor, John Talbot, (who is now Earl of Shrewsbury,) and the domestic priest, the Rev. George Witham, made up the family circle of the countess when I was a visitor at the abbey. She had frequently old friends staying with her for several weeks at a time, all Catholics. The Blounts, Cliffords, and Hydes, were her most frequent guests. She also lived on very friendly terms with the Protestant families in the neighbourhood, by all of whom she was much respected. It is time to close these reminiscences for the present; but I cannot conclude without some passing remarks upon the family priest before mentioned. Mr. Witham was in appearance, what the poet Thomson describes in his *Castle of Indolence*,—

"A little sleek, fat, oily man of God,"

looking as unlike a mortified religieux, as man can look; but he was a kind-hearted, good-tempered man, happy in himself, and therefore no alloy to the happiness of others. He passed an easy life at the abbey, and was at home there in the real sense of the word. Lady Shrewsbury allowed him to do just as he liked; and excepting at meals, or when in the discharge of his sacred duties, she saw little of him. He was, in fact, a sort of "Will Wimble," extremely well-versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man. He had three rooms appropriated to his own special use; and those rooms were, perhaps, as well worth visiting as any in the abbey. His bed chamber was a perfect Noah's Ark, hung with old tapestry, and stuffed full of all sorts of curious things, looking more like the museum of an antiquary, than the dormitory of a priest. The other two chambers he had converted into a printing and turning shop, where he alternately amused himself with making little offerings for the ladies, sometimes forming out of boxwood, fancy reels to wind cotton upon, and boxes to hold pins; at others, printing in large type, riddles and divers bagatelles of the like character, given him by the young ladies who visited at the abbey. He once also printed a history of the abbey, which for real antiquarian research, curious phraseology, and primitive typography, would have been well worthy of a place in the British Museum. Alas! that busy head and those industrious hands are now resting in the quiet grave; and the little ancient chambers, where he spent his blameless hours, are now inhabited perhaps by beings less innocently active and happy in spirit. Poor Witham! I owe him a debt of gratitude; for it was he who was my first printer and publisher; and a proud day it was to me (then a girl of thirteen) when I saw my own name at full length, most conspicuously placed in large and very black letters, at the head of my juvenile attempts in the art of stringing rhymes together. Indeed, I am very certain, that could I now (with the fame of a Byron) see my works brought out in all the elegance of modern publication, the pleasure could never equal that with which I regarded again and again the rude typography, and coarse blue looking paper, of my reverend and gratuitous printer. Peace to his memory, to which I pay this late but just debt, of many years standing.

EPIGRAM BY PLATO.

'Αστερας εἰσαθρεῖς, 'Αστηρ ἐμὸν, εἶθε γενοίμην
 "Οὐρανὸς ὡς πολλοὺς, ὅμμασιν εἰς σε βλέπῳ.

IMITATED.

THEU gazest on the stars on high,
 Mine own bright star—O! would that I
 Were yonder heaven; then mine 'twould be
 To gaze with all those eyes on thee!

J. T.

THE WIDOW'S HOME.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh ! press me not, my friends, to leave
This home endeared by former ties,
Nor deem that I could cease to grieve
Beneath the smiles of foreign skies :
Let those who fancied ills endure,
In search of rest from home depart,
No change of place can ever cure
The settled sorrows of the heart.

These scenes my fond affections claim,
They speak of calm and peaceful life,
Here, first a happy bride I came,
Here, dwelt for years a happier wife :
And though, with him I loved, has fled
Each former image of delight,
Still, while his favourite haunts I tread,
I feel I have not lost him quite.

The cottages surround me here,
Where those who shared his bounty dwelt,
The church embowered in trees is near,
Where on the sabbath day we knelt :
Oft in an open book I trace
Some passage by his taste approved,
Or greet in a familiar face
Some friend by him esteemed and loved.

Ill would the widow's mournful dress
With strange and distant scenes accord,
Ill would her heart's deep loneliness
Brook the light jest, the heedless word :
It is my cherished solace, now,
In all who meet me to accost,
Those who can feel and can avow,
The worth of him I loved and lost.

Think not your friendly zeal I slight,
Although your counsels I repel,
Oh ! leave me, like the Shunamite,
With " my own people " still to dwell :
My thoughts are to my lost one given,
My place is by his quiet hearth,
And only for his home in heaven,
May I desert his home on earth.

THE OXONIAN.¹—No. X.

Te rediisse incolumem gaudeo.

It surprises me very much to observe that, in the different accounts of Oxford life, which lie scattered about here and there, but very few authors have thought fit to describe it otherwise than as a heap of idleness and dissipation. In most books that have been written upon this subject, you will always find the hero to be a young man of no principle, who amuses himself during the time of his stay, with cheating shopkeepers, and playing tricks upon dons, till at last he is killed in a duel. As for the minor characters, they are for the most part but satellites to the first, except when now and then a drunken tutor may be introduced for variety's sake. I shall not take upon me to state what amount of harm must have been done to universities by such falsities, nor how far even the present cry against them is to be traced in part to some such a point. What I would observe is, that, if there be any thing at the latter part of this paper, which shall seem to resemble what I have been blaming, the reader will be kind enough to remark, that I am here describing such pursuits as belonging to but a very small part of us Oxonians, which, indeed, I would willingly have passed by altogether, but that I was not disposed to lose the character of a faithful historian to this little empire. For the rest, I have to notice, that since I do not profess this to be a tale, I consider myself justified by law in skipping from one subject or character to another, as it shall suit me. This, indeed, must render my paper very dull to such as look for excitement only in whatever they read, but I caution such persons not to find fault with me for this, since it is not for them that I write.

The other day, as I was engaged at Parker's, in examining an old Hebrew bible that I was thinking of buying, (for I have been studying that language ever since my degree,) Sir Anthony Lovelace chanced to come in at the time, walked up to me, and asked me to help him in purchasing some books; adding, that he had been there that day once before, but could not come to any determination. After we had been examining the shelves for some time, during which he informed me, that his reason for wanting some new books was, because one of his guardians was coming to visit him soon; he bade me observe one particular shelf, that he thought would suit him exactly. "For," said he, "to my eye the plain binding of those volumes agrees very well with the gold and blue of the others to the left; and although, indeed, the binding is the chief thing in a book, I perceive, besides, that one set is a Cicero, and the other a Theophrastus, both which, as I suppose, must be devilish difficult, and, therefore, will please my guardian the more, when he sees them in my book-case." To this observation I assented with great readiness,

¹ Continued from p. 284.

upon which Sir Anthony, turning to Parker, bade him send to his rooms, not only the two sets, but also all the rest of the shelf, provided there was not a single English book in the number, "for," said he to me in a whisper, "any one can read an English book, so it is no honour to have one." This business being completed, he took me by the arm, and we strolled towards Christ Church, at his usual sauntering pace. Since he has a very great acquaintance, there was not a single well dressed man that we passed, without his nodding to him, but whenever we met a person, that Sir Anthony was not acquainted with, he did not fail to ask me whether I did not think him a very low looking man. He also informed me, in allusion to some very fine whiskers, which a certain friend of his, who chanced to pass us by, exhibited, that he was himself occupied in indulging his own whiskers. "But," said he, "of course you will keep this a secret, for I intend to make it a race between me and him, which shall have the best whiskers by Christmas day." When we had entered his rooms, he turned to me with a very grave face, and told me, that he hoped he was not taking up my time, but that there were two things of great importance, upon which he wished to ask my advice, besides that advice which I had already given him in the buying of his books. I was not a little surprised at this serious prelude, but, nevertheless, took my seat in Sir Anthony's chair of state, whilst he went to his desk, and drew out from thence four pieces of paper, which he laid before me with great ceremony.

I perceived at first sight, that the three first pieces were the beginnings of letters, concerning his debts, to his uncle, the counsellor, (as his phrase goes,) as for the last, it was the copy of an advertisement, which he was purposing to have printed for a little dog which he has named Artaxerxes. That I may not omit any opportunity of gratifying the reader, I will give this last at full, in his own words. "Lost yesterday, a little brown cur. Stands six inches and a half high; tail four inches and a quarter. Has a black spot about the size of a pin's head under the left fore foot, and answers to the name of Artaxerxes, pronounced slowly. Nose has got a slight scratch by my taking him into some thorns, and three remarkable spots on left ear. Whosoever brings the same to the porter of Christ Church shall receive the reward of five pounds, if he did not steal him." The letters were no less ingenious, as pieces of composition, one of them beginning with—"My dearest uncle, I am very sorry to say." Another with—"My dear sir, will you have the kindness;" and, the third, with—"Sir, by a most singular coincidence." However, since none of them seemed to me exactly the thing, I took a new sheet and wrote a letter of my own invention, stating the sum that Sir Anthony wanted, which was five hundred pounds. This letter pleased my friend so much that he copied it out word for word; adding, that he certainly had been rather fast for the last term, but that he was determined to take care for the future. Since I was not so sure about the advertisement, (which, however, Sir Anthony affirmed to be a very neat piece of writing,) I took it with me upon leaving him, and carried it to an acquaintance of mine, by name Jack Cad, whom I knew to be well skilled in such matters. But of this I took special

care not to inform Sir Anthony, since I make no doubt he would all but cut me, were he aware that we were known to one another.

I have preferred calling this gentleman an acquaintance, since I do not consider him as a friend, nor indeed should I have become known to him at all, but that my curiosity leads me to mix with all kinds of grades that are to be found amongst gownsmen. He is a tall stout man, with huge sandy whiskers, dressed for the most part in a swell style, and having a certain swagger in his gait. Although he seldom lets a week pass without getting drunk twice, and in no other respect can be called a very moral character, he possesses this virtue in an especial degree, that he is very good-natured, if his friends will let him have his own way. When I entered his rooms, which smelt strong of spilt beer, I found him seated over a tankard of porter with two other friends of his, whom he introduced to me, without getting up, as Samuel Snob and Simon Strutt. The former of these two was a very heavy looking fellow, but the second had a sprightly air about him, and was decorated with a very gaudy gold chain. It seems they had been boxing and playing at single-stick the whole morning, for I could perceive these implements lying about the floor. When I was introduced, Cad swore that I should not cut my stick, till I had taken a regular good swig, and smoked a cigar. Accordingly I sat myself down in a chair which had lost its back in a boisterous party the night before, and after a few puffs, presented him with the advertisement in due form, at which he laughed very heartily, saying he was a fool who wrote it, and one who knew nothing about dogs, whatever he might pretend. Then turning to his two friends, with the tankard in his hand, he asked them whether they did not think it would have been an infernal good sell if the advertisement had been printed as it was written. At this bright idea the room was filled with a loud roar, which had no sooner ceased, than Cad told me that a new thought had struck him. "For," said he, "this evening, although it is not Monday, there will be a grand cock-fight and dog-match amongst the townsmen. Now I would lay a note that your friend's dog will be there, at the hole, if you are disposed to go, and don't fear the proctors. That is, supposing you know the dog, and can swear to him. Besides, I shall be going there myself, and don't mind the trouble of taking you once in a way." This proposition pleased me not a little, for although I had lived some years in Oxford, I had never yet gone to the place that he made mention of. Accordingly I agreed to it at once, and having received certain cautions as to my dress, took my departure, promising to meet all three at Carfax when it should strike eight. As I was shutting the door, Snob, having, as it seems, something to say, called after me, upon which Cad told him to hold his jaw, for that he knew nothing about it.

I can fancy some grave personage, who shall read this, settling in his own mind that I must be something of a rakish fellow myself to have agreed to this proposal, but indeed I assure him that he is mistaken in this, and if he shall ever come to Oxford, and will call upon me, I will do my best to prove to him the contrary. However, that I may not detain the reader, I would have him know, that by the time

appointed, I was at the place of meeting in front of Slatter's, dressed in a rough great coat, a red silk handkerchief about my neck, and top boots. Besides all this, I had a thick hazel stick in my hand, that I might defend myself, if there should be any disturbance with the townsmen. I should not have taken all these pains, but that, it seems, the proctors had got a scent of the grand match there was to be that night, and were determined to prevent any university man from being present. I had not been waiting above a minute, when Cad came up to me, and bade me in a whisper follow him as quietly as I could, keeping a short distance apart, for that he had observed one of the proctor's bull-dogs, (as the attendants of these magistrates are called) prowling about near us. Saying these words he started away from me, and proceeded cautiously down the street till we came to Christ Church, when we turned off round Pembroke, and took our way down a narrow lane, that had a high wall on both sides. It was quite dark here, by reason of the gas not being yet conducted to this part of the town. But when we had passed this lane, we came to a street that was lighted from the windows, so far as to show us a bull-dog keeping watch; for, it appears, most of the men were expected to come this way. At this sight we were all for turning back but Cad. This gentleman, however, who seemed indeed to feel a singular pleasure in being leader, ordered us very authoritatively to go forward boldly. "For," said he, "if it does come to a shindy, I should think that we four tough fellows could spiflicate one; besides we have very good disguises, and even without them, how could such a fool of a whippersnapper know us to be gentlemen?" Although I was somewhat stung by this last argument, I considered myself now fairly in for it, as the saying is; accordingly we proceeded straight forward, and to our great pleasure passed by unheeded, being taken for townsmen. After this, we wound through a number of dark alleys, up and down, which was done by our guide, as I think, to show off his knowledge of the place, till at last we came out at the Seven Bridge road, on the other side of the canal. Here our leader collected us together, and telling us that we were not far from the cockpit, bade us observe the relative situations of the streets and alleys, so that we might know how to escape in case of a shindy with the proctor. To this he added some wholesome advice concerning our pockets, bidding us keep a sharp look upon them, since he made no doubt but there were thieves in the place we were going to. Finally, he concluded his harangue by advising us, as the result of long experience, that in case things should come to the worst, it was better to knock down a bull-dog, than attempt to bribe him. We had not walked many paces after this along the same road, before, having passed a bridge, we came to a building like a low barn on the left. At the door of this building Cad knocked five times, kicked four times, and whistled three times, which it seems was the sign agreed to, upon which we heard a bar taken down, and after each had paid a shilling, were admitted inside.

The place in which I now found myself, was an oblong room, running back some way. There was no ceiling save the thatched roof, and from the middle of this a piece of string hung down, having

a hoop suspended at the end, which served for a chandelier, being adorned with seven potatoes, in which were as many flaring tallow candles. Underneath this light was the pit, which was quite square, and covered with clean saw-dust. All this I could scarcely see at first, by reason of the smoking, but when my eyes had become accustomed to this new atmosphere, I not only perceived what I have mentioned, but a motley group besides that surrounded the pit, consisting, as it appeared, of tailors, shoemakers, postboys, grooms, and such others as make up what may be called the rakes of low life. Before I had quite finished my scrutiny, Cad pulled me away to another part of the room, bidding me observe a secret door, that opened another way from that we came in. "For," said he, "I know you are too shady a chap to find this yourself." Then slapping on the back a man who seemed to have the rule in this place, he asked him with an oath if all was ready, for that I wanted to see the sport, never having seen any thing of the kind before. There being by this time, as I should judge, about nine gownsmen collected round the pit, the fellow giving a wink to another, bade him bring out the badger, which, it seems, is the sport they always begin with. To this three cock-fights succeeded, which reminded me not a little of certain observations which Aristophanes has made on this sport. Indeed, I went so far as to inquire of Cad whether the moderns fed their game cocks before fighting, with garlic, as the Athenians used; but to this he only answered, by telling me that it was just like me to ask such an infernal question. When these games were over, the famous dog-match, for which the meeting was assembled, was commenced, and ended after a long conflict in the death of the largest dog, which pleased Cad exceedingly, since he had bet Snob two sovereigns on the result. As for the rest of the company, the match was no sooner decided, than they commenced throwing their money across from one to another; and it surprised me very much to hear a ragged fellow, who seemed not worth a farthing whisper to another, "That will be ten shiners in my pocket." After this, a variety of other short fights ensued, in the midst of which one might see, every now and then, a young dog thrown by the tail between the combatants, for the sake, as I suppose, of giving him a true taste. I remarked this last thing the more particularly, because once or twice I thought I could perceive Sir Anthony's little dog flying through the air after the same fashion. At last, when I had made myself pretty sure upon this point, I walked up to the man who seemed to have charge of it, and to my surprise found him to be the very scout whose life I gave some papers back. The fellow no sooner saw me than he knew me at once, but instead of appearing disconcerted, put a bold face on the matter, giving me to understand that he was practising Sir Anthony's little dog for him. "For, sir," said he, "you must know, that this little dog being acquainted with me from my having been Sir Anthony's servant, no sooner met me in an alley where he was running along of himself, than he took it into his head to follow me, and I thought, that since he had put himself under my charge, I could not do better than improve him in his manners a bit before I returned him." Although I knew this excuse to be false, I pretended to believe it, upon which he commenced a long account of his troubles,

since he last saw me, telling me at the close, that finding he could not get on any where else, his love for his own country returned to him again, and that he was now determined to live and die where his fathers had died before him. I commended this piece of feeling very much, and then asking his profession, learned that he supported himself honestly, as he was pleased to say, by attending university men out shooting, helping in larks, and writing impositions in both Latin, Greek, and English. After noticing to me, some time after this, that my companion Cad, whom he seemed to know very well, was a perfect gentleman, he was proceeding to inform me that he hoped I would consider him to have been telling a lie in all that he had said before about his life, when of a sudden there was a loud banging at the door, and the next moment I heard the leader of the ceremonies cry out, "Gentlemen, the proctor is on us." Upon this I perceived there was no time to spare, for Cad came up to me, bidding me run like a brick; accordingly, just as the door was broken open, I rushed as fast as I could to the secret hole, and the next moment found myself in a small timber-yard, with the moon shining very brightly above me.

The reader must not suppose, that upon seeing the moon to be thus shining upon me, I followed the example of certain other heroes, in commencing on the instant a comparison between the quietness above and the strife below; on the contrary, after getting over some palings by help of Cad, (who was quite up to the thing,) I made directly away from the cock-pit, till, after a short run, we both found ourselves to be in St. Thomas's churchyard. Here we rested for a minute, thinking all was safe; but upon hearing presently the noise of a bull-dog breaking over the wall, we were necessitated to climb over the high iron railings that separate this churchyard from the street; which feat we had no sooner performed, than we took to our heels with all our might. After we had run about a hundred yards in this way, Cad chancing to overtake me, I perceived that his hat was off, which he did not know till I told him. Upon this he swore he must needs get another on the instant, or we were done for; accordingly, we went straight to the first house that we saw open. This house, as I have since discovered, was a beer-shop, kept by one Philip Philpott, who being a witty fellow, had got painted over the door in large letters, "Licensed to be drunk on the premises." Upon our entering it we saw the master, an old man, standing before the fire, who no sooner understood our object, and that we were in a great hurry, than thinking to put us out of patience, and thereby make a good bargain, he addressed Cad as follows: "You see, sir, you doesn't know I—granted. I doesn't know you—granted. You doesn't know them as I knows—granted. Them doesn't know I as knows you—granted. Now sir, since you be such a stranger, I must have half a sovereign for my hat, or you are done brown." Cad, upon this, perceiving the nature of the case, put sixpence into the old man's hand, saying it was half a guinea, and the next minute we were again upon our way, Cad having the old man's best hat upon his head. It seems that this hat was destined to be of more use than we expected, for upon our meeting the proctor the next minute; it served as a very good disguise to Cad, who answered to the interrogation of the proctor

as to whether he was a member of the University; by saying, "No, old chap, nor wouldn't be for a note." By this means we escaped, and reached our separate homes without further adventure.

The next morning I was thinking over what I have described, and considering within myself, that, for a bachelor, I had given but a poor example of conduct to the rising generation, when, after a gentle tap tap at the door, my old acquaintance the scout made his appearance, in a very neat black dress. After a few words concerning the shindy of the night before, (as he called it,) in the course of which he informed me that both Snob and Strutt had been taken prisoners and confined to their college, with long impositions besides, he proceeded to tell me that he had just had the honour of returning to Sir Anthony his dog, for which he had received five pounds, in consideration of his honesty. Then looking about him to be sure no one was by to listen, he informed me that he would trust my honour in communicating a secret to me concerning himself, and straightway pulled out a card, which he presented to me with a low bow, adding that it had cost him five shillings to have it printed, and that he hoped I should not consider him presumptuous in calling himself in it, Thomas instead of Tom. With this card I shall conclude my present paper.

" THOMAS SHARP,

UNDERWRITER TO THE UNIVERSITY,

Begs to inform the nobility, gentleman commoners, commoners, and scholars, of all colleges and halls in Oxford, that he may be consulted at his office, No. 3, Blind Alley, at all hours during term. T. S. may say without vanity, that he has the best hand going at copying impositions for proctors and such like, his father having been in the profession before him, and having taught him with diligence from his youth upwards. He can imitate gentleman's handwriting to a T, and was never known to get any one into a scrape. He is also intimately acquainted with the beauties of the learned languages, being able to write Greek without misspelling; and is moreover possessed of a lexicon and dictionary of his own, for reference if required. This being the case, T. S. hopes by that strict honesty and integrity for which he was ever remarkable, to acquire the patronage of all gentlemen who prefer a life of ease and quiet to writing their own impositions, or who, by peculiarity of temperament, are likely to fall into shindies with proctors.

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A Tour on the Prairies. By the Author of the "Sketch Book."
John Murray, Albemarle Street.

EVEN in the wildest space that intervenes between the rudest barbarism, and what may be justly called rural civilization, we observe humanity under singular aspects, and discover some very secret and very curious peculiarities of our common nature. This state may be compared to the wild and foaming surf that divides the illimitable, and dreary, and monotonous sea, from the beautiful, the verdant, and the ever-varying land. This transition from sea to shore, from uniform barbarity to the first breaking of the wave upon the confines of social improvement, is marked with all the agitation, the whirl, and the romantic appearance of the ever-shifting wave; beautiful even in the midst of terror, insecure to embark upon, and difficult to wade through. Our author, however, has not been deterred by this insecurity; and, with a hardihood perhaps foreign to his habits, he has defied the difficulties attendant on the attempt, and fairly reached the wide waste of the "Far West," the desolate yet beautiful regions of unmitigated barbarism. Our readers must be fully aware that the Americans have been gradually, yet perseveringly and systematically, pushing their--encroachments shall we call them?--westward and southward upon the extensive, and, by the white man, little explored hunting-grounds of the few as yet unextirpated Indian nations. A portion of those romantic regions Washington Irving visited, and this this very amusing book describes. It is a work of manifold and striking beauties; and will be read with eagerness by all those who love, or who think they love, nature in her grandest and her most imposing proportions. The literary wanderer really felt all the raptures that scenes like these must fling into the bosom of one sensitively alive to the profoundest emotions of poetry, and therefore his narration is animate with energy, with grace, and with beauty.

We will now proceed to give a rapid sketch of the progress of this incursion into these romantic and wonderful parts of the world. Washington Irving finds himself, on the verge of white civilization, thrown into a strange association with characters, every one of which contained rich elements of originality. First, as to rank, though the last as to adaptation to an excursion of the wild nature intended, was a very worthy civilian, an American commissioner to the Indians, whose office appears to have been to fix boundaries, settle disputes, and preach peace. The next person was a cosmopolite, though England gave him birth, and a man of that various science, that enables the possessor to dabble in all things, without having either the inclination or the talent to excel exceedingly in any. This multi-utilitarian gentleman was also a sort of tutor, mentor, or travelling companion, to a young Swiss count, who seems to have been a very excellent and spirited specimen of Helvetic humanity. These four

gentlemen, including the author, were attended with a nondescript, half-bred, wholly-impudent personage, called Antony, familiarly rendered Tonish, whom Mr. Irving, rather inappropriately, styles the Gil Blas of the Woods. However, he is a well-drawn and most amusing character—a perfect Parolles as to courage and vain-gloriousness, yet almost a Robinson Crusoe in resources, and a real Gaul in a never-wearying vivacity. Though this little gentleman is described as excelling singularly in ugliness, he is a complete Don Juan of the back settlements; and even where there are no settlements at all, an exquisite of the woods—an irresistible of the Prairies. Let us hear a few words from the book that we are commenting on, in order to do this Antony, who courted temptation without resisting, more justice than is in the power of our feeble pen.

“ We picked him up at St. Louis, near which he has a small farm, an Indian wife, and a brood of half-blood children. According to his own account, however, he had a wife in every tribe: in fact, if all that this little vagabond said of himself were to be believed, he was without morals, without caste, without creed, without country, and even without language, for he spoke a Babylonish jargon of mingled French, English, and Osage. He was, withal, a notorious braggart, and a liar of the first water. It was amusing to hear him vapour and gasconade about his terrible exploits and hairbreadth escapes in war and hunting. In the midst of his volubility, he was prone to be seized by a spasmodic gasping, as if the springs of his jaws were suddenly unhinged; but I am apt to think it was caused by some falsehood that stuck in his throat, for I generally remarked that, immediately afterwards, there bolted forth a lie of the first magnitude.”

When this party arrived at the Osage agency, the travellers took another most singular person into their suite; he was named Pierre Beatte—a half-breed of French and Osage parentage. This is the most surprising character in the whole work: it is more than dramatic—it is almost heroic; but it is a heroism that partakes strangely of the pravities both of civilization and barbarism. It is thus that Washington Irving describes his appearance.

“ I confess I did not like his looks when he was first pointed out to me. He was lounging about in an old hunting-frock and metusses, or leggings, of deerskin soiled and greased, and almost japanned by constant use. He was apparently about thirty-six years of age, square and strongly built. His features were not bad, being shaped not unlike those of Napoleon, but sharpened up, with high Indian cheek-bones. Perhaps the dusky greenish hue of his complexion added to his resemblance to an old bronze bust I had seen of the Emperor. He had, however, a sallow, saturnine expression, set off by a slouched woollen hat, and elf-locks that hung about his ears.”

Does not this verdigris hero, moving through the dark interstices of the forest, give something preternatural to the scene? a copper-cast gnome, that we have seen on the stage with a smile of ridicule, in our dreams with a shudder of horror? The party, with this characteristic addition, set off under the protection of a military body of some forty, commanded by a captain, and styled “rangers,” of whom they soon lost sight in the woods. Our limits will not permit us to follow this pilgrimage minutely on their route; but it is a most pleasant task, and happy will be the reader who can fully enter into its admirable spirit. Let us find ourselves at the last log hut of the white squatter—a most savage personage, and a very good double to Hood’s facetious “last man.” When our party met him, he was in

the act of flinging off the effervescence of a most energetic passion, having just missed one of his only two horses, and panting to put in force with necessary severity, "Lynch's law;" by the virtue of which he constitutes himself prosecutor, judge, jury, and executioner. In the midst of the squatter's objurgations a very instructive rencontre takes place; upon which, as the Methodists have it, we shall improve, by merely giving a contrast, and permit the reader to discover which of the two is the savage.

"While we were holding a parley with him on the slope of the hill, we descried an Osage on horseback, issuing out of a skirt of wood about half a mile off, and leading a horse by a halter. The latter was immediately recognized by our hard-winking friend as the steed of which he was in quest. As the Osage drew near, I was struck with his appearance. He was about nineteen or twenty years of age, but well grown, with the fine Roman countenance common to his tribe; and as he rode, with his blanket wrapped round his loins, his naked bust would have furnished a model for a statuary. He was mounted on a beautiful piebald horse, a mottled white and brown, of the wild breed of the prairies, decorated with a broad collar, from which hung in front a tuft of horsehair dyed of a bright scarlet.

"The youth rode slowly up to us with a frank open air, and signified, by means of our interpreter, Beatte, that the horse he was leading had wandered to their camp, and he was now on his way to conduct him back to his owner. I had expected to witness an expression of gratitude on the part of our hard-featured cavalier, but, to my surprise, the old fellow broke out into a furious passion. He declared that the Indians had carried off his horse in the night, with the intention of bringing him home in the morning, and claiming a reward for finding him; a common practice, as he affirmed, among the Indians. He was, therefore, for tying the young Indian to a tree and giving him a sound lashing; and was quite surprised at the burst of indignation which this novel mode of requiting a service drew from us. Such, however, is too often the administration of law on the frontier; "Lynch's Law," as it is technically termed, in which the plaintiff is apt to be witness, jury, judge, and executioner, and the defendant to be convicted and punished on mere presumption; and in this way I am convinced, are occasioned many of those heart-burnings and resentments among the Indians which lead to retaliation, and eventuate in Indian wars. When I compared the open, noble countenance, and frank demeanour of the young Osage, with the sinister visage and high-landed conduct of the frontiers-man, I felt little doubt on whose back a lash would be most meritoriously bestowed.

"Being thus obliged to content himself with the recovery of his horse, without the pleasure of flogging the finder into the bargain, the old Lycurgus, or rather Draco, of the frontier, set off growling on his return homewards, followed by his brother squatter."

This would have been a very excellent anecdote for my Lord Monbodo.

We must omit particularizing many forest adventures, and much beautiful description, and hurry on to give the reader a new impression of the red man. We do this the more gladly, as it sets him in a more favourable light than that in which he has been generally contemplated; besides, we have a sort of lurking affection for the real unsophisticated savage, and sometimes, when oppressed with blue devils, suffocated with a London atmosphere, and perilled in our health by a matter so trifling as an easterly wind, we have really said to ourselves, next to being the possessor or the victim of ultra-refinement, we should prefer to be the law-unshackled rover of the prairies. There is not so much ridicule, after all, attaching to the line—

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

"In fact, the Indians that I have had an opportunity of seeing in real life are quite different from those described in poetry. They are by no means the stoics that

they are represented—taciturn, unbending, without a tear or a smile. Taciturn, they are, it is true, when in company with white men, whose good-will they distrust, and whose language they do not understand ; but the white man is equally taciturn under like circumstances. When the Indians are among themselves, however, there cannot be greater gossips. Half their time is taken up in talking over their adventures in war and hunting, and in telling whimsical stories. They are great mimics and buffoons, also, and entertain themselves excessively at the expense of the whites, with whom they have associated, and who have supposed them impressed with profound respect for their grandeur and dignity. They are curious observers, noting every thing in silence, but with a keen and watchful eye, occasionally exchanging a glance or a grunt with each other, when any thing particularly strikes them, but reserving all comments until they are alone. Then it is that they give full scope to criticism, satire, mimicry, and mirth."

We are now going to obtrude a remark of our own upon the reader, and we do it the more willingly, as its tendency will, in some measure, expose the cant of sensibility that is so frequently shedding the affected tear over the injustice of the white pushing the red man from off the surface of the earth. That this he should do, we think is very evidently the intention of the law of nature. It is the same law that has removed the forest by the corn field, the swamp by the meadow, and the wilderness by the garden. It is the law that has extirpated in so many regions, the lion, the wolf, and the tiger, to make room for the ox, the horse, and the sheep. The red men were born savages, and savages they were born to remain. What they are now they have always been, and, had it not been for the approximation of the white men, such they would have always remained. The elements of social improvement were not in them ; and according to their manner of supporting life, they monopolize a territory too vast, and we may, without impiety, presume they existed upon a plan not in accordance with the designs of Providence, which seem, through all nature, to will that the earth should produce as much of what is best and noblest, as it is able to sustain with comfort. In saying that in the lapse of two more centuries, the race of the backwood Indian must be lost, we wish not to advocate or justify their extirpation ; this will not be the means resorted to. Many of them will insensibly perish by the mere contact of civilization. The white man will give the red his diseases, without his many resources of art to combat them. He will take that ground to till, over which his red brother hunted ; and give him as an indemnity, a plenty, that will allow him a life of idleness, that will certainly insure him a premature death of disease. Again, the two races, or rather what is left of the red, will gradually become amalgamated, by concubinage with the white. In all this we can see no cruelty, but merely the operation of an eternal necessity. In many respects, moral is governed by the same laws as physical power. The strong will gradually overwhelm and absorb the weak. So certain do we think is the operation of the principle, that if, by a miracle, a fifth continent were discovered, or rather that its habitants should discover us, if they exceeded ourselves of the European world as much as the American exceeds the red man in all that makes civilization glorious ; if it were worth the while of these imaginary continentals, they would as assuredly extirpate us, as the American is extirpating the Indian, divine right, legitimacy, and all the universities notwithstanding.

As man is the triumph of the reasoning faculties, so is the bee of the instinctive, and it seems the latter is the unfailing attendant upon the march of civilization. As the white man invades the wilderness, the bee pioneers before him, and surprises the Indian by distributing over his woods unaccustomed and almost inexhaustible hoards of sweets. The red men say, when they find the provident insect advancing upon them in their solitudes, "the pale faces are coming." The common house-fly also seems to have a similar characteristic. Wherever man has sense enough to plant a stationary hearthstone, there or near him will be found the bee and fly, the two most striking types of idleness and industry, or the gentleman and the labourer. As a bee hunt is something peculiar to the locality, we will take the liberty of extracting a description of it.

"After proceeding some distance we came to an open glade on the skirts of the forest. Here our leader halted, and then advanced quietly to a low bush, on the top of which I perceived a piece of honey-comb. This I found was the bait or lure for the wild bees. Several were humming about it, and diving into its cells. When they had laden themselves with honey they would rise up in the air, and dart off in one straight line, almost with the velocity of a bullet. The hunters watched attentively the course they took, and then set off in the same direction, stumbling along over twisted roots and fallen trees, with their eyes turned up to the sky. In this way they traced the honey-laden bees to their hives, in the hollow trunk of a blasted oak, where, after buzzing about for a moment, they entered a hole about sixty feet from the ground.

"Two of the bee-hunters now plied their axes vigorously at the foot of the tree to level it with the ground. The mere spectators and amateurs, in the mean time, drew off to a cautious distance to be out of the way of the falling of the tree, and the vengeance of its inmates. The jarring blows of the axe seemed to have no effect in alarming or agitating this most industrious community. They continued to ply at their usual occupations, some arriving full freighted into port, others sallying forth on new expeditions, like so many merchantmen in a money-making metropolis, little suspicious of impending bankruptcy and downfall. Even a loud crack, which announced the disrapture of the trunk, failed to divert their attention from the intense pursuit of gain: at length down came the tree with a tremendous crash, bursting open from end to end, and displaying all the hoarded treasures of the commonwealth.

"One of the hunters immediately ran up with a whisp of lighted hay as a defence against the bees. The latter, however, made no attack and sought no revenge: they seemed stupified by the catastrophe, and unsuspecting of its cause, and remained crawling and buzzing about the ruins, without offering us any molestation. Every one of the party now fell to, with spoon and hunting knife, to scoop out the flakes of honey-comb with which the hollow trunk was stored. Some of them were of old date, and a deep brown colour; others were beautifully white, and the honey in their cells was almost limpid. Such of the combs as were entire were placed in camp kettles to be conveyed to the encampment; those which had been shivered in the fall were devoured upon the spot. Every stark bee-hunter was to be seen with a rich morsel in his hand, dripping about his fingers, and disappearing as rapidly as a cream tart before the holyday appetite of a school-boy.

"Nor was it the bee-hunters alone that profited by the downfall of this industrious community. As if the bees would carry through the similitude of their habits with those of laborious and gainful man, I beheld numbers from rival hives, arriving on eager wing, to enrich themselves with the ruins of their neighbours. These busied themselves as eagerly and cheerily as so many wreckers on an Indiaman that has been driven on shore,—plunging into the cells of the broken honey-combs, banquetting greedily on the spoil, and then winging their way full freighted to their homes. As to the poor proprietors of the ruin, they seemed to have no heart to do any thing, not even to taste the nectar that flowed around them, but crawled backwards and forwards, in vacant desolation, as I have seen a poor fellow, with his hands in his breeches pocket, whistling vacantly and despondingly about the ruins of his house that had been burnt.

"It is difficult to describe the bewilderment and confusion of the bees of the bankrupt hive who had been absent at the time of the catastrophe, and who arrived from time to time, with full cargoes from abroad. At first they wheeled about the air, in the place where the fallen tree had once reared its head, astonished at finding all a vacuum. At length, as if comprehending their disaster, they settled down, in clusters, on a dry branch of a neighbouring tree, from whence they seemed to contemplate the prostrate ruin, and to buzz forth doleful lamentations over the downfall of their republic. It was a scene on which the 'melancholy Jacques' might have moralized by the hour."

In the progress through the vast solitudes, which was attended by very many exciting, and some really dangerous adventures, our bronze man, Pierre Beatte, became the principal character. He performs acts of Indian activity and Indian daring, with a countenance as immoveable as the metal to which he has been compared. He vanquishes bears, swims rivers, and catches wild horses with a *sang froid* that is either charlatanism or heroism. Perhaps Bonaparte when living could best have told under what head to class this apparent indifference to applause. On the contrary, Anthony falls into all kinds of mishaps, is always boasting and always failing, yet still proving that his very failures are all of them more glorious than success could possibly have been. Of these two characters, so very dissimilar, we cannot help thinking that, though the silent doer was a more valuable character, the cheerful, self-satisfied, and loquacious boaster was the happier man, as he was assuredly the pleasanter companion. Both of these worthies kill a polecat, and are, despite the many-tongued expostulation, and the heinous sin against objectors, resolved to eat it. The killing of it was abominable, as every one within the circuit of a mile could revoltingly testify—but the climax of the eating it was too horrible. Many were the strategies put in practice by Washington Irving, to rid himself of this backwood delicacy, but the half-bred cunning was too deep for him, until they came to a river still deeper than their cunning, for, whilst the barbarians were teaching the civilized to cross it, Irving took the opportunity to plunge the treasured edible into the vortex of the cataract, which swallowed it up immediately, instead of the longing throats of the cheated hunters—there's American gratitude for you—preventing their trusty guides from banqueting upon a polecat!

We have always thought that the Americans were a witty people, but they don't know it. One half of the stories that have been told, in order to fling discredit upon them, have convinced us that they are almighty cute, and when they can spare a little more time to polish their wit, for it is sharp enough already, they will be the funniest fellows upon earth. Even in their anger they are exceedingly droll, and have a vivacity of expression that is the first cousin to the real Attic spirit. But this genuine humour must flow naturally—must be begot by the occasion, and the offspring will embellish the parent; but when they set down to write, to manufacture, to elaborate it—it puts one in mind of a steam-engine employed in making slices of bread and butter—vapour condensed into cold water for a matter so trivial.

"'We must now begin to keep a sharp look out,' said the Captain. 'I must issue written orders that no man shall hunt without leave, or fire off a gun, on pain of

riding a wooden horse with a sharp back. I have a wild crew of young fellows, unaccustomed to frontier service. It will be difficult to teach them caution. We are now in the land of a silent, watchful, crafty people, who, when we least suspect it, may be around us, spying out all our movements, and ready to pounce upon all stragglers.'

" 'How will you be able to keep your men from firing, if they see game while strolling round the camp?' asked one of the rangers.

" 'They must not take their guns with them, unless they are on duty or have permission.'

" 'Ah, Captain!' cried the ranger, 'that will never do for me. Where I go my rifle goes. I never like to leave it behind. It's like a part of myself. There's no one will take such care of it as I, and there's nothing will take such care of me as my rifle.'

" 'There's truth in all that,' said the Captain, touched by a true hunter's sympathy; 'I've had my rifle pretty nigh as long as I have had my wife, and a faithful friend it has been to me.'

" Here the Doctor, who is as keen a hunter as the Captain, joined in the conversation: 'A neighbour of mine says, next to my rifle I'd as lief lend you my wife.'"

" 'There's few,' observed the Captain, 'that take care of their rifles as they ought to be taken care of.'

" 'Or of their wives either,' replied the Doctor, with a wink.

" 'That's a fact,' rejoined the Captain."

We cannot think that our American friends, with all their rifle practice, have made a good hit here, though they have taken so much time in preparation. However, as our Transatlantic brethren may think this conversation pretty considerably pernicious sharp, we shall refrain from any more observations upon it.

We have before mentioned the expertness and courage of Beatte, we shall now present him to our readers in the act of capturing the wild horse. The whole party, consisting of the rangers as well as our explorators, had concerted a horse-hunt upon a grand scale, which was to have been effected by circumscribing a herd within a wide circle, which was to have been gradually diminished until the objects of the pursuit were driven into a sort of *cul de sac*. However, that Marplot, Anthony, suffered his part of the line to be broken, and the chase burst away.

" Away they all went over the green bank; in a moment or two the wild horses re-appeared, and came thundering down the valley, with Frenchman, half-breeds, and rangers galloping like mad, and yelling like devils behind them. It was in vain that the line drawn across the valley attempted to check and turn back the fugitives. They were too hotly pressed by their pursuers. In their panic they dashed through the line, and clattered down the plain. The whole troop joined in the headlong chase; some of the rangers without hats or caps, their hair flying about their eyes, others with handkerchiefs tied round their heads. The buffaloes, that had been calmly ruminating among the herbage, heaved up their huge forms, gazed for a moment with astonishment at the tempest that came scouring down the meadow, then turned and took to heavy rolling flight. They were soon overtaken: the promiscuous throng were pressed together by the contracting sides of the valley, and away they went pell-mell—hurry-scurry—wild buffalo, wild horse, wild huntsman, with clang and clatter, and whoop and halloo, that made the forests ring.

" At length the buffaloes turned into a green brake on the river bank; while the horses dashed upon a narrow defile of the hill with their pursuers close at their heels. Beatte passed several of these, having fixed his eye upon a fine Pawnee horse that had his ears slit and saddle-marks on his back. He pressed him gallantly, but lost him in the woods. Among the wild horses was a fine black mare far gone with foal. In scrambling up the defile she tripped and fell. A young ranger sprang from his horse and seized her by the mane and muzzle. Another ranger dismounted and came to his assistance. The mare struggled fiercely, kicking and biting and striking

with her fore feet ; but a noose was slipped over her head, and her struggles were in vain. It was some time, however, before she gave over rearing, and plunging, and lashing out with her feet on every side. The two rangers then led her along the valley by two long lariats, which enabled them to keep at a sufficient distance on each side to be out of the reach of her hoofs, and whenever she struck out in one direction she was jerked in the other. In this way her spirit was gradually subdued.

“ As to that little scaramouch, Tonish, who had marred the whole scheme by his precipitancy, he had been more successful than he deserved, having managed to catch a beautiful cream-coloured colt, about seven months old, that had not strength to keep up with his companions. The mercurial little Frenchman was beside himself with exultation. It was amusing to see him with his prize. The colt would rear, and kick, and struggle to get free, while Tonish would take him about the neck, wrestle with him, jump on his back, and cut as many antics as a monkey with a kitten. Nothing surprised me more, however, than to witness how soon these poor animals, thus taken from the unbounded freedom of the prairie, yielded to the dominion of man. In the course of two or three days the mare and the two colts went with the led horses and became quite docile.”

This is a very graphic description of an animating scene, the perusal of which rouses up all the savage in our bosoms. We certainly have got a great deal of the beast of prey within us. We were constituted to be mighty hunters before we became mighty men, and the old barbarous blood will rise and rebel in our veins when we dwell upon recitals like this. How lame, how impotent appears a fox hunt, albeit the red coats, the well-fed pack, and the fifty thorough-bred steeds, that would make the field appear imposing! All this pomp and circumstance of glorious venerie, with the addition of one neck and three limbs broken, arrayed against a poor specimen of vermin, not much bigger than a cat! Spirit of Nimrod! what is all this puny display, compared with chasing a herd of wild steeds, with a whole drove of buffaloes (*par parenthèse.*) Let us leave Meton in disgust, and talk only of the Pawnee hunting-grounds.

We mentioned before that there was a pacifying commissioner attendant upon this expedition, whose duty it was to sermonize all tribes and individuals addicted to scalping, that chance or design might throw into his way. Hitherto, he had found, since plunging into the woods, his office as much of a sinecure as any cadet of noble family could sigh for. At length an opportunity was offered to him for essaying his oratorical powers upon some Osages, who had been very successful in their hunting, and who now purposed to finish their sport in a very commendable manner, by looking after a few Pawnee scalps, and thus go home with glory as well as spoil.

“ The worthy Commissioner now remembered his mission as pacificator, and made them a speech, exhorting them to abstain from all offensive acts against the Pawnees ; informing them of the plan of their Father, at Washington, to put an end to all war among his red children ; and assuring them that he was sent to the frontier to establish a universal peace. He told them, therefore, to return quietly to their homes, with the certainty that the Pawnees would no longer molest, but would soon regard them as brothers.

“ The Indians listened to the speech with their customary silence and decorum : after which, exchanging a few words among themselves, they bade us farewell, and pursued their way across the prairie.

“ Fancying that I saw a lurking smile in the countenance of our interpreter, Beatte, I privately inquired what the Indians had said to each other after hearing the speech. The leader, he said, had observed to his companions, that, as their great Father intended so soon to put an end to all warfare, it behoved them to make

the most of the little time that was left them—so they had departed with redoubled zeal to pursue their project of horse-stealing!”

Now we call this reasoning very acutely. We have some hopes of the Osages. Palmerston, after this, may make curl papers of his protocols, since he has failed, so unlike our Osage friends, of making good use of his time.

There is much good feeling exhibited in the following extract.

“ I drew near to a group of rangers that had gathered round him as he stood by the spoil, and found they were discussing the merits of a stratagem sometimes used in deer-hunting. This consists in imitating, with a small instrument called a bleat, the cry of the fawn, so as to lure the doe within reach of the rifle. There are bleats of various kinds, suited to calm or windy weather, and to the age of the fawn. The poor animal, deluded by them, in its anxiety about its young, will sometimes advance close up to the hunter. ‘ I once bleated a doe,’ said a young hunter, ‘ until it came within twenty yards of me, and presented a sure mark. I levelled my rifle three times, but had not the heart to shoot, for the poor doe looked so wistfully, that in a manner made my heart yearn. I thought of my own mother, and how anxious she used to be about me when I was a child ; so, to put an end to the matter, I gave a halloo, and started the doe out of rifle range in a moment.’ ”

Washington Irving seems to have carried with him into the woods more of the spirit of the author than of the hunter. He records no mighty bucks slain by his unerring rifle ; he was infinitely better employed, as thousands who will read his book will most gladly acknowledge. Still, one buffalo he did kill. It seems to have been by a chance shot ; the animal was wounded and fell. To shorten its painful existence, he despatched it immediately afterwards with his pistol. Upon this simple occurrence he has expended a great deal of very excellent sentiment—not excellent certainly where we find it ; but which would have been thought so in one of the Minerva press marble-coloured volumes. He tells us “ that he stood meditating and moralizing over the wreck that he had so wantonly produced.” In the first place, producing a wreck is a bad phrase ; and in the next, his meditations just then were too late, and his moralizing rather affected. We can judge fully from his writings of the blandness of his nature, and of the goodness of his heart ; but this flourish of ill-timed sensibility is a departure from his usually sound judgment. If he went hunting, it is but natural that he should strive to kill his game ; and when he pointed his pistol, he should have thought less of pointing his periods. Buffaloes dispute with gentlemen of the nicest honour the privilege of being shot with pistols. We make this remark, lest the hypercritical should suppose that we sacrificed truth for the sake of alliteration.

Had we space, we would most gladly quote the whole chapter that treats of the commonwealth of those wonderful and sagacious little animals, the prairie dogs. It appears that these happy and diminutive little yelpers live in burrowed villages of some acres in extent. Republics seem to flourish amazingly in America. The beaver also there lives and prospers under a democracy as well as the prairie dog and the Americans. We must, however, quote one singular incident appertaining to the canine community.

“ The prairie dogs are not, however, the sole inhabitants of these villages. Owls and rattlesnakes are said to take up their abodes with them, but whether invited

guests or unwelcome intruders is a matter of controversy. The owls are of a peculiar kind, more alert in their looks, tall on their legs, and rapid in flight, than the ordinary species, and a bird that sallies forth in broad day. Some say they only inhabit the ruinous habitations of the prairie dogs, which the latter have deserted, in consequence of the death of some relative; for, it would seem that the sensibilities of these very singular little dogs will not permit them to remain in a dwelling in which they have lost a friend. Others affirm, that the owl is a kind of housekeeper to the prairie dog; and, from having a note very similar, it is even insinuated that it teaches the young litter to bark, being employed as a family preceptor!

"As to the rattlesnake, nothing satisfactory has been learnt of the part he takes in the domestic economy of this most interesting household. Some insinuate that he is a mere sycophant and sharper, and takes in the honest, credulous, little prairie dogs most sadly: certain it is, that from being now and then detected with one of the young ones of the family in his maw, he evidently solaces himself in private with more than the usual perquisites of a toad-eater."

Long, very long, we trust it will be before our cousins of the West will afford a parallel to this anomaly, and receive into the bosoms of their families pedagogues, like owls, as their instructors, or sycophants, like rattlesnakes, into their councils as directors or advisers. They form a great nation; we hope that they will never tarnish their greatness by attempting to become glorious in the feudal acceptation of the term, by the passion for external conquest, or the horrors of internal war. They are trying a great experiment. For the honour of human nature, and for the happiness of mankind, we conjure them not to throw away the chance of bringing it to a splendid consummation, and thus lose the opportunity of giving the world the "grandest moral lesson" upon record.

But to return to our party. The weather began to grow less propitious, game less plentiful, and their animal spirits less exuberant. Hunting ceasing to become a pastime, began to be a labour. They were tired of living wholly upon animal food, and, by their improvidence, sometimes they had a scarcity even of that. Yesterday, they might have victualled a small army with their superabundance, to-day there is an actual scarcity in the camp, and to-morrow threatens them with positive famine. The prairies become swampy with much rain, the horses fall with overfatigue, and through insufficient sustenance—these, and the growing annoyances upon the biped part of the expedition, induce them to turn their faces homewards, a dejected, weary, and hungry troop. So great at length become the privations of the hunters, that they are forced to desert many of their horses and march on foot. All these misadventures serve, in the sequel, only to enhance their delight, when they again reach the outposts of civilization. Washington Irving at length approaches a frontier, log-constructed farm-house. Let him express his raptures in his own words.

"There sat the Captain of the rangers and his officers round a three-legged table crowned by a broad and smoking dish of boiled beef and turnips. I sprang off my horse in an instant, cast him loose to make his way to the corn-crib, and entered this palace of plenty. A fat good-humoured negress received me at the door. She was the mistress of the house, the spouse of the white man, who was absent. I hailed her as some swart fairy of the wild, that had suddenly conjured up a banquet in a desert; and a banquet it was in good sooth. In a twinkling she lugged from the fire a huge iron pot that might have rivalled one of the famous flesh-pots of Egypt, or the witches' cauldron in Macbeth. Placing a brown earthen dish on the floor, she

inclined the corpulent cauldron on one side, and out leaped sundry great morsels of beef, with a regiment of turnips tumbling after them, and a rich cascade of broth overflowing the whole. This she handed me with an ivory smile that extended from ear to ear; apologizing for her humble fare and the humble style in which it was served up. Humble fare! humble style! Boiled beef and turnips—and an earthen dish to eat them from! To think of apologizing for such a treat to a half-starved man of the prairies—and then such magnificent slices of bread and butter! Head of Apicius, what a banquet!”

This forms, of course, the conclusion of the voyage, which leaves the author in the highest health and spirits, and also of the book, which we have no doubt will leave the reader with the glow of satisfaction in his bosom.

Independently of the natural and singular beauties described in this work, there is a great deal of action, and much amusing development of character. It is written in a very pure style, with an easy, flowing, and, at times, forcible diction. We find nothing turgid throughout. Though the author has contemplated nature under some of her wildest and most magnificent aspects, he has, in no instance, given way to the rant of common place verbiage, or stuffed his book with bombastic bursts of simulated raptures. We certainly may justly claim him as an English writer. Though his fresh and natural descriptions are entirely of American scenery and of American manners, yet most of his comparisons are of the old world, and his manner of illustrating his thoughts and sentiments breathes more of the English universities than of the idioms and the idiosyncrasies of America. We certainly, and purposely, have not collated from this pleasing work the best portions; but still we conceive that we have done sufficiently to excite in the reader's mind a lively curiosity to possess this *Tour on the Prairies*. We do not know any volume of a late date that possesses more sterling recommendations. In it many vulgar errors are corrected; and some of the noblest scenes of nature, as delivered fresh and beautiful from the hands of the Creator, are described with a vividness that actually seems to make us see the almost illimitable forests, and feel the alternations of the fear and hope and triumph of the primitive hunters of the wilderness. This volume is also not without rich food for the philosophic mind. The comparative enjoyments of two widely differing states of existence may be fairly scanned; and the necessity that barbarism and civilization should be eternally opposed to each other, till one only remain, is, we think, made apparent. We sincerely hope that the author will keep the promise intimated in his preface, and afford us many more opportunities of bearing a glad tribute to his many excellencies as a writer. Pure verbal criticism is now not much the vogue; we are glad of it; as it has spared us the invidious task of pointing out a few, very few, inaccuracies. To sum up in a few words, the “*Tour on the Prairies*” is a work of which America ought to be justly proud, and which England will gladly receive and place in the rank of those writings which have tended to increase her literary fame.

STANZAS.

WHEN the voices are gone
 That breathed music around,
 And the faces we look for
 Are not to be found ;
 Then Love is a hermit,
 And steals all apart,
 For *cold* strikes the *world*
 On the strings of the heart.

That world that we dreamt of
 In home's pleasant bowers,
 Ere we drank at its fountain,
 Or gather'd its flowers ;
 That we pictured as bright,
 And we found as frail too,
 As the gossamer's web
 With its garlands of dew.

All the glitter that dazzled,
 The *newness* that won,
 Fade away from our reason,
 Like clouds from the sun ;
 As the angel of truth,
 Growing bright through our tears,
 Shows the *world* but a *desert*,
 When sorrow appears.

Our *childhood* is fleet
 As a dream of the night ;
 And *youth* fades anon
 Like the flower in sunlight ;
 And *manhood* soon ripens
 As corn for the flail ;
 And *age* drops to dust
 Like the leaves on the gale.

Thus year after year
 Life's enchantments decay ;
 The glow of the spirits,
 So buoyantly gay,
 Is chilled by unkindness,
 Or chastened by woe,
 Till man finds his paradise
 Darkened below.

But man has a spirit
 The world cannot bind,
 That mounts to the stars,
 And leaves darkness behind ;
 Where the *voices* we loved
 Breathe a *holier* sound,
 And the *faces* we look for
 Again may *be found* !

THE LIFE OF A SUB-EDITOR.¹

BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

WHEN Mrs. Causand came to Stickenham, she made universal jubilee. The orderly routine of scholastic life had no longer place. She almost ruined Riprapton in clean linen, perfumes, and Windsor soap. Cards and music enlivened every evening; and the games she played were those of the fashion of the day, and she always played high, and always won. Her ascendancy over Mrs. Cherfeuil was complete. The letter was treated with much apparent affection, but still with the airs of a patroness. I do not know that the handsome schoolmistress lent her money, for I do not think that she stood in need of it; but I feel assured that her whole property was at her disposal. She stood in awe of her. *She knew her secret.*

With his usual acuteness, my good old friend discovered this immediately, and he began to woo her also, more for her secret than for her heart. But she was a perfect mystery—I never knew who she was. Her residence was at no time mentioned, and I believe that no one knew it but the lady of the house. She came without notice, staid as long as she chose, and departed with an equal disregard to ceremony.

She loved me to a folly. She would hold me at her knees by the hour, and scan every feature of my countenance, as Ophelia said of Hamlet, “as she would draw it.” And then she smiled and looked grave, and sighed and laughed; and I, like a little fool, set all these symptoms of perturbation down to my own unfledged attraction, whilst during their perusal she would often exclaim, “So like him—so like him.” I do not know whether I ought to mention it, for it is a censorious world; but as I cannot enter into, or be supposed to understand, the feelings of a fine woman of forty caressing a lad not yet fifteen, I have a right to suppose all such demonstrations of fondness highly virtuous and purely maternal; though, perhaps, to the fair bestower a little pleasant. I found them exquisitely so. I bore all her little blandishments with a modest pleasure; for, observing the high respect in which she was generally held, I looked upon these testimonials of affection as a great honour, sought them with eagerness, and remembered them with gratitude. Manner is perhaps more seducing than mere beauty; but where they are allied, the captivation is irresistible. That subduing alliance was to be found in perfection in the person of Mrs. Causand. As she always dressed up to the very climax of the fashion, possessed a great variety of rich bijouterie, and never came down to us in the stage, but always posted it, I conclude that she was in very easy circumstances. I cannot speak as to the extent of her mental powers, as her surface was so polished and dazzling, that the eye neither could nor wished to look

¹ Continued from p. 336.

more deeply into her. I believe that she had no other accomplishment, but that gorgeous cloak for all deficiency—her inimitable manner. Her remarks were always shrewd, and replete with good sense; her language was choice; her style of conversation varying, sometimes of that joyous nature that has all the effect, without the pedantry, of wit, upon the bearer, and at times she could be really energetic. This is, after all, but an imperfect description of one who took upon herself the task of forming my address, revising my gait after the dancing-master, and making me to look the gentleman.

This person entirely destroyed Riprapton's equanimity. During her first three or four visits he was all hope and animation. She permitted him, as she did every body else, as far as words were concerned, to make love as fast as he pleased. But beyond this, even his intrepid assurance could not carry him. So his hope and animation gradually gave place to indecision and chagrin; and then, by a very natural transition, he fell into envy and jealousy. Though not fifteen, I was certainly taller than the man who thought he honoured me by considering me as his rival. Though affairs remained in this unsatisfactory state as far as he was concerned, for certain very valid reasons he had not yet chosen to vent upon me any access of his spleen. But this procrastination of actual hostilities was terminated in the following manner. Mrs. Causand and I were standing, one fine evening, lovingly side by side in the summer-house that overhung the river at the bottom of the garden. Mr. Riprapton washed, brushed, and perfumed—for the scholastic duties of the day were over—was standing directly in front of us, enacting most laboriously the agreeable, smiling with a sardonic grin, and looking actually yellow with spite, in the midst of his complimentary grimaces. As Mrs. Causand and I stood contemplating the tranquil and beautiful scene, trying to see as little of the person before us as possible, one of her beautiful arms hung negligently over my shoulder, and now she would draw me with a fond pressure to her side, and now her exquisite hand would dally with the ringlets on my forehead, and then its velvety softness would crumple up and indent my blushing cheek, that burned certainly more with pleasure than with bashfulness. I cannot say that the usher bore all this very stoically, but he betrayed his annoyance by his countenance only. His speech was as bland as ever. His trials were not yet over; at some very silly remark of mine, the joyous widow pressed some half-dozen rapid kisses on the cheek that was glowing so near her own. Either this act emboldened Riprapton, or he egregiously mistook her character, and judged that a mere voluptuary stood before him, for he immediately went on the vacant side and endeavoured to possess himself of her hand.

Face, neck, and arms flushed up in one indignant crimson of the most unsophisticated anger I ever beheld. She threw herself back with a perceptible shudder, as if she had come unexpectedly in contact with something cold or dead, or unnatural.

"Mr. Riprapton," she exclaimed, after a space of great emotion, "I never yet boxed the ears of a gentleman; but had you been one, I should most assuredly have so far forgot my feminine dignity, as to

have expressed my deep resentment by a blow. I cannot touch any thing so mean. While you confined your persecution to words, I bore with it. Now, sir, I only speak from my own sensations; but judging by these, any female who could abide your touch without repugnance, must have long lost all womanly feelings; and now that we are upon this subject, let me also give you a little friendly advice. When you are permitted to sit at the same table with ladies, and wish, by the means of your feet to establish a secret intercourse with any one, take care in future that you do not use the wooden leg. Females may be more tender in the toes than in their hearts. You may go, sir; and remember, if you wish to preserve your station in this house—know it—when you behave as a gentleman, that title may be conceded to you; but the moment your conduct is inconsistent with that character, those around you will not forget that you are no more than a hired servant, and but one degree above a menial. Here, Edward," she continued, giving me the violated hand, "cleanse it from that fellow's profanation." I brought it to my mouth very gallantly, and covered it with kisses.

For the first time I saw my usher-friend not only confounded; but dumb with consternation, and his whitened face became purple even into the depths of his deep pock-marks, with an emotion that no courtesy could characterize as amiable. He moved off with none of his usual grace; but retired like a very common-place, wooden-legged man; in a truly miserable dot-and-go-one style. What Mrs. Causand and I said to each other on the subject, when she went and seated herself in the summer-house to recover from her excitement, would, I am sure, have formed the ground-work and arguments of twelve good moral essays; but unfortunately I have forgotten every thing about it, except that we staid there till not only the dews had fallen upon the flowers, but the shades of evening upon the dews.

As my stay at school was to be so short, I was treated more as a familiar friend by all than as a pupil. I staid up with the family and took tea and supper with them. Rip made no appearance the evening after his lecture, but retired to his chamber much indisposed. While Mrs. Causand was on her visits I always breakfasted with her *tête-à-tête* in the little parlour, whose French windows opened upon the garden; and it was on these occasions that I found her most amusing. She knew every one, and every thing connected with fashionable life. Private and piquant, and I am sure authentic, anecdotes of every noble family, she possessed in an exhaustless profusion. Nor was this knowledge confined to the nobility; she knew more of the sayings and doings of some of the princes of the blood, than any other person living, out of their domestic circle; and she knew many things with which that circle were never acquainted. I am sure she could have made splendid fortunes for twelve fashionable novel writers. I have, at times, endeavoured to recollect some of her *morceaux*; but though I have succeeded, it has been so imperfectly, that I do not feel authorized in making them public. In the proper place I may be tempted to violate this secrecy as respects his late Majesty, the more especially, as in the singular transaction to which I allude, his character came off through a fiery proof of no common

temptations, and through circumstances of extreme hazard and difficulty, resplendently as a man of honour and as a gentleman. Obloquy enough has been flung at that which rather deserved panegyric; but it is a too common feeling to endeavour to daub over that lustre with mud, that the rampant cannot emulate.

I had breakfasted with Mrs. Causand the morning after Rip's discomfiture, and then went to prosecute my studies in the school-room. This was the first time that my tutor and I had met since his rebuff. Mr. Cherfeuil had not yet taken his place at his desk. As I passed the assistant who assisted me so little, I gave him my usual smile of greeting; but his countenance, instead of the good-humoured return, was black as evil passions could make it. However, I paid but little attention to this unfriendly demonstration, and taking my seat, began, as I was long privileged to do, to converse with my neighbour.

"Silence," vociferated the man in authority. I conversed on. "Silence, I say."

Not supposing that I was included in this authoritative demand, or not caring if I were, I felt no inclination to suspend the exercise of my conversational powers. After the third order for silence, this sudden disciple of Harpocrates left his seat, cane in hand, and coming behind me, I dreaming of no such temerity on his part, he applied across my shoulders one of the most hearty *con amore* swingers that ever left a wale behind it, exclaiming, at the same time, "Silence, Master Percy."

Here was a stinging degradation to me, almost an officer on the quarter-deck of one of his majesty's frigates. However, without taking time to weigh exactly my own dignity, I seized a large slate, and turning sharply round, sent it hissing into his very teeth. I wish I had knocked one or two of them out. I wished it then fervently, and of that wish, wicked though it be, I have never repented. He was for some time occupied with holding his hand to his mouth, and in a rapid and agonizing examination of the extent of the damage. When he could spare an instant for me, he was as little satisfied with the expression of my features, as with the alteration in his, so he hopped down to Mr. Cherfeuil, while the blood was streaming between his fingers, to lay his complaint in form against me. I had two sure advocates below, so he took nothing by his motion, but a lotion to wash his mouth with; and after staying below for a couple of hours, he came up with a swelled face, but his teeth all perfect.

That morning Mr. Cherfeuil, in very excellent bad English, made a most impressive speech; the pith of it was, that had I not taken the law into my own hands, he would most certainly have discharged Mr. Riprapton, for having exceeded his authority in striking me; but, as my conduct had been very unjustifiable, I was sentenced to transcribe the whole of the first book of the *Æneid*. Before dinner my school-fellows had begged off one half of the task—Mrs. Cherfeuil at dinner begged off half of that half; when things had gone thus far, Mrs. Causand interfered, and argued for a commutation of punishment; the more especially, as she thought an example ought to be made for so heinous an offence. As she spoke with a very serious air, the good-natured Frenchman acquiesced in her wishes, and pledged him-

self to allow her to inflict the penalty, which she promulgated to the following effect: "That I should be forced to swallow an extra bumper of port for not having knocked out at least one of the wretch's teeth," and she then related enough of his conduct to bring Mr. Cherfeuil into her way of thinking upon the subject.

For two days Mr. Rip and myself were not upon speaking terms. On the third day a Master Barnard brings me up a slate full of plusses, minusses, x , y , z 's, and other letters of the alphabet, in a most amiable algebraical confusion.

"Take it to Mr. Riprapton," said I. The lad took it, and the mathematical master looked over it with a perplexed gravity truly edifying. "Take it to Master Percy—I have no time," was the result of his cogitations.

It was brought to me again. "Take it to the usher," said I.

"It is of no use; he don't know any thing about it."

"Take it then to Mr. Cherfeuil, and tell him so."

This advice was overheard by the party most concerned, and he called the boy to him, who shortly returned to me with a note, full of friendship, apology, and sorrow; ending with an earnest request that I would again put him right with Mrs. Causand, as well as the sum on the slate. I replied, for I was still a little angry, that he was very ungrateful, but that, as we were so soon to part, perhaps for ever, I accepted the reconciliation. So far was well. I told Mrs. Causand what had passed, and then interceded with her for her forgiveness; for her anger debarred him from many comforts, as it obliged him to take his solitary tea and supper in the school-room. She consented, as she did to almost every thing that I requested of her, and that afternoon I brought up to her the penitent hand-presser. Her natural good temper, and blandness of manner, soon put him again at his ease, and his love speeches flowed as fluently as ever. We proposed a walk, and, accompanied by some half dozen of the elder boys, we began to stroll upon the common. By some *gaucherie* the conversation took a disagreeable turn on our late misunderstanding, and I could not help repeating what I had said in my note, that Mr. Rip had proved himself ungrateful, considering the many difficulties from which I had extricated him. At this last assertion before the lady, he took fire, and flatly denied it. I was too proud to enumerate the many instances of scholastic assistance that he had received at my hands, so I became sullen and silent, my opponent in an equal degree brisk and loquacious. My fair companion rather enjoyed the encounter, and began to rally me.

"Come, come," said I, "I'll lay him a crown that he will beg me to extricate him from some difficulty before the week's over."

The wager was accepted with alacrity, and Mrs. Causand begged to lay an equal stake against me, which I took. I then purposely turned the conversation, and after some time, when we were fairly in the hollow made by the surrounding hills, I exclaimed, "Rip, if you'll give me five-and-twenty yards, I'll run you three hops and a step a hundred yards for another crown."

"Done, done!" exclaimed the usher, joyously, chuckling with the idea of exhibiting so triumphantly his prowess before the blooming

widow." The ground was duly stepped, and the goal fixed, whilst my antagonist, all animation and spirits, was pouring his liquid nonsense into the lady's ear. I took care that in about the middle of the distance, our race-ground should pass over where some rushes were growing. Now Riprapton had a most uncommon speed in this manner of progressing. He would, with his leg of flesh, take three tremendous hops, and then step down with his leg of wood one, and then three five hops again, and one dead step, the step being a kind of respite for the fatigue of the hops. All the preliminaries being arranged, off we started, I taking of course my twenty-five yards in advance. The exhibition and the gait were so singular, that Mrs. C. could scarcely stand for laughter, whilst the boys shouted, "Go it, Ned,"—"Well done, peg,"—"Dot and go one will beat him."

In the midst of these exhilarating cries, what I had calculated upon, happened. Rip, before we had gone half the distance was close behind me; but lo! after three of his gigantic hops, that seemed to be performed with at least one seven-leagued boot turned into a slipper, when he came down heavily upon his step with his wood among the rushes, the stiff clay there being full of moisture and unsound, he plunged up to his hip nearly, in the adhesive soil, and there he remained, as much a fixture, and equally astonished, as Let's wife. First of all, taking care to go the distance, and thus win the wager, we all, frantic with laughter, gathered round the man thus firmly attached to his mother earth. Whilst the tears ran down Mrs. Causand's cheeks, and proved that her radiant colour was quite natural, she endeavoured to assume an air of the deepest commiseration, which was interrupted every moment by involuntary bursts of laughter. For himself, no wretch in the pillory ever wore a more lugubrious aspect, and his sallow visage, turned first to one and then to another, with a look so ridiculously imploring, that it was irresistible.

"I am sorry, very sorry," said the lady, "to see you look so pale—I may say, so livid—but, poor man, it is but natural, seeing already that you have *one foot in the grave*."

The mender of pens groaned in the spirit.

"I say," said the schoolboy wag of the party, applying an old Joe Miller to the occasion, "why is Mr. Riprapton like pens, ink, and paper?"

"Because he is stationary," vociferated five eager voices at once in reply.

The caster-up of sums cast a look at the delinquent, the tattle of the whole of which was, "you sha'n't be long on the debit side of our account."

"But what is to be done?" was now the question.

"I am afraid," said I, "we must dig him up like a dead tree, or an old post."

"It is, I believe, the only way," said the tutor despondingly; "I was relieved once that way before in the bog of Ballynawashy."

"O, then you are from Ireland, after all," said the lady.

"Only on a visit, madam!" said the balted fixture, with much asperity.

"But really," said she, "if I may judge from the present occasion, you must have made a *long stay*."

"I hope he won't take cold in his feet," said a very silly, blubber-lipped boy.

His instructor looked hot with passion.

"But really, now I think of it," chimed in the now enraptured widow, "a very serious alarm has seized me. Suppose that the piece of wood, so nicely planted in this damp clay, was to take root and throw out fibres. Gracious me! only suppose that you should begin to vegetate. I do declare, that, you look quite *green* about the eyes already!"

"Mercy me!" whispered the wag, "if he should grow up, he'll certainly turn to a *plane* tree; for really, he is a very plain man."

The wielder of the ruler gave a tremendous wriggle with the whole body, which proved as ineffectual as it was violent.

"But don't you think, Edward," said his tormentor, "as the evening is drawing in, that something should be done for the poor gentleman; he will most certainly take cold if he remain here all night; couldn't you and your schoolfellows contrive to build a sort of hut over him. I am sure I should be very happy to help to carry the boughs—if the man won't go to the house, the house must go to the man."

"What a fine cock-shy he would make!" said Master Blubberlips.

"O, I should so like to see it," said the lady. "It will be the first time he has been made *shy* in his life."

He was certainly like an Indian bound to the stake, and made to suffer mental torture—but he did not bear it with an Indian's equanimity. As a few stragglers had been drawn to the funny scene, and more might be expected, I, and I only, of all the spectators, began to feel some pity for him; the more especially, as I heard a stout grinning chaw-bacon say to the baker's boy of the village, who asked him what was the matter, "Whoy, Jim, it ben't nothink less, than Frenchman's usherman ha drawn all Thickenham common on his'n roight leg for a stocking loike."

"Come," thought I, "it's quite time, after that, for the honour of the academy, to beat a retreat, or we shall be beaten hollow by this heavy-shod clodpole. Mr. Riprapton," said I, "I don't bear you any malice—but I recollect my wager. If I extricate you out of the difficulty, will you own that I've won it?"

"Gladly," said he, very sorrowfully.

"Come here, my lads, out knives and cut away the turf." We soon removed the earth as far down as to where the bole of the wooden leg joined to the shank. "Now, my lads," said I, "we must unscrew him." Round and round we twirled him, his outstretched living leg forming as pretty a fairy ring on the green sod, with its circumgyrations, as can be imagined. At last, after having had a very tolerable foretaste of the pillory, we fairly unscrewed him, and he was once more disengaged from his partial burial-place. I certainly cannot say that he received our congratulations with the grace of a Chesterfield, but he begged us to continue our exertions to recover for him his shank, or otherwise he would have to follow Petruchio's orders to

the tailor—to “hop me over every kennel home.” For the sake of the quotation, we agreed to assist, and, as many of us catching hold of it, as could find a grip, we tugged, and tugged, and tugged. Still, the stiff clay did not seem at all inclined to relinquish the prize it had so fairly won. At length, by one tremendous and simultaneous effort, we plucked it forth; but, in doing so, those who retained the trophy in their hands were flung flat on their backs, whilst the newly-gained leg pointed upwards to the zenith. Having first wiped a little of the deep yellow adhesion away from it, we joined the various parts of the man together; and, he taking singular care to avoid those spots where rushes grew, we all reached our home, with one exception, in the highest glee—as to the two wagers, he behaved like a gentleman, and *acknowledged* the debt—which was a great deal more than I ever expected.

After having worked some fifty problems out of Hamilton Moore, of blessed memory, and having drawn an infinity of triangles with all possible degrees of incidence, with very neat little ships, now upon the base, now upon the hypotenuse, and now upon the perpendicular, my erudite usher pronounced me to be a perfect master of the noble science of navigation in all its branches, for the which he glorified himself exceedingly. As I had made many friends, there was no difficulty in procuring for me a ship, and I was to have joined the *Sappho*, a first class brig of war, as soon as she arrived, and she was expected almost immediately. However, as at that particular time we were relieving the Danes from the onerous care of their navy, the sloop was sent as soon as she arrived to assist in the amiable action. I was much grieved at this disappointment, as the *Sappho* was commanded by the son of that dignified divine who took so much interest in my welfare.

Having many who interested themselves about me, some apparent and others hidden, a ship was soon found for me, but by what chain of recommendation, I never could unravel. As far as the ship was concerned I certainly had nothing to complain of. She was a fine frigate, and every way worthy to career over the ocean, that was, at that time, almost completely an English dominion. The usual quantity of hopes and wishes were expressed, and my final leave was taken of all my village friends. Mr. R. enjoining me to correspond with him on every opportunity, gave me his blessing, and some urgent advice to eschew poetry, and prophesied that he should live to see me posted. There was nothing outwardly very remarkable in the manner of Mrs. Cherfeuil on the eve of my departure. I went to bed a school-boy and was to rise next morning an officer—that is to say, I was to mount my uniform for the first time. I believe that I was already on the ship's books; for at the time of which I am writing, the clerk of the cheque was not so very frequent in his visits, and so particular when he visited, as he is at present. Notwithstanding the important change that was about to take place in every thing connected with myself, I did sleep that night, though I often awoke, —there was a female hovering round my bed almost the whole of the night.

So ignorant were those few, on whom devolved my fitting out, of what my station required, that I had made for me three suits of uni-

form, all of which had the lion upon the buttons instead of the anchor, and from which the weekly account was absent. My transmission from school to town was by the stage; at town I was told to call on a lawyer in the King's Bench Walk, in the Temple, who furnished me with twenty pounds, and a letter for my future captain, telling me I might draw upon him for a yearly sum, which was more than double the amount that I ought to have been entrusted with; then coldly wishing me success, he recommended me to go down that evening by the mail, and join my ship immediately, and wished me a good morning.

I certainly was a little astonished at my sudden isolation in the midst of a vast city. I felt that, from that moment, I must commence man. I knew several persons in London, parents of my school-fellows, but I was too proud to parade my pride before them, for I felt, at the same time ashamed of wearing ostentatiously, whilst I gloried in, my uniform.

I dined at the inn where I alighted on coming to town, called for what I wanted in a very modest semi-tone, said, "If you please, sir," to the waiter, paid my bill without giving him a gratuity, took my place in the mail, and got down without accident to Chatham, and slept at the house where the coach stopped. On account of my hybrid uniform, and my asserting myself of the navy, the people of the establishment knew not what to make of me. I wished to deliver my credentials immediately; but my considerate landlord advised me to take time to think about it—and dinner. I followed his advice. It is uncertain how long I should have remained in this uncertainty, had not a brother midshipman, in the coffee-room, accosted me, and kindly helped me out with my pint of port, which I thought I showed my manliness in calling for. He did not roast me very unmercifully, but what he spared in gibes he made up in drinking. I abstained with a great deal of firmness from following his example; he warmly praised my abstinence, I suppose with much sincerity, as it certainly appeared to be a virtue which he was incapable of practising. About seven o'clock my ready-made friend began to be more minute in his inquiries. I showed him my introductory letter, and he told me directly, at what hotel the captain was established, and enforced upon me the necessity of immediately waiting upon him; telling me I might think myself extremely lucky in having had to entertain only one officer, when so many thirsty and penniless ones were cruising about to sponge upon the Johnny Raws. For himself, he said, he was a man of honour, quite a gentleman, and insisted upon paying his share of the two bottles of port consumed, of which I certainly had not drunk more than four glasses. Secretly praising my man of honour for his disinterestedness, for I had asked him to take a glass of wine, which he had read as a couple of bottles, I ordered my bill, among the items of which stood conspicuously forth, "two bottles of old crusted port, fourteen shillings."

"D——d imposition!" said my hitherto anonymous friend. "Of all vices, I abominate imposition the most. I shall pay for all this wine myself. Here, wai-terre, pen and ink. Banking hours are over now; I have nothing but a fifty-pound bill about me. However, you

shall have my I O U. You see that I have made it out for one pound—you'll just hand me over the difference, six shillings. Your name, I think you said, was Percy—Edward Percy. A good name, a very good purser's name indeed. There, Mr. Percy, you have only to present that piece of paper when you get on board to the head swabwasher, and he'll give you either cash for it, or slops."

I gave the gentleman who so much abhorred imposition six shillings in return for his paper, which contained these words: "I O U twenty shillings. Josiah Cheeks, Major General of the Horse Marines, of His Majesty's Ship, the Merry Dun, of Dover.—To Mr. Edward Percy."

I carefully placed this precious document in my pocket-book, among my one-pound notes, at that time the principal currency of the country; yet could not help thinking that my friend cast an awfully hungry eye at the pieces of paper. He had already commenced a very elaborate speech prefatory to the request of a loan, when I cut him short, by telling him I had solemnly promised my godmamma not to lend any one a single penny until I had been on board my ship six months, which was really the case. He commended my sense of duty, and said it was of no manner of consequence, as next morning he should be in possession of more than he should have occasion for, and then a five or a ten-pound note would be at my service. After vainly endeavouring to seduce me to the theatre, he made a virtue of my obstinacy, and taking me by the arm, showed me to the door of the hotel, where Captain Reud of H. M. S. Eos was located.

I was announced, and immediately ushered into a room, where I saw a sallow-visaged, compact, well-made little man, apparently not older than two or three-and-twenty, sitting in the middle of the room, upon a black quart bottle, the neck of which was on the floor, and the bottom forming the uneasy and unstable seat. Without paying much attention to me, every now and then he would give himself an impetus, and flinging out his arms, spin round like a turnstile. It certainly was very amusing, and, no doubt, so thought his companion, a fine, manly, handsome looking fellow, of thirty-five or thirty-eight, by his long-continued and vociferous applause. The little spinner was habited in a plain but handsome uniform, with one gold epaulet on his right shoulder, whilst the delighted approver had a coat splendid with broad white casimere facings.

I could observe that both parties were deeply immersed in the many-coloured delirium of much drink. I looked first at one, then at the other, undecided as to which of the two was my captain. However, I could not augur ill of one who laughed so heartily, nor of the other, who seemed so happy in making himself a teetotum. Taking advantage of a pause in this singular exhibition, I delivered my credentials to the former, and more imposing looking of the two, who immediately handed them over to Captain Reud. I was graciously received, a few questions of courtesy asked, and a glass of wine poured out for me.

My presence was soon totally disregarded, and my captain and his first lieutenant began conversing on all manner of subjects, in a jargon to me entirely incomprehensible. The decanter flew across and across

the table with wonderful rapidity, and the flow of assertion increased with the captain, and that of assentation with his lieutenant. At length the little man with the epaulet commenced a very prurient tale. Mr. Farmer cast a look full of meaning upon me, when Captain Reud addressed me thus, in a sharp shrill tone, that I thought quite impossible to a person who told such pleasant stories, and who could spin so prettily upon a quart bottle. "Do you hear, younker, you'll ship your traps in a wherry the first thing that day morning, and get on board early enough to be victualled that day. Tell the commanding officer to order the ship's tailor to clap the curse of God upon you—I started with horror at the impiety—to unship those poodles from your jacket, and rig you out with the foul anchor."

"Yes, sir," said I; "but I hope the tailor won't be so wicked, because I am sure that I wish the gentleman no harm."

"Piously brought up," said the captain.

"We'll teach him to look aloft, any how," said the lieutenant, striving to be original.

"A well-built young dog," said the former, looking at me approvingly.

"Who is he, may I ask?" said the latter, in a most sonorous aside.

"Mum," said Captain Reud, putting his finger up to his nose, and endeavouring to look very mysterious, and full of important meaning; "but when I get him in blue water—if he were the king's son—heh! Farmer?"

"To be sure. Then he is the son of somebody, sir?"

"More likely the son of nobody—according to the law of the land, whoever launched him: but I'll never breathe a word, or give so much as a hint that he is illegitimate. I scorn, like a British sailor, to do that by a side-wind, Farmer, that I ought not to do openly; but there are two sides to a blanket. A Popish priest must not marry in England. Norman Will was not a whit the worse because his mother never stood outside the canonical rail. Pass your wine, Farmer; I despise a man, a scoundrel, who deals in inuendoes. O it's despicable—d—d despicable. I don't like, however, to be trusted by halves—shall keep a sharp look out on the joker—with me, a secret is always perfectly safe."

"O then, there is a secret, I see," said Mr. Farmer. "You had better go now, Mr. Percy, and attend to the captain's orders to-morrow."

The word Mister sounded sharply, yet not unpleasingly to my ear. It was the first time that I had been so designated or so dignified. Here was another evidence that I had, or ought to, cast from me the slough of boyhood, and enact boldly the man. I therefore summoned up courage to say that I did not perfectly understand the purport of the captain's order, and solicited an explanation.

Farmer nodded to the captain.

"Yes," said he. "The service has come to a pretty pass, when the youngest officer of my ship asks me to explain my orders, instead of obeying them."

"I had better give him a note to the commanding officer, for I may not happen to be on board when he arrives."

A note was written and given me.

"Good night, Mr. Percy," said the captain.

"Good night, sir," said I, advancing very amiably to shake hands with my little commander. My action took him more aback than a heavy squall would have done the beautiful frigate he commanded. The prestige of rank and the pride of discipline struggled with his sense of the common courtesies of life. He half held out his hand; he withdrew it—it was again proffered, and again withdrawn! He really looked confused. At length, as if he had rallied up all his energies to act courageously, he thrust them resolutely into his pocket; and then said, "There, younker, that will do. Go and turn in."

"Turned out," I muttered, as I left the room. From this brief incident, young as I was, I augured badly of Captain Reud. I at once felt that I had broken some rule of etiquette, but I knew that he had sinned against the dictates of mere humanity. There was a littleness in his conduct, and an indecision in his manner, quite at variance with my untutored notions of the gallant bearing of a British sailor.

As I lay in my bed at my inn, my mind re-enacted all the scenes of the previous day. I was certainly dissatisfied with every occurrence. I was dissatisfied with the security of my friend Josiah Cheeks, the Major-General of the Horse Marines of His Majesty's ship, the *Merry Dun* of Dover. I was dissatisfied with my reception by Captain Reud, of His Majesty's ship *Eos*, notwithstanding his skill at spinning upon a bottle; nor was I altogether satisfied with the blustering, half-protecting, half-overbearing conduct towards me of his first lieutenant, Mr. Farmer. But all these dissatisfactions united, were as nothing to the disgust I felt, at the broad inuendoes so liberally flung out concerning the mystery of my birth.

Before I plunge into all the strange adventures, and unlooked-for vicissitudes of my naval life, I must be indulged with a few prefatory remarks. The royal navy, as a service, is not vilified, nor the gallant members who compose it insulted, by pointing out the idiosyncrasies, the absurdities, and even the vices and crimes of some of its members. Human nature is human nature still, whether it fawn in the court, or philander in the grove. The man carries with him on the seas the same predilections, the same passions, and the same dispositions, both for good and for evil, as he possessed on shore. The ocean breeze does not convert the coward into the hero, the passionate man into the philosopher, or the mean one into a pattern of liberality. It is true, that a coward in the service seldom dares show his cowardice; that, in the inferior grades, passion is controlled by discipline, and in all, meanness is shamed by intimate and social communion, into the semblance of much better feelings. Still, with all this, the blue coat, like charity, covereth a multitude of sins, and the blue water is, as yet, inefficacious to wash them all out.

We have said here briefly what the service will not do. It will not change the nature of man, but it will modify it into much that is exalted, that is noble, and that is good. It almost universally raises individual character; but it can never debase it. The world are too apt to generalize—and this generalization has done much disservice

to the British navy. It forms a notion, creates a beau idéal—a very absurd one truly—and then tries every character by it. Even the officers of this beautiful service have tacitly given in to the delusion; and, by attempting to frown down all *exposés* of the errors of individuals, vainly endeavour to exalt that, which requires no such factitious exaltation.

If I am compelled to say that this captain was a fool and a tyrant, fools indeed must those officers be who draw the inference that I mean the impression to be general, that all captains are either fools or tyrants. Let the cavillers understand, that the tyranny and the folly is innate in the man, but, that the service abhors and represses the one, and despises and often reforms the other. The service never made a good man bad, or a bad one worse. On the contrary, it has always improved the one, and reformed the other. It is, however, no libel to say, that more than a quarter of a century ago (of course now it is all perfection) it contained some bad men among its multitude of good. Such as it then was I will faithfully record.

Oh! I left myself in bed. My reflections affording me so little consolation, when they were located in the vicinity of Chatham, I ordered my obedient mind to travel back to Stickenham, whilst I felt more than half inclined to make my body take the same course the next morning. Not that my courage had failed me; but I actually felt a disgust at all that I had heard and seen. How different are the sharp, abraising corners that meet us at every turn in our passage through real life, to the sunny dreams of our imagination! Already my dirk had ceased to give me satisfaction in looking upon it, and my uniform, that two days before I thought so bewitching, I had, a few hours since, been informed was to be soiled by a foul anchor. How gladly that night my mind revelled among the woods, and fields, and waters of the romantic village that I had just left! Then its friendly inhabitants came thronging upon the beautiful scene; and pre-eminent among them stood my good schoolmistress, and my loving godmother. Of all the imaginary group, she alone did not smile. It was then, and not till then, that I felt the bitterness of the word "farewell." My conscience smote me that I had behaved unkindly towards her. I now remembered a thousand little contrivances, all of which, in my exalted spirits, I had pertinaciously eluded, that she had put in practice in order to be for a few minutes alone with me. I now bitterly reproached myself for my perversity. What secrets might I not have heard! And then my heart told me in a voice I could not doubt, that it was she who had hovered round my bed the whole night previous to my departure. My schoolfellows had all slept soundly, yet I, though wakeful, had the folly to appear to sleep also. Of one thing I felt convinced, that I could never act unkindly, without myself suffering much more than my victim. I then remembered distinctly, though I noticed it but little at the time, when she uttered her tremulous "Good-bye—God bless you!" that her sickly smile was accompanied by certain very pathetic twitchings in the face, which added but little to her personal beauty. All these things I now called to mind with a most tantalizing exactitude; and when I compared them to my new captain's hard, heartless, and sneering expression, "Piously brought

up," I felt far from comfortable. Whilst I was considering how people could be so unkind, sleep came kindly to me, and I awoke next morning in good spirits, and laughed at my dejection of the preceding evening.

Whilst I was at breakfast in the coffee-room, I was a little surprised and a good deal flattered by the appearance of Lieutenant Farmer. He accosted me kindly, told me not again to attempt to offer first to shake hands with my captain, for it was against the rules of the service; and then he sat down beside me, and commenced very patiently *à me tirer les vers du nez*. He was a fine, gallant fellow, passionately desirous of promotion, which was not surprising, for he had served long and with considerable distinction, and was still a lieutenant, whilst he was more than fourteen years above his captain, both in length of service and in age. Was I related to my Lord A——? Did I know any thing of Mr. Rose? Had I any connexions that knew Mr. Perceval, &c.? I frankly told him that I knew no one of any note, and that it had been directly enjoined upon me, by the one or two friends that I possessed, never to converse about my private affairs with any one. Mr. Farmer felt himself rebuked but not offended; he was a generous, noble fellow, though a little passionate, and too taut a disciplinarian. He told me that he had no doubt that we should be good friends, that I had better go to the dock-yard, and inquire for the landing place, and for the Eos's cutter, which was waiting there for stores. That I was to make myself known to the officer of the boat, who would give me two or three hands to convey my luggage down to it, and that I had better ship myself as soon as I could. He told me also that he would probably be on board before me, but, at all events, if he were not, that I was to give the letter to the commanding officer, with which he had furnished me on the night before.

He left me with a more favourable impression on my mind than I had before entertained. I paid my bill, and found my way to Chatham Dock-yard. I was struck with the magnitude of the works, at the order, cleanliness, and regularity that every where appeared, and at the gigantic structures of the vessels on the stocks.

I had just gained the landing-place, to which I had been directed by a gentleman, who wore some order of merit upon his ancles, and who kindly offered me a box of dominoes for sale, when I saw a twelve-oared barge pull in among the other boats that were waiting there. The stern sheets were full of officers, distinguishable among whom was one with a red round face, sharp twinkling eyes, and an honest corpulency of body truly comfortable. He wore his laced cocked hat, with the rosetted corners resting each on one of his heavily epauletted shoulders. His face looked so fierce and rubescent under his vast hat, that he put me in mind of a large coal, the lower half of which was in a state of combustion. He landed with the other officers, and I then perceived that he was gouty and lame, and walked with a stick, that had affixed to it a transverse ivory head, something like a diminutive ram's horn. Amidst this group of officers, I observed my coffee-room friend, the major-general of the horse marines, who seemed excessively shy, and, at that mo-

ment, absorbed by geological studies, for he could not take his eyes from off the earth. However, pushing hastily by the port-admiral, for such was the ancient podagre, "Ah! major-general," said I, to the abashed master's mate, "I am very glad to meet with you. Have you been to the bank this morning to cash your fifty pound-bill?"

"Don't know ye," said my friend, giving me more than the cut direct, for if he could have used his eyes as a sword, I should have had the cut decisive.

"Not know me! well—but you are only joking, General Cheeks!"

The surrounding officers began to be very much amused, and the port-admiral became extremely eager in his attention.

"Tell ye, don't know ye, younker," said my gentleman, folding his arms, and attempting to look magnificent and strange.

"Well, this is cool. So, sir, you mean to deny that you drank two bottles of my port wine yesterday evening, and that you did not give me your I O U for the twenty shillings you borrowed of me? I'll trouble you, if you please, for the money," for I was getting angry; "as I am quite a stranger to the head swabwasher, and should not like to trouble the gentleman either for cash or slops, without a formal introduction."

At this juncture the fiery face of the port-admiral became more fiery, his fierce small eye more flashing, and his ivory-handled stick was lifted up tremblingly, not with fear, but rage. "Pray, sir," said he to me, "who is he?" pointing to my friend; "and who are you?"

"This gentleman, sir, I take to be, either a swindler or Josiah Cheeks, Major-General of the Horse Marines, of his Majesty's ship, the Merry Dun of Dover," handing to the admiral the acknowledgment; "and I am, sir, Edward Percy, just come down to join his majesty's ship the Eos."

"I'll answer for the truth of the latter part of this young gentleman's assertion," said Captain Reud, now coming forward with lieutenant Farmer.

"Is this your writing, sir?" said the admiral, to the discomfited master's mate, in a voice worse than thunder; for it was almost as loud, and infinitely more disagreeable. "I see by your d—d skulking look, that you have been making a scoundrel of yourself, and a fool of this poor innocent boy."

"I hope, sir, you do not think me a fool for believing an English officer incapable of a lie?"

"Well said, boy, well said—I see—this scamp has turned out to be both the scoundrel and the fool."

"I only meant it for a joke, sir," said the *soi-disant* Mr. Cheeks, taking off his hat, and holding it humbly in his hand.

"Take up your note directly, or I shall expel you the service for forgery."

The delinquent fumbled for some time in his pocket, and at length could produce only three pence farthing, a tobacco stopper, and an unpaid tavern bill. He was forced to confess he had not the money about him.

"Your fifty pound bill," said I. "The bank must be open."

The major-general looked at me.

It was a good thing for the giver of I O U's, that the mirth the whole transaction created, did not permit the old admiral to be so severe with his "whys," as he would have been. He, however, told the culprit's captain, whom he had just brought on shore in the barge, to give me the twenty shillings, and to charge it against him, and then to give him an airing at the mast-head till sunset; telling him at the same time he might feel himself very happy at not being disgraced and turned before the mast.

I was departing, very well satisfied with this summary method of administering justice, when I found that I was not altogether to escape, for the old gentleman commenced opening a broadside upon me, for not wearing the Admiralty uniform. Lieutenant Farmer, however, came very kindly to my rescue, and offered the admiral a sufficient explanation.

I was then directed to the Eos' boat, the coxswain and a couple of men went with me for my luggage, and in less than half an hour I was being rowed down the Medway towards the ship. As we passed by what I looked upon as an immense and terrifically lofty seventy-four, I looked up, and descried Major-General Cheeks slowly climbing up the newly-tarred main topmast rigging, "like a snail unwillingly," to the topmost cross-trees. It was a bitterly cold day, at the end of November, and there is no doubt but that his reflections were as bitter as the weather. Practical jokes have sometimes very bad practical consequences.

(*To be continued.*)

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY L. M. MONTAGU.

Oh ! never let unkindness sever
The heart that's linked to thine ;
A *look*, a *word* may part for ever
The golden chain divine.
As the bloom on the fruit of the tree,
Once touch'd, we can never restore ;
So the heart we have taught to be free,
Will return to its fondness no more.

How oft we kill the sweetest flowers,
By some *unkind neglect* ;
Then weep, in Love's deserted bowers,
That change we might expect.
O ! 'tis sweeter to look on the *dead*,
Than *the living* that love us no more ;
We may weep—but the tears that we shed
From a fountain less bitter run o'er.

SICILIAN FACTS.¹—No. XLI.

PORT OF SYRACUSE.

Oppression of the Roman Republic—Problematical Character of M. Brutus—The Marshes—Surprising quantity of Wild Fowl—Method of shooting them by night—The Malaria—Celebrated cities built in unwholesome situations—Anapus—Cyane Papyrus—British Museum—Chevalier Landobria's letter—Strange ignorance of the Compilers of the Synopsis of the Museum.

THE great port of Syracuse is a secure and noble harbour between five and six miles in circuit: it has been alternately the scene of the glory and the disgrace of the Syracusans. Here free Syracuse overthrew and destroyed the formidable fleets and armies of the Athenians and Carthaginians; here Archimedes, for a while, resisted the power of Rome; and in the short space of one hundred and forty years after the last event, the same Syracuse beheld the pirate Heracleo, with four light barks, insult the town at his pleasure on the very waters on which an Athenian fleet of three hundred sail had been totally destroyed by the single force of the city; but this will no longer excite our surprise, when we recollect that Syracuse was then enslaved, and by a nation whose yoke was of iron. The ravager, the exterminator Verres, was not worse than many other of the Roman proconsuls and prætors. Who can read the Verrine orations and not curse from his heart that cruel and rapacious people? The senate of Rome, which appeared to Cineas an assembly of kings, was in the latter ages of the republic rather a meeting of robbers. It does not a little excite our indignation to see Pompey, Lentulus, Gabinius, and others, disputing with the most open effrontery who should have the privilege of pillaging Ptolemy Auletes, under the pretence of restoring him to the throne of his ancestors. Well would it have been for the provincials if their tyrants had been content with plundering them, if their unbridled lust had spared their wives and children, or their savage cruelty had refrained from shedding their blood. The attempted violation of the daughter of Philodamus by Verres, and the subsequent murder of the father and brother, convicted of the crime of defending the honour of their house, by a tribunal, on which Verres himself, with his friends Nero and Dolabella sat as judges, does not stand alone in the annals of Roman tyranny. It is not enough to say that Verres plundered the Sicilians of their most admired and celebrated productions; he did not leave in the island, we are told, a common silver goblet that was worth stealing. Their money found its way into his coffers, and their corn, whilst they were starving, into his granaries. The axes of his lictors were blunted on their necks, and the favour of being put to death by a

¹ Concluded from p. 315.

single blow was an act of grace that was sold at a heavy price. Pirates, who had defied and disgraced the Roman fleets, were pardoned; whilst Roman citizens, with their heads muffled up to conceal their faces, were dragged to execution in their stead. One in particular, the unfortunate Gavius, was publicly crucified by his order in Messina.

The amount of the rapine of Verres was estimated by Cicero at a sum almost too enormous to state; yet all the thunders of his eloquence, supported as they were by the clearest proof, could only compel the monster into voluntary banishment.

He retired to Africa, where he enjoyed in peace his ill-gotten wealth, and was at length put to death by Antony for the sake of his immense riches; and not until, as Hume remarks, he had probably heard of the murder of his enemy Cicero by the same triumvir. Verres was wont to excuse his exactions, by saying, that one year's government would have been sufficient for his own occasions, but that a second was necessary for his friends and defenders, whilst he was obliged to reserve the third for his judges.

So infamously and so notoriously corrupt were this boasted people, that Clodius having been acquitted of the charge of violating the mysteries of the Bona Dea, in the house of Cæsar, by two voices only, testified his regret that he should have put himself to the expense of bribing one more of his judges than was necessary.

The stoical and patriotic Brutus was a much more questionable character than is generally supposed; this disinterested person was one of the greatest usurers in Rome. Cicero, during his proconsulship in Cilicia, found in Salamis, Gavius, and Seaptius, two agents of Brutus, who were exacting from the Salaminians the payment of a debt owing to him. These persons, not content with the interest of one per cent. per month, to which Cicero had limited the interest in his province, with compound interest for the space of six years, for which time the debt had been owing, insisted on forty-eight per cent. per annum, with compound interest also. The Salaminians, unable to satisfy these extortioners, had, under the proconsulship of Appius, who preceded Cicero, demurred complying with their demands, on which Seaptius procured from Appius some troops of horse, with which he harassed and vexed the people of the town, and went so far as to shut up the senate in their place of meeting, until five of their number absolutely perished from hunger. Not only was this conduct of his creatures approved by the humane and philosophic Brutus, but he also wrote on the occasion several most intemperate and unreasonable letters to Cicero, reproaching him with opposing his interests, and with his having deprived his agent Seaptius of the cavalry, with which he had already murdered part of the senate, and would probably have destroyed the remainder.

What was particularly mean in the conduct of Brutus in this affair, was his keeping himself at first in the back ground, procuring his agents letters of recommendation to Cicero, as if the debt had been owing to them; and only at last coming forward when he found Cicero resolute, in hopes, knowing his weakness, of intimidating him by his name and authority into an act of oppression and injustice;

but I must refer the reader to Cicero himself for more minute information respecting both Verres and Brutus.

The loss of their liberty with a Cæsar for their master, was a lot far too mild for this selfish and oppressive people, the even-handed justice of heaven at length sent them a Nero and a Caligula, and they felt in turn the tyranny they had inflicted; but under these and other similar monsters, the provinces enjoyed a comparative relief. It was neither the interest of the emperors to irritate by oppressing, or to permit their servants to become too rich and powerful by pillaging them with impunity; though, perhaps, as Juvenal tells us, there was little or nothing left to plunder. Like the fox in the fable, who was annoyed by the swarm of flies, the unhappy provincials found all change for the worst, a hungrier and more ravenous leach always took the place of the former.

Quam fulmine justo
Et Capito et Numitor ruerint damnante senatu,
Piratæ Cilicum, sed quid damnatio confert
Cum Pansa eripiat quicquid tibi Natta reliquit?

It was madness, as the poet says, to seek redress under these circumstances.

Furor est post omnia perdere naulum.

Sometimes the pusillanimous tributaries were aroused to some sudden act of vengeance, but it was rare, and soon inevitably and severely punished by the overwhelming force of the republic; though Juvenal advises.

Cavendum imprimis, ne magna injuria fiat
Fortibus et miseris, tollas licet omne quod usquam est
Auri atque argenti, scutum gladiumque relinques,
Et jacula et galeam, spoliatis arma supersunt.

But I must beg pardon for thus digressing. To return to the port of Syracuse; it still retains its reputation of being one of the safest and most commodious harbours in Europe, but its advantages are lost on a town like modern Syracuse, and a country like modern Sicily. For years, except during the late war, when it sheltered the squadrons of America and the fleets of Great Britain, it has only been the resort of fishing-boats which ply in the surrounding seas, or of small craft, whose greatest adventure is a voyage to Malta, or to the neighbouring coast of Italy. The lower parts of the port are literally covered with wild fowl, which here and in the adjoining marshes are incredibly numerous: one of my chief diversions, during my stay in Syracuse, was shooting them. At first we went with only one boat, but there was no approaching them, and we could scarce get a single shot, on which we changed our plan of attack, and took three boats with which we encompassed our prey; and on whatever side we put them up some of the party were sure of being within range. At night the sport is murderous; the birds then take to the lakes and settle upon them in such numbers, and so close together, that every separate shot must necessarily take effect, as the sports-

man creeping cautiously along in the dark, easily gets sufficiently near them to do execution; one of my Sicilian companions assured me that he had killed forty at a single discharge. There are also vast numbers of snipes in the marshes, nor is there any occasion for the assistance of a dog to put them up, almost at every step several rise, whilst they take flight by hundreds at the report of the piece. I must observe that here, as in the marshes of Lentini, it is only in the winter that these dangerous precincts can be visited with impunity. Some natives in the vicinity, accustomed to the air, venture on them at other seasons, in search of a hard-earned subsistence, but to a stranger a night passed within their pestilential influence is followed by almost inevitable death, and he may esteem himself fortunate, if, after remaining there for any considerable time, even by day, he escape the same fatal consequence.

The lake of Lysimelia, now called Li Pontinelli, is mentioned by Theocritus, but without reference to its malaria. The great marsh, now Il Pantano, formerly Syracca, gave its name to the town; it has ever been famous for the diseases which it has occasioned: it may be termed one of the best defences of Syracuse. An army of one hundred and fifty thousand Carthaginians, which lay before the city, was utterly destroyed by the pestiferous vapours of this deadly spot: besides many other instances recorded in history, the plague which broke out and made such ravages in the army of the unfortunate Nicias, was caused by the bad air of these swamps.

The advantages of the port could alone have induced Archias and the Corinthians to settle in this unhealthy situation. It is said that Archias and Myscellus, consulting the oracle at the same time, were advised to choose between riches and health. Archias preferred the former, and settled in Ortygia; Myscellus was content with the latter, and founded Crotona, in Italy.

It is strange that so many celebrated cities should have been built in unwholesome situations, of which it is certain that the air was as bad at the time of the foundation as at the present day. The advantages of the harbour will account for the choice of Syracuse; but what could have recommended Rome, the air of which has always been notoriously bad? Certainly not the convenience and beauty of its situation, as with Syracuse; nor the fertility of the country in its immediate vicinity, as with Lentini: yet there is little doubt that the town of Pallanteum existed on part of its site several ages before the foundation of Rome. Indeed, the climate of Italy is in general, and always has been, very far from salubrious. Cæsar mentions the bad effects of the Italian air on his troops lately brought from the more healthy regions of Gaul and Spain.

Through these marshes flows the celebrated Anapus, the theme alike of the historian and the poet, although it ill merits the appellation of great bestowed on it by Theocritus.

Οὐ γὰρ δὴ ποταμῶιο μέγαν ῥῶν εἶχετ' Ἀνάπῳ.

It still unites its waves with those of its consort, the transparent and beautiful Cyane.

Quoque suis Cyanen miscet Anapus aquis.

Whose fountain, now called La Pisma, is a lovely basin, nearly circular in form, about two hundred feet in circumference, and twenty-five in depth, abounding in fish, which are seen disporting at the bottom: its waters are soft, limpid, and pellucid as the clearest crystal: its borders, as well as the banks of the Anapus, are clothed with the verdure of a variety of plants, among which the papyrus is the most remarkable. Paper is still made with it, but rather as a curiosity than for use. There is, or there was some years back, a strange instance of ignorance displayed at the British Museum. In one of the rooms was shown a letter written on papyrus, in Italian, addressed by the Chevalier Landolina to Sir William Hamilton, if I recollect rightly, which is gravely asserted by the compiler of the Synopsis to contain a description of the method of preparing the papyrus. Now this note is merely complimentary. The chevalier, indeed, observes that it is written on papyrus; but says not one word about its preparation. I remember showing the mistake to one of the keepers, who instead of being obliged to me for my information, seemed to take no little umbrage at my pointing it out to him, from whence I conjectured that the error was perhaps his own.

By the fountain of Cyane, Pluto descended with his prize Proserpine. Ovid and Claudian both relate the story beautifully.

Syracuse had also another port, called Portus Laccius and Portus Marmoreus, from its sides being lined and its bottom paved with marble: it was shut in by a superb mole, and was the usual station of the shipping; it is now open and exposed, retaining no vestige of its former magnificence.

No. XLII.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

THE bridge over the Cantara, the Onobola of the Greeks, is called the Devil's Bridge. It derived this name, according to the peasants, from the following circumstance, which they relate with great gravity, and firmly believe. The stream, thus runs the tale, was so impetuous, that no architect could throw a bridge over it, the torrent invariably carrying it away before it could be completed. In this perplexity recourse was had to the devil, who is accounted an excellent workman; an angel acquainted him that if he would undertake to build one, the first that passed over it should become his prey. Ever on the watch to lay his claws on us poor mortals, the infernal mason soon terminated his task, and sharpening his talons, sat down in expectation of his victim, when a dog crossed it. Enraged at being thus outwitted and disappointed, his Satanic majesty, stamping with his foot, struck out a stone; for a long time it was impossible to find another to fill up the gap, and the bridge consequently continued useless, until Saint somebody, I have forgot his name, gave it his benediction, when the defect was immediately remedied, and the bridge rendered fit for its proper use.

No. XLIII.

JACI REALE.

Castel Jaci—Santa Venera and Saint Agatha—Quarrels between their Devotees—Acis and Galatea—Polyphemus—Rocks of the Cyclops.

THE ancient Acis, of which the ruins are still visible, stood on the promontory of Ætna, now named Capo delle Molini, from its remains it seems to have been a considerable city. Its citadel, the present Castel Jaci, stands on a lofty rock washed by the sea, and so cut and smoothed on all sides by the ancient inhabitants, as to be accessible only by one narrow path. In the time of the Normans nothing was remaining but this castle. This promontory is very remarkable, being almost entirely composed of basalt, in which Ætna is very abundant, the original mass of which has been shut in by two streams of lava, as if inclosed in a case. On the spot where the thermæ, or warm baths once stood, is now shown a well dedicated to Santa Venera, its waters are said often to perform miraculous cures.

Santa Venera is the protecting saint of Jaci; she is held in high estimation, and preferred by the townspeople to Saint Agatha of Catania, a subject of constant dissension between the inhabitants of the two places. The Sicilians, the most superstitious people in Europe, are jealous to excess of every thing respecting the honour of their patron saints, the priority of whose merit often occasions a religious warfare between different cities. What is still worse, the same town is often the scene of internal discords caused by the disgraceful disputes between the followers of two rival saints, and the contest is carried on with all the enthusiasm of misplaced zeal, and all the virulence of inveterate hatred.

On the day when the people of Jaci celebrate their festival, the Catanese come in great numbers, and during the procession shout in honour of Saint Agatha, exclaiming against Santa Venera, as a saint of no estimation or efficacy. The inhabitants indignantly repel this attack on their patroness, and a furious engagement usually takes place, in which blood is always shed, and lives often lost. The Catanese, to prevent retaliation during the fête of Saint Agatha, endeavour to keep the people from entering the city, by placing guards at the different gates.

The city derived its appellation from the neighbouring river which, according to the fable, was so called from the ill-fated Acis, beloved by Galatea, who was crushed to death under a rock thrown by the enraged Cyclops, who surprised him in the embraces of his mistress, in full possession of the charms denied to himself. He was transformed by the disconsolate Galatea, into the river which bears his name. The following is an inscription, said to be from the sepulchre of the unfortunate Acis.

“Diæ Ogniaë, Saturniaë Ætnææ, deorum matri, filiaë, uxori in portæ, sepulchrum, templum et arcem Acis, Fauni filius, Pici Nepos, Saturni pronepos, Latini frater.”

This beautiful and classic river runs into the sea about two miles from Jaci, and in reality derives its name, not from the shepherd Acis, but from the excessive rapidity of its course, the word Acis signifying an arrow in Greek. It is a lovely and delicious stream, and flows through plains of unequalled beauty. Theocritus, in the first idyll, gives it the appellation of sacred.

Οὐδ' Αἴτνας σκοπιᾶν, οὐδ' Ἀκίδος ἱερὸν ὕδωρ.

Ovid's story of Acis and Galatea, with the death and transformation of the former, is of extreme beauty. I read it with delight as I stretched myself on the fragrant and flowery banks of the stream.

The

Terga fugæ dederat conversa Symæthius heros

has an odd sound to an English ear, but we must recollect from whom he fled, and that among the Greeks and Latins, the term heros related rather to birth than courage.

Near Jaci, at a short distance from the beach, is an island of the same name, about two hundred paces in circumference; and farther on, opposite the small harbour of La Trizza, are the famous scopuli Cyclopum, now li Fariglioni, the rocks fabled to have been hurled by the eyeless and enraged Polyphemus from the banks of the Acis at the vessel of Ulysses: they are three in number, although Homer makes mention only of two, as thrown by the Cyclops. They are about one hundred paces from the shore, and show their heads but little above the waves.

Five miles from Jaci is Porto Lognina, the Portus Ulyssis of Pliny and Virgil.

Whatever it may have been in their time, there is nothing now to justify the description of the latter; it was destroyed by the lava which issued from Ætna in 1444. According to Cluverius, Virgil and Pliny err in placing the Portus Ulyssis here; he says it is evident from the Odyssey that Ulysses did not touch here, but at the promontory of Pachynus. When Virgil and Pliny took this for the port of Ulysses, they were led into the mistake by following the earlier commentators on Homer. Euripides fell into the same error four hundred years before Virgil. Other authors again placed it to the left of the Capo Delli Molini. According to Vibius Sequester, it must have been from thence that Ulysses sailed, for he says in his catalogue of rivers, 'Acis ex monte in mare decurrit ex cujus ripis saxa in Ulyssem Polyphemus egisse dicitur.' Now the Acis runs about two miles from Jaci, on the side towards Taormina. Neither, according to the description of Homer, does this coast appear to have been the land of the Cyclops, but as he expressly calls their country an island, we must suppose the whole to have been subject to them; indeed, who would willingly have disputed it with such rivals. Polyphemus may very well have made his appearance in more than one part of his dominions, and even supposing his usual residence to have been in the north of Sicily, to a person of his dimensions, without outraging verisimilitude, a walk across the island to the haunts of his mistress Galatea, would have been the excursion of a morning.

No. XLIV.

WEDDINGS OF THE LOWER CLASSES IN AUGUSTA AND MESSINA.

WHEN in Augusta, a friend conducted me one evening to the wedding party of a couple of young peasants, who had that morning been rivetted in the perdurable fetters of matrimony. We found the company assembled, and the usual ceremonies about to begin. At the upper end of the room, on two elevated chairs, sat in state the bride and bridegroom, exchanging sweet words and soft looks with each other. The girl could not be more than fifteen, whilst the husband scarcely appeared twenty. She was a good looking, lively brunette, dressed in a tight rose-coloured satin bodice, profusely ornamented with ribands, with a striped silk petticoat tied up with a white bow as high as the knee, so as to discover another of cloth of very gay colours underneath; a handsome silk handkerchief covered her shoulders, her hair was carefully tied back with ribands, and fastened to a huge silver bodkin, called by the Sicilians, *spatella*. The youth was arrayed in a jacket of blue velvet, with smallclothes of the same material, a red silk sash, and a waistcoat, on which dangled at least three dozen of large silver fillagree buttons. In a short time the mother of the bridegroom came in with a basket, which she presented to every person in the room, who in turn put in a present prepared for the purpose, such as a riband, a pair of shoes, a comb, or a handkerchief; whilst some of the wealthier inhabitants of the town who honoured the fête with their presence, contributed a shawl, a ring, or a pair of earrings. We also had taken care not to come unprovided, so that the basket soon assumed a respectable appearance. Having received our oblations, the old lady carried them to the young couple, taking them out, one by one, and commenting on their respective beauty and value. This done, she retired with the offerings; but presently returned with a basket on each arm, one containing toasted ciceri, (chick peas,) the other comfits and sugar plums, and followed by a sturdy fellow, carrying an immense jar of wine, holding many bottles, with a glass, out of which we were all obliged to drink in succession, to the prosperity and happiness of the newly-married pair; a large handful of the ciceri, and a smaller of the comfits, having been previously distributed to, and devoured by, the guests. The company then fell to dancing with great spirit the farantella and other dances of the peasantry, during which the young couple took an opportunity of slipping away, and we followed their example, not a little diverted with the novelty and simplicity of the scene.

I was also present at a marriage between parties of the inferior orders in Messina. On returning home from church, the bride and bridegroom were saluted by a sharp shower of comfits, amongst which were nuts and almonds covered with sugar, from which I fancy the happy couple received some compliments they would rather have dispensed with.

Presents were made by the company to the bride, which were

afterwards placed with her *dote*, or dowry, in the middle of the room, on a fine damask counterpane, for the inspection of her friends, the different articles, as is also the custom in Italy, having been previously appraised by a confidential person. All the male guests are expected, on these occasions, to sing a song in praise of the charms and accomplishments, however little deserved, of the bride. One of the songsters, when I was present, compared the beauty of the lady to that of *Sirena di mare*, or mermaid, which was excessively appropriate, as her father happened to be a fisherman. They concluded the evening with dancing.

I was introduced to the mother and grandmother of the bride, both of them, it singularly happened, in a fair way of adding to their respective families; the latter told me she was forty-eight years of age, her daughter, by far the handsomest woman in the company, not excepting the bride, was about thirty-two; nor is this uncommon in Sicily, where girls are often wives at twelve, and not unfrequently mothers at thirteen.

There are certain districts in Sicily, where they cast handfuls of wheat on the newly-married couple, as an omen of fertility and abundance. Sometimes they give them honey to eat to indicate the sweetness and concord with which their lives ought to be passed together. The custom of throwing nuts at nuptials is of great antiquity. Catullus, "in Epithalamio," says—

Da nuces pueris.

And Virgil—

Tibi ducitur uxor,
Sparge marite nuces, tibi deserit Hesperus Œtam.

No. XLV.

SHORT COMMONS.

Two friends, rather out at the elbows, and very much in want of a dinner, who had not seen one another for a long time, happened to meet one day in the streets of Catania; delighted at the rencontre, they agreed to adjourn together to an eating-house. Upon inquiry into each other's circumstances they found they could just muster enough between them for a ragout and macaroni, with the ordinary accompaniments of bread and wine. When the tempting viands were placed on the table, one of them, to whom nature, more liberal than fortune, had allotted a first class appetite, measuring with an experienced eye the contents of the dish, found, without much calculation, that he could dispose of the whole without running any great risk of a surfeit. Hitting then on a lucky thought for securing at least the greater portion for himself, he said, with a long face, to his companion, "Dear Tom, since we last met, you have had the misfortune, as I

have heard, to lose your worthy father; pray, my good fellow, tell me how the melancholy event took place." The other, who happened to be a great talker, and very vain of his elocution, instantly most obligingly, commenced the pathetic narration; his friend, all mouth and little ear, immediately attacked the dinner, cramming the beef and macaroni down his throat at a prodigious rate, whilst his unsuspecting companion continued minutely detailing all the particulars of his parent's decease, which he just managed to finish by a decent burial as his friend finished his fifth plateful, leaving but a beggarly account of the macaroni in a corner of the dish. The orator, whom a glance at his empty plate now awoke to the cause of the other's curiosity, hoping at least to secure the scanty portion remaining for his share, said, "Dear Dick, I have told you all; so now let us hear how your poor father died." "Mine," said his friend, whose father had unfortunately been hanged, helping himself to the rest of the macaroni, "my father died suddenly."

MY BONNIE SAILOR.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

My bonnie sailor's gane to sea;
 Full sair I wept wi' him to part;
 When he comes hame he'll marry me,
 For true is every sailor's heart:
 O! they're the bravest lads of a',—
 The gallant lads that plough the deep;
 And he, the laddie far awa',
 Aboon them a' my heart shall keep.

Nae guile has he; his lordly mind
 Disdains the flattering landsman's art:
 Gie wealth and honours to the wind,
 Sae I but keep a sailor's heart.
 O! they're the brawest lads of a',—
 The gallant lads that plough the deep;
 And he, the laddie far awa',
 Aboon them a' my heart shall keep.

The laird he thinks, now Jamie's gane,
 His cozening words my faith maun move;
 But, aye, I tell the silly man;
 It is na gowd can purchase love.
 O! they're the bravest lads of a',—
 The gallant lads that plough the deep;
 And he, the laddie far awa',
 Aboon them a' my heart shall keep.

THE METROPOLITAN.

JANUARY, 1835.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Tales of Woman's Trials. By MRS. C. HALL. Houston and Sons, Paternoster Row, London.

This inspired apostle of her sex has read us, of the coarser clay, in this delightful volume, many a severe moral lesson. The fable is reversed; and the lioness is now really painting the picture. Man gets most decidedly the worst of it. Indeed, these trials, are, for us poor masculines, almost trials of temper. The heroines are all so good, so preposterously in the right, so dazzlingly perfect and bright, that they would make, could they possibly exist, some of the most intolerable nuisances in real life, that ever made a poor sinner shrink into insignificance. Sunshine, in due quantities, and at proper seasons, is all very well, but to have it all day long, and all night too, perpetually pouring its effulgence upon us, is a morally submitting us to the fate of poor Regulus. We are destroyed by too much light. All this is very invidious—we confess it humbly—but we have a vast deal of mere mortal clay mixed up with our spirituality. Then, again, Mrs. Hall's ideas of excellence are quite of the exclusive cast; among the better orders it is stately propriety rustling in jewelled robes, in stuccoed chambers redolent with perfumes. In the lower classes it is submission, reverence to all above them in station, fourteen hours' labour a day, with time also to read sundry chapters in the Bible. Indeed, her very ethics are too much fashioned after the very factitious models of fashionable life; ethics, in which the high must considerably enjoy all their advantages, yet never once forget the prerogatives of their height, the humble, suffer all their manifold deprivations, yet draw consolation from the conviction that they have never failed in respect to the respectable. Endurance is a virtue—a great, a Christian virtue—and one that ought to be duly inculcated; but still the doctrine ought not too much to be insisted upon, that the majority were born to endure, and the minority to perpetuate the endurance; as in the end it would destroy charity, and ultimately lead to a disorganizing resistance. Having, as gently as we could, censured the rather too aristocratic bearing of this work, it is now our pleasing duty to remark upon the many high points of excellence with which it every where abounds. Every tale or trial has its own peculiar excellence, portrayed in language at once appropriate, rich, and commanding. Mrs. Hall holds in her powerful hand that charm

which commands the passions. At her beck we grieve, rejoice, exult, or despair—indeed, she is a perfect mistress of eloquence. Who can read the “Wife with Two Husbands,” with unmoistened eyes, and without rising from the perusal with as genuine a heartache, as honest, yet sorrowing indignation could desire? There is a quiet beauty—a stillness of noble repose about the character of the “Old Maid,” that will do much to reconcile many a fading spinster to her deserted state, and by instigating her to emulate Miss Millicent Morrison, find herself not only more respectable, but more happy. “The Moppits” is one of those overwrought fictions, that are painful to read. Scenes as harrowing, no doubt, take place in real life—so do amputations, and other appalling surgical operations. Besides, the authoress is too prodigal of life; she puts the sister of the heroine to death in the witness-box, in open court, merely for the sake of making a sensation. Had the revolting facts been more subdued, the story, at least to our taste, and upon our feelings, would have been more effective. The “Trials of Lady Elizabeth Montague,” were *judgments* upon her, and deserved ones. Such heartless egotism as her whole life displayed, was at once in open hostility both to morality and religion; and they are seldom, even in this world, outraged with impunity. In this tale we humbly think, that Mrs. Hall betrays that lurking love for aristocratic exclusiveness, which is sure to produce pride and hardness of heart, whilst she affects (so gently) to condemn it. The “Trials of Lady Leslie,” is replete with the same failing—yet both are beautifully told; and will be cherished reading for young ladies who aspire to be *distinguées*, and who have acquired a graceful horror of every thing “low.” Excellently as all these tales are written—and we have no space to specify any more—we conceive that we shall yet have some still better from the same powerful pen. These before us are vivid, but not sufficiently mellow; too much is sacrificed for effect; and the calls upon our feelings are too agonizing, and too often repeated. There is a waste of power, and that is, in some measure, a weakness. It is the hand of success and prosperity, describing mischance and misery; we almost see the exultation of genius in scenes that should lay the heart open to humiliation, as if the author had said, “See what affliction is here, and weep; but mark, at the same time, how beautifully I describe it.” And so she does.

The Day Dreamer. A Poem. By VIGILIUS SOMNOZA. John Major, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.

This poem is not bad. To say so much is praise, in these multiscribing days. The dedication to Sopora is fairly within the circle of beauty. The story of “Coolanoma” is romantic, and told with snatches of great excellence, mixed up with some inanities. The hero, who is in this instance the author, lacking better employment, wends his way, with dog and gun, in the back settlements of America, and first meets with an Indian maid, and then with an Indian villa. The maiden is of course wooed and won. A dark chief is forced to wear the willow, but this he displaces for the war hatchet, and makes war upon the Panther, the father of the heroine Coolanoma, scalps one half of his tribe, and takes the other half prisoners, among which is the father. The hero, seeing nothing but dismay and desolation in the Indian woods, very prudently retires with his beautiful squaw into the white settlements, but the Panther being tired of captivity, and not liking the immediate prospects of losing his skin night-cap, is gained over to the interests of his captor, and makes an excursion as far as his intended white son-in-law’s abode, and con-

trives to pluck his daughter out of his very arms. The hero rallies his friends, and a pursuit is commenced ; he overtakes father and daughter ; in the attempt to rescue the latter, he is compelled to fight the former. He is getting the worst of it, owing to an ugly looking knife in his papa's hand ; he is obliged to discharge his pistol, loaded with two balls, at him, when, strange to say, one ball goes to the left, and dispatches the father, another to the right, and kills the daughter. It must be a most quarrelsome country, that America, for even twin balls, out of one barrel, will not keep each other company for the space of a yard. However, this divagation has yet not attained to the Irish perfection—of travelling round corners. After this double shot, the poem abruptly terminates, and well it might. It is by an American, and many of the allusions and similies, and some of the imagery, are of a high order, and instinct with the best warmth of poetry. But it is dreadfully unequal, and the badinage like a spirited and vivacious hornpipe, danced in heavy hob-nailed shoes—it is so lumberingly jocular. Altogether, we have been much amused, and at times greatly pleased by this essay ; for, in that light we are determined to view it, as we look upon it only as the herald of something much better.

Cataract ; a Familiar Description of its Nature, Symptoms, and Ordinary Modes of Treatment, particularly with reference to the Operation performed by the Author at the "Royal Infirmary for Cataract." By JOHN STEVENSON, Esq., Oculist to the King, &c. &c. London, 1834.

Cataract is that very prevalent species of blindness produced by a morbid change in the structure of the crystalline lens, from its naturally transparent, to an opaque condition of the humour ; and which, happily, by the aid of a medical operation, admits of removal, and the restoration of sight.

For effecting these objects, couching is the ancient—extraction the more modern remedy. Against the former, the objections are numerous and powerful, while a perfect cure by that method is, in most cases, very uncertain.

To extraction our author also presents numerous and important objections, not merely such as he has been furnished with, through the medium of his own observation and experience, but through that of the first surgeons and oculists of former and present times, and those too decided advocates of the practice.

The disease, according to the ancient and still prevailing belief must become *ripe*—the patient must have passed a more or less long and tedious period in expectation and suspense, and even then, when the parts are at length in a state to admit of the operation, it is attended with great difficulties and dangers, which not unfrequently end in the irreparable loss of sight !

"My lord, you always oppose, but never propose," was the keen reply of a veteran statesman in the House of Lords, to the continual fault-finders of an unreflecting tyro. This caustic charge cannot, however, be justly applied to Mr. Stevenson, for while he boldly points out the defects of existing practices, he has taught us the means of obviating them, and in a manner at once simple, and effectual, and consistent with common sense, and with our proceedings on other occasions of disease.

After a full and laborious inquiry into the causes of the difficulties and dangers attendant on the modes of cure in common use, Mr. Stevenson was led by observation, the force of facts, and reiterated experience, to infer, that they may in almost every instance be imputed to the custom

of postponing the means of relief, to the uncertain and often protracted period, when the cataract becomes, technically, *hard* or *ripe*. Instead of waiting until this change in the consistence of the lens has occurred, Mr. Stevenson attacks it in its greenest state of morbidness—in its infancy—at its birth, with the least conceivable pain or inconvenience to the patient, and with almost certain success, added to the entire saving of all that anxiety and suspense, too frequently experienced under any other mode of treatment.

Before Mr. Stevenson wrote on the subject, the disease was allowed to travel on towards the entire extinction of sight, without check and without interruption—the enemy was never destroyed, or even assailed, when in a state of unresisting youth and weakness, but permitted to acquire overwhelming mastery. Then, and not till then, the operator steps in and contends with the disease in its direst shape!

A recent apologist for this temporizing system, and for delaying the cure to this late period of the disease, when it has made such progress as “to prevent the patient seeing sufficiently to find his way about, and he can only distinguish the shadows of objects,”—or, in other words, the cataract is *ripe*, gives us a reason for its adoption, “that no deprivation of sight can take place through an unsuccessful operation.”* Now this truly original and sagacious plea for bad practice, strikes us as not unamusing. The patient is permitted to attain almost complete blindness, and then, forsooth, the oculist is under no risk—his reputation is safe—the patient, too, hazards nothing, for he has lost all! But might not that *all* have been saved?

A physician visits his patient—“How do you find yourself?” “Very ill, indeed!” “So far so good. Your appetite is gone?” “Entirely.” “You experience great pain?” “Most exquisite.” “In every respect you feel yourself generally worse than before?” “Infinitely.” “And have done so, ever since I attended you?” “Decidedly.” “Well, then, I have the happiness to inform you, that in a week—perhaps even tomorrow, you may become as bad as you possibly can be; and then, when your disease is *ripe*, we shall commence operations.” “Ripe?” “Yes—ripe for the grave—for this is the absurd period to which the oculist of former days—nay, even of the present, is referred for the point at which he could be serviceable! But in the name of common sense—is the eye, the most beautiful, the most delicate organ of the human body, to remain a single exception to the general rule, that *prevention* is *preferable* to *cure*?

The distinguishing features of the plan first suggested, and for many years adopted, with the most gratifying results by Mr. Stevenson, is the calling the natural powers of the constitution into active co-operation with the resources of art, so soon as an inconvenient obscurity of sight is found to exist, by a process equally ingenious, nearly free from pain, which requires little or no preparation, or confinement, and which, while it restores sight to the highest attainable perfection, leaves neither mark nor visible derangement in the external appearance of the affected organ!

Finally, and in conclusion, we scruple not to express—to avow our unqualified belief, that, when the reign of prejudice shall have closed—when unobscured reason shall be permitted to dwell upon this new system, it will never again authorize the recurrence of operations in many instances pregnant with such absurdities and dangers as those formerly and even now in use.

The individuals who are fortunate enough to learn and profit by what is taught by Mr. Stevenson, may be regarded as among the privileged. And we hope, nay are persuaded, the period is not far distant, when the prevalence of this novel, scientific, and eminently successful method of removing cataract, will become *universal*.

* Guthrie on Cataract.

Anne Grey. A Novel. 3 Vols. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

If we knew the most pleasing and the most certain method of exciting a general curiosity for the perusal of this true picture of English respectable life, we should certainly, on this occasion, use our best exertions to employ them. To those who are fond of lingering over the beauties of a sweet and equable style, we say, read *Anne Grey*. To those who wish fully to understand and appreciate the refinements, the elegancies of mind, and the purity of heart of a thoroughly educated, real English young woman, we should say, read *Anne Grey*. In these volumes the reader will find no clap-trap sentiments—no scenes mighty in ejaculations, or fruitful in impossible surprises. Here all is natural, pure, quiet, and loveable. Even the hero, *mirabile dictu*, is a very sensible fellow. Yet is there some distress—a little pleasurable aching of the heart—just enough not to be painful. But, from amidst all this soberly tinted harmony, one only character stands out in solemn relief—yet it neither shocks by violent contrast, or startles the faith by impossibility. For a long while she mingles up her peculiarities so gracefully with the proprieties of the rest of the actors, that the shock is not anticipated, and, when it does come in the development, it is very properly hurried over, leaving all the proper impressions to be excited by the reflections of the reader, and not by the inane parade of laboured description. Such, as we have said, are the beauties of this work. The caviller may say that the whole tone of the three volumes is too quiet; that they have made us, neither to laugh violently, nor to weep bitterly—nor perhaps to laugh or weep at all. To this we reply, that it is not, and does not affect to be a story of great power—and we like it all the better. We are tired of the sign of the “Red Lion,” to our books of entertainment.

The Exiles of Chamouni, a Drama; and the Rose of Cashmere, an Oriental Opera. By CHARLES DOYNE SILLERY, ESQ. Smith and Elder, Cornhill; George Douglas, Edinburgh.

Some men have the infelicitous faculty of so stealing the thoughts of others, that the plundered party would turn from that which was their rightful property with disgust; this sort of slobbering over the dainties of literature, and thus making them exclusively the plagiarist's, is a most pernicious practice, and cannot be too much reprehended—and, this reprehension is the more imperatively called for in the case before us, as the author really has talent enough to set up for himself, and therefore cannot plead poverty in extenuation of theft. In all honesty we say it, that we never before met with such wholesale literary robbery. It is robbery in the aggregate, and robbery in the detail. The whole mansion is, in the first place stolen, and all the furniture afterward gained by the same predatory means. The entire fabric of the plot, and the construction of the outline of the “*Exiles of Chamouni*,” are unblushing plagiarisms from Lord Byron's *Manfred*. We have, then, in order appropriately to fill this filched structure, a scene stolen from Shakspeare's “*Merry Wives of Windsor*.” Hamlet is next laid under contribution, and Mr. Sillery's Mad Rosamond wails and extemporizes in the pilfered garments of Ophelia. Nay, this Rosamond almost steals the very words out of that poor girl's mouth, but unfortunately fails in making herself mistress of their exquisite appositeness. “But ah! my flowers are all withering! Ursula, there's a rose for thee, and Gertrude, there's a lily for thee,” &c.; this is but a bad substitute for poor Ophelia's rue and rose-

mary. Indeed, so inveterate is the author's predilection for piracy, that, sooner than not steal at all, he steals from himself, over and over again. We have, in the early part of the play, a simile, to us original, and therefore we will give Mr. Sillery the credit for it, and it is a very beautiful one. He compares the fading evening, with its changing and evanescent tints, to the mutable colours of the dying dolphin. But, alas! thrice does this dolphin die—thrice does Mr. Sillery slay the slain. This robbery of oneself is a sort of literary suicide, that really should subject the author to interment under *cross* reviews. There is also, in this play, another most glaring absurdity; there is a ship's company, with their boatswain, introduced into the town of Geneva—who talk fluently of skyscrapers and moonrakers—and speak of the navigation of a quiet mountainous lake, as if they had been for months upon it out of sight of land. With all these discrepancies, the work can boast of some redeeming passages—and if the author has pirated largely from others, he has, at the same time, offered a fund that may be almost termed inexhaustible, of horrors, from which the melodramatists may steal for a century, and still Mr. Sillery's book be none the poorer—*ex. gra.* the following stage directions.

“ The forest is filled with fiery serpents and black skeletons—great owls, ravens, and vultures, are seen fluttering among the branches of the trees, under which huge spiders are busily weaving webs, like white nets, in which crickets and scorpions are entangled. A goat is dragging off a murdered child. A wolf springs from the forest, and grows larger than an elephant—a shower of fire issues from its eyes and nostrils. Two students, dressed in black gowns, with folios under their arms, and without heads, enter; followed by a black dog, with the head of an eagle, and the tail of a peacock. A great blue dolphin, on human legs, walking upright—the demon of cholera; a red lobster with a bull's head, and eyes of fire, in the same position—the fiend of scarlet fever; and a terrific, shapeless, cloudy animal, the night-mare, follow. Apes are seen stirring large cauldrons—blue spectres and hideous reptiles ascending in their smoke; and a marble statue of Time, in the distance, slowly pacing up and down; behind which a worm of immense magnitude—‘ the worm that never dies,’ is observable, writhing, like an endless screw, between two dark thunder clouds. The moon, which is occasionally obscured by the flitting of enormous bats, rises in the form of a ragged square, and sheds a tempestuous light over a cataract of blood, falling among great toads and crocodiles, where it forms a gory pool, from the slime of which sprawl forth the most loathsome animals and worms. Shrieks, wild sounds, and groans, with low thunder, are heard; while an immense green dragon fans the sleeper with its fiery wings. A thunderbolt breaks on the summit of a mountain, and shatters it to pieces; from an atmosphere of fire, where the hill stood, a fiend with the wings of a dragon, advances towards ZURICH, and touches his forehead with blood, while a low hollow voice exclaims :—

Through the deep-dyed flood
Of the infidel's blood,
Through the furnace flames we go;
And we bring thee a wave
From the red pool, to lave
And to cool thy burning brow.

He wakes. The incantation is dissolved. He starts up, and passing his hand over his forehead, which is marked with blood, after a short pause, exclaims :—

The wolf! the hideous wolf pursues me still!

Enter a Red Man with a wolf's head.

[Exit ZURICH, pursued by the monster.]

In the opera of Peri Zada, there are some sweet snatches of poetry, and some exquisite songs, but, in this also, the author is equally unscrupulous with regard to the rights of his literary predecessors.

New Year's Gift, and Juvenile Souvenir. Edited by MRS. ALARIC WATTS. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. Ave Maria Lane.

This is a charming little work; we took it up with the intention of culling from its pages, but we were so irresistibly drawn on, that we read it all through. We don't know how it is, but it is the fact, that well-written works, intended for children, are always very attractive to those of a more advanced age—often more attractive than what is written for adults. We presume it must be the simplicity which attracts so much—the unity of the little dramas of life is so well preserved, and the moral stands forth so plain. It is from this remark that we feel that it must be a very difficult, instead of a very easy task to write for children. At all events, the difficulty has been admirably met in the “New Year's Gift.” The letter-press is excellent. Of the articles with the names of the authors affixed, “A Scene in a Poor Man's House,” by Mary Howitt, and a “Sorrowful Story,” by H. F. Chorley, and Mrs. Abdy's Poetry, pleased us most; but some of the very best are the anonymous. It is hard to distinguish, where all is so good. The plates possess great merit. “The Volunteers,” from Farrier, and the “Peasants of Auvergne,” by Lewis, are most to our taste; the latter possesses extraordinary merit as an engraving, and does great credit to Mr. Phillibrown. We wish this little work all the success it deserves. It is eminently calculated to impress good principles and feelings upon its juvenile readers; and parents will not throw away their money when they purchase it.

Village Reminiscences. By an OLD MAID. 3 Vols. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

We took up these volumes with a design to be pleased, and we did not lay them down disappointed. We think them well adapted for the amusement of the day, but not constructed of those durable materials that can defy criticism, and go down, “time-honoured,” to posterity. Indeed, were not a great portion of novels, tales, and romances, in their very essence, ephemeral, the dead story-tellers would outnumber the living hearers, and the accumulation of standard works would be so enormous, that, we think, in very despair, the reading world must stand still. This work before us is not one destined to be of many editions, yet it passes away a few hours very pleasantly, begetting in the mind that gentle excitement which may be called placability. The tendency of the tales is eminently moral, and the style of writing is lady-like and pure. We certainly recommend those who read everything, that may rank among works of fiction, and those too who read only half that are classed in that rank, not to omit “Village Reminiscences,” for, if they do, they will certainly miss of much enjoyment, and, peradventure throw away the opportunity of a little very useful instruction.

Lyrical Compositions, selected from the Italian Poets, with Translations. By JAMES GLASSFORD, ESQ., of Douglaston. Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh; Longman and Co., London.

After an introduction, of which we very much approve, as it contains an able disquisition upon the various fashions of writing that have obtained for many centuries both in Italy and in England, the author proceeds to present the public with his versified translations. He has strictly

followed the order of the rhymes, the quantity of each line, as well as the whole number of verses, that he found in his original; and though at times he has necessarily cramped himself by the trammels with which he thus voluntarily shackled himself, yet, he has given us Italianized English poetry, more nearly than any we have ever before read. It is true that a morceau, here and there, from other authors may compete with the best of Mr. Glassford's, yet, for the genuine spirit, and the peculiar construction of Italian verse, we think that he may safely challenge the works of any English translator whatever. We can perceive that this gentleman has a very great facility of versification; still, notwithstanding this, he has undertaken, and worthily achieved, a work of great labour, with great industry and talent; and we anticipate that the sonnet in England will be hereafter cultivated with more success, and be confined within stricter rules; for we do not think that the public should any longer tolerate every wild and irregular descant in rhymes, that arrogates to itself that title merely because it possesses fourteen lines.

Essay on the Construction of Cottages suited for the Dwellings of the Labouring Classes, for which the Premium was voted by the Highland Society of Scotland. Illustrated by Working Plans, &c. &c. Also with Specifications, &c. &c. By GEORGE SMITH, Architect, Edinburgh. Blackie and Son, Glasgow; and 5, South College Street, Edinburgh.

It is of as great importance, in order to preserve a healthy and hardy peasantry, that they should not only be well fed, but well lodged; indeed, the honest pride that arises from the latter condition, must give them more heart and more independence of feeling, so that they will increase their exertions, and endeavour to keep respectable roofs over their heads. Thus the parish poor-house will become to them an object of just aversion; and habits of economy once established, the road to their prosperity lies fairly before them. Feeling this, we cannot refrain from saying, that Mr. Smith has done good service to his country. He has shown how, with no more, or with but little more, expense, than is necessary to erect those couchant and crumbling mud edifices that are so general in Ireland, and which even prevail too much in England, comfortable and decent abodes may be procured for those to whom they are so necessary, and by whom they are so well deserved. Every landlord, and every steward to an estate, should get this work, and they will find in it the means, not only of beautifying, but also of improving, their domains. Wherever we see wretched, tumble-down hovels, we always augur ill of the proprietor of the estate.

The Comic Almanac for 1835, with Twelve Illustrations of the Months.
By G. CRUIKSHANK. C. Tilt, Fleet Street.

There is much wisdom, as well as humour, in this exquisite almanac, and that is saying a great deal. Is it not better to anticipate future events, "by quips and cranks, and wreathed smiles," than by presaging "battle, murder, and sudden death," and all the "other ills that flesh is heir to?" Of past misfortunes we have had enough, of present ones we are but too sure—it appears, then, that we have got only the future to deal with; then let us laugh impudently in its face, and, though we know that it will lay us low, let us, while we can, carry a high hand

with it. In order to do all this efficiently and mirthfully, Mr. Tilt has enlisted into his service two very important individuals—the one hight Rigdum Funnidos, the other, George Cruikshank, of the grins. Both have combated Care admirably, and, the bookseller well knows, have run A TILT at melancholy, like two ancient and renowned Palladins. We are not going into all the ludicrous detail, to tell the reader how funnily Funnidos prosed, or how cleverly Cruikshank crisps over the countenance of the beholder with unadulterated mirth, through the whole twelve months of the year. The reader must hasten and buy it—and then he will have a fund of amusement for fifty-two weeks. We have a great inclination to quote, but we do not know, when all is so good, where to choose,—so we choose to leave it alone.

German Literature.—“*Die Deutschen Kleinstädter.*” “*Der Vierundzwanzigste Februar.*” “*Undine.*” *With Explanatory Notes, &c.* By WILHELM KLANER-KLATTOWSKY. London, 1834.

Partly as the result of our increased means of personal intercourse; partly also as a consequence of that intellectual movement by which the “body spiritual” is impelled onward in the pursuit of novelty and fresh acquirements; and partly in deference to court example, and court influence, the study of *German* has become, within the last four years, an essential accompaniment to every course of polite education in England. So great, also, has the enthusiasm for their ancient literature become among the Germans themselves, that the celebrated Dr. Grimm,—the colleague of our venerable friend, Professor Blumembach, of Göttingen,—has been delivering a course of Lectures on the “*Nibelungen Lied*,” an epic of the twelfth century. This spirit of literary research has been greatly fomented in the German circles by the antiquarian caste of the *Waverley Novels*, which are there universally read, and which we remember to have found on almost every family book-shelf.

In our estimate of a language, we are to weigh its particular merits—its precision, force, and energy—qualities by which we are enabled to express the most in the smallest compass—and compared, in these respects, with the modern languages of Europe, the German takes a high and undisputed station, and in copiousness, probably, is second only to the ancient Greek. In one respect it differs from all others, even from the Latin, in employing *native* words to express the terms applied to the arts and sciences; and thus vindicates an independence, little, if at all, inferior to the primitive Greek.

The treasures of German literature are so multifarious and comprehensive, that a knowledge of their language opens a wide and interesting field for the exercise of reason, and the indulgence of a rich and excursive imagination. Most of their standard writers, it is true, are known to us by the medium of translation; still, by the mere act of mental transfusion, much of their original spirit evaporates; and much of what, in its native idiom, exhibits true point and elegance, becomes, when translated, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Rightly to appreciate, therefore, the merits of an author, and to read, so as to relish and profit by the perusal, we must visit and converse with him, so to speak, at his own fireside; see him in his native simplicity of costume—divested of all that mystification, and tawdry masquerade, with which he is but too frequently invested by the literary incapacity, or *mauvais ton* of a translator,—and catch the sentiments as they spring fresh from their source, instead of accepting them through the chill, obscure, and second-hand channel of interpretation.

To facilitate this end, and to supply an important desideratum to the philologist, Mr. Klattowsky has here presented a simple but efficient

method, by which those difficulties which so often impede, and not unfrequently disgust, the student, are greatly obviated if not entirely removed; and the mysteries of the German tongue judiciously and concisely elucidated. Werner's powerful tragedy, and Kotzebue's well-known comedy of the "*Kleinstadter*," are given as the first and second parts of his "Dramatic Reader," and, accompanied with the "*Undine*" of De la Motte-Tongué, in prose,—form a very judicious and pleasing selection. Illustrated also by numerous critical notes and observations in English, they are well calculated for initiatory exercises, and such as, at small cost, will prepare the reader for a satisfactory introduction to the colossal genius of Goëthe, Schiller, and Wieland, whose united labours have conferred more lasting benefits on their country than all the legislators of the Holy Empire.

English Scenes and Civilization, or Sketches and Traits of the Nineteenth Century. 3 Vols. Smith, Elder and Co., Cornhill.

The two parts of this double title to this work, seem to be at variance with each other, according to the impressions that they convey. From the first we might expect some disquisitions, moral and political, upon the state of the English; from the second, amusement, vivacity, and wit; but the volumes themselves fulfil neither of the promises held out by the title-page. The whole is nothing more than a desultory novel, written in a very amiable spirit; and, in parts, a little dull. We do not think that the production will ever have the good fortune to become popular. The scenes and conversations are naturally enough described, but they are in themselves not a little wearying. The foibles and vices of the present era are preached at, instead of being laughed down; and thus the text is often eked out to tediousness. The art of being really instructive is to insinuate instruction, not to display it—and we, ourselves, the most moral of reviewers, should wear a countenance rather rueful, if we were compelled to the attendance of a seven or eight hours' moral sermon, and that is about the time that the perusal of these three volumes, with the best diligence, would occupy. We do not mean to say that there are not pages of great merit interspersed through these scenes, but they are clogged with wordy preachments that throw a dullness over what is not really dull. If the author would break up the work into short essays, we think that it would prove more successful.

The Sketches of Chaucer, in (from ?) which his impurities have been expunged, his Spelling Modernized, his Rhythm Accentuated, and his Obsolete Terms explained. Also have been added, a few Explanatory Notes, and a new Memoir of the Poet. 2 Vols. By CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

Mr. Clarke has done good service to the cause of literature, by producing these valuable volumes. Chaucer may now be read to be appreciated—the music of his verse is restored him, his meaning is made evident, and the faults of vicious illustration, the fashion of the age in which he lived, no longer shock the eye, or make us turn from his genuine beauties in disgust. Till these volumes are examined, it cannot be judged what care, discrimination, and labour, have been expended upon them. We trust that the able expositor will succeed in making this, the father of the English poets, thoroughly popular—and give him not that half kind of popu-

larity, which assents to beauties that are not read, but the genuine, which is seen in the much reading of a work because it is intrinsically beautiful. Hitherto but few persons pretending to a liberal education, have really read Chaucer as he ought to be read, and still fewer will acknowledge themselves unacquainted with him. This now will be no longer the case, as regards the former contingency ; and truly the case as regards the latter. We cannot take leave of this work without paying a willing tribute to the manner in which the life is written. It hits the happy medium of a biography, not overladed and eked out by the author's speculations, nor yet altogether barren of those reflections, that seem to arise naturally from the subject. The woodcuts are a great embellishment to the work, and are highly creditable to the artists engaged in producing them.

A Narrative of Events in the South of France, and of the Attack upon New Orleans in 1814 and 1815. By CAPTAIN JOHN HENRY COOKE. T. and W. Boone, New Bond Street.

We like this sort of thing extremely, and we say unhesitatingly, that the work before us makes its *entrée* in that easy, off-hand manner, which makes you friends with the author at once, and the volume will afford more amusement infinitely, and peradventure as much real instruction, as ten goodly tomes of the merely learned. In the beginning of this work there is a little touch of the military dandy too apparent, the personal appearance a little too much insisted upon, and the mustachios curled just half a turn too often. But what of all that? It gives us a pleasing idea of the identity of our amuser, and if he has taken all these pains with his outward man, is it not in compliment to ourselves, when he thus comes, book in hand, to visit. We took up this single-hearted and honest volume when we were weary—we took it up languidly, just with the intention of seeing what it was about, and we actually read it to the end without pausing, and, after all, rose refreshed. Now there are not many books that would have such an effect upon a poor, jaded reviewer, who had, for hours before, been pish pishing through fashionable novels, dozing over historical romances, or trying to find out an idea in volumes of poems. We have no space for going minutely into particulars of what gave us so much pleasure. We wish earnestly to call the attention of military men to the campaign before New Orleans—if the prolonged attack deserves that name. It is fraught with a fearful interest, and fixes upon the mind reflections of almost every hue. Captain Cooke's relation is vivid ; every evolution is made as clear to the eye, as if we had been present ; and the remarks we think are eminently judicious. In the grave and considerate soldier, we lose sight, for a time, of the volatile and amusing companion, but the captain supports both characters admirably. The book must be generally read, not because it is very good writing, but because it is most excellent reading.

The Poetical Souvenir, a Selection of Moral and Religious Poetry. Relfe and Fletcher, Cornhill.

A nicely bound little work, containing nothing but approved pieces ; some of which, particularly the religious ones, of eminent beauty. It will form an admirable offering to members of families, who are called serious—for nothing can be found in the volume that will relax morality, or weaken faith.

What have the Whigs done? or, an Answer to Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer's Letter on the "Present Crisis." Second Edition. W. Marsh, Oxford Street.

If we had occasion to praise, in our last number, Mr. Bulwer for the style (somewhat too embellished and festooned with trope and metaphor) of his letter, we have still more room for commendation in this spirited answer. The sturdy pamphleteer advances with step truly martial and truculent, and sweeps off with his weapon of satire mercilessly and completely the hot-house graces and the forced flowers that his antagonist had planted so thickly over his arguments, that he had completely hid the weakness of the substance that upheld them. Never before did we see the distinction so completely marked that exists between good writing and fine writing. Mr. Bulwer's oration was finely written, and we acknowledged it; but placed in contrast with the Answer, it looks like scented dandy endeavouring to assume consequential airs before a muscular giant, whose least frown seems to carry with it annihilation to the ornamented, second-hand-finery-bedizened article before it. We pronounce no political opinion on either side of the question: we also know that it is more easy to reply to, than to advance, an argument; yet we must say, that if the Tories have among them such powerful masked batteries, as this pamphlet, to open upon the Whig literary defences, as fast as they appear, we think, though the talented Mr. Bulwer construct them, that that party to which he belongs would show most valour by showing most discretion; and not provoke attack when there are such overwhelming metal, and such heavy calibre to make it not only effectively, but destructively.

The Sacred Classics; or, Cabinet History of Divinity. Edited by the Rev. R. CATTERMOLLE, B.D., and the Rev. H. STEBBING, M.A. John Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.

This, the twelfth volume, contains Dr. Cave's first volume of Primitive Christianity, or the Religion of the Ancient Christians in the first ages of the gospel; and to which are added, the Lives of Justin Martyr and St. Cyprian. We need not say that, independently of the divine instruction the reader will derive from this work, every true Christian must be anxious to know how his early brethren lived, worshipped, and suffered. We also recommend earnest attention to the introductory essay, which is as remarkable for elegance of diction, as for purity of sentiment.

Summaries of the Sermons and Discourses of the most Eminent British Divines. Edited by the Rev. Mr. HUGHES. A. Valpy, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

Whether or not this publication be meant in rivalry to the foregoing, is but of little consequence to the public. The more labourers there are in so good a vineyard, the better: the compilation must do good generally, and we hope the respective publishers will participate in it. This undertaking opens well with sermons from Sherlock, and must be of value to young divines who may not have access to large libraries as models; and to all others as precepts and infallible instructors. We may speak more at large upon this publication in our next number.

Turner's Annual Tour. By LEITCH RITCHIE. Longman, Rees, and Co., Paternoster Row, London.

This is the last Annual we have received, and we must do it the justice to say, that it is the best.* As a work of *art*, it is immeasurably superior to all the others—we refer to the plates. In the letter-press, Mr. Ritchie has been, as he always is, very happy. There is not only very beautiful writing, but there is a great deal of historical research, which renders the work very interesting. The siege of the “Château Gai llard” is one of the most graphic descriptions we ever had the pleasure of perusing. The engravings in this work, as we before observed, are, as works of art, very superior to any which have yet appeared in the other Annuals. Among the most pleasing, we will mention “View on the Seine, near Mantes.” Mantes, (most beautiful,) Fontainbleau, Confluence of Seine and Marne, and St. Denis; but they are all very superior, and we trust that the publisher will be indemnified for the enormous expenses which he must have incurred to produce a work of such sterling merit.

The Auto-biography of John Ketch. With Fourteen Illustrations, with Designs from Meadows. Edward Churton, 20, Holles Street.

That this work possesses great merit cannot be denied; but it possesses a merit extremely disagreeable to ourselves, that of having anticipated us in the publication of a similar work for the pages of our miscellany; and, what is still the more provoking, even to the very title that we had appropriated for our own use. We had our manuscript in possession months before we heard, or saw the announcements in the papers, of this work. That there will be a sort of rivalry established between us, though the works are entirely dissimilar both in matter and in style, must preclude our giving a lengthened notice of this very clever work. Did we point out its faults, we might be termed invidious; did we expatiate on its beauties, we might be accused of the puff by implication. We therefore dismiss it at once, wishing it every success.

Autumnal Leaves. By HENRIETTA ——. James Cochran and Co. 11, Waterloo Place.

We have read these various poems with an attention almost lover-like, and from the perusal, we are sure that the authoress is good, is accomplished, and has much of the true poetic feeling in the composition of her mind: we derive all this information from her verses, and yet we find them of a very common-place description, so difficult is it elegantly to express what we are sure that she intensely feels. Elegant mediocrity, which is the utmost praise that we can give these attempts, is, to peruse, of all things, the most dull and wearying; and we feel assured that this lady must appear to advantage in whatever contingency we may conceive her to be, excepting in print. No one that did not possess an elegant and refined mind, could have written such a book as she has given to the public; but she wanted the discretion to have remained conscious of the power, only she should not have displayed it.

* When we wrote this, we had not yet seen Alaric Watts' *Souvenir*: as Dryden says, “Let both divide the crown.”

The Literary Souvenir, and Cabinet of Modern Art. Edited by ALARIC WATTS. New Series. Published for the Proprietor, by Whittaker and Co. Ave Maria Lane.

This valuable work, about which public expectation has been raised so highly, has at length made its appearance, and fully justifies the hopes of excellence that have been so generally entertained. We had occasion in our last, to remark upon the high merits of the engravings, and we now find that the letter-press keeps pace with the embellishments. We may designate the "Painter's Dream," as the true commencement of the *Souvenir*; and when we state that it is the production of the talented editor, Alaric Watts, we have at once given an earnest of its beauty. It is in the Spencerian stanza, animated, learned, and every way worthy to open a book of much higher pretensions. The notes alone to the poem, contain a rapid, and very amusing biography of the most noted painters. Mary Howitt has some sweet, and natural stanzas, and Miss E. L. Montagu warbles out her numbers with all the richness and earnestness of a rival nightingale. We have also a very good paper from the pen of the president of the Royal Academy, Sir Martin Archer Shee. We think his plan not only patriotic, but practicable; which latter contingency is of paramount importance. Miss Landon has been sweetly sorrowful upon "Billet-doux," and by her elegant manner of treating the subject, has rescued the term from much of its implied ridicule. We have received this Annual so late, that we have scarcely time to do it ample justice. But the reader may rest assured, that though we have no time to descant upon the various beauties that we have enjoyed, that he will find no other yearly periodical that can excel, and few that can compete with it. We have also, among others, the productions of the most eminent authors of the day, some fascinating morceaux from the honourable Mrs. Charles Gore, as well as an excellent and sterling paper from the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, who would, we feel assured, from the graces of his style, had he prosecuted literature, as much have excelled in it, as he did in painting. Looking at once at the writings; and the embellishments that so beautifully adorn them, we do not hesitate to say, that this production is one of those landmarks by which the philosopher can so easily note the high pitch of civilization and refinement, to which we have, as a nation, arrived. All that are connected with this gorgeous display of what the age can do, have nobly performed their assigned duties; it now only remains for the public to do theirs, by giving the work that liberal patronage, that will make the artist glory in the toils of his hand—the poet and the moralist in the efforts of their minds.

The Romance of History. Spain. By DON TELESFORO DE TRUEBA. *With twenty-one Illustrations, by J. K. MEADOWS.* 3 Vols. Edward Churton, Holles Street.

Don Trueba has very ably performed his allotted task in this library of romance; and his native country, Spain, has provided him with ample and fitting materials. Perhaps no other region has been so fertile with striking, and well-authenticated examples of all the generous impulses, as well as of the blackest crimes. The almost tropical sun seems to bring to maturity in a wonderful manner the heroic virtues, as well as the most diabolical vices, all which make meet food for the tale and the romance. In the various examples that the Don has given us, he has confined himself strictly to the outline of history, and the embellishments

only are his own. This is acting very judiciously, as the memory is not confused by fiction, and burthened with contradictory accounts. The style of the narrative is clear, succinct, and unpretending; and the whole volume is written in very pure English. Altogether, it is hardly possible to take up a more amusing, or a more instructive book, and should the succeeding volumes but equal this, their precursor, Spain will have ample justice done to her in the records of English romance, and her history become, at the same time, widely popular.

Illustrations of Social Depravity. The Landed Interest. By GEORGE WINTER. John Reid and Co., Glasgow; William Tait, Edinburgh; Whittaker and Co., London.

This publication has not been sent to us continuously. Surely it cannot be for the sordid reason, that we have censured as well as commended. However, here is the Sixth Number on our table, and with the exception of a few blemishes of style, a very good one. The question is very broadly put, of whose are the landed estates of England, Ireland, and Scotland, if all debts were liquidated. The present *soi-disant* landlords must conform to circumstances, or circumstances will be found stronger than title-deeds, entails, or even unjust legislation. We wish well to the landed interest, and we entreat those composing it, not to isolate themselves by partizanship from the rest of their countrymen, for general prosperity alone can make the owners of the soil generally prosperous.

The Library of Romance. Edited by LEITCH RITCHIE. *The Siege of Vienna.* Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

This volume, the thirteenth, contains a translation from the German of Madam Pichler; and the manner in which it is executed, is worthy of the good company among which it is introduced. We shall not give an outline of the story, as it is one of great interest, and a little mystery, and it would not be fair to deprive its readers of the pleasing suspense, and the spur of curiosity, that makes romance reading so delightful. This tale is remarkable for power of language, and accuracy of costume, whether we regard the descriptions of the outward man, or the tone of thought prevalent in the era in which the scene is laid. The characters of the two sisters are finely contrasted, and the principles that act upon the temperament of each, worked out to their legitimate result. This volume should become a favourite.

Elegy written in a Country Churchyard. By THOMAS GRAY. John Van Voorst, Paternoster Row.

With but two slight exceptions, the artist has completely succeeded, and this inimitable elegy is worthily embellished; every verse having its appropriate wood-cut. To say that they are equal to copper engravings would be an exaggeration that could by no means benefit the proprietors; but not to say that they were very beautiful, would be an injustice both to the talents of the artists, and to the public, who will so much profit by them. We anticipate, from the success of this undertaking, many similar productions.

The Book of Science. Second Series. *Adapted to the Comprehension of Young People.* By JOHN MOFFAT. Chapman and Hall, 186, Strand.

This is a very worthy successor to the first series, and would make an admirable present to any amiable and enterprising youth. The wood-cuts are humorous after their fashion, and just such an embellishment as pleases the juvenile mind. This series comprises intelligent and easily-to-be-comprehended treatises on Chemistry, Metallurgy, Mineralogy, Crystallography, Geology, Oryctology, and Meteorology, and none of them treated of in a manner too abstruse to perplex the minds of those for whom they were written.

The Economy of Human Life. By ROBERT DODSLEY. John Van Voorst, Paternoster Row.

The merits of this little moral treatise are well known, and duly appreciated; we have therefore only to notice the dress in which it is again offered to the public. It is beautifully bound, gilt, and lettered; and embellished by twelve engravings on steel, by able masters. It forms, with these additions, a captivating little present, and we have no doubt but that it will circulate freely this Christmas, and on New Year's Day, for a more appropriate gift can hardly well be imagined.

Architectural Director, being an approved Guide to Builders, &c., with detailed Tables, &c., and a Glossary of Architecture, &c. By JOHN BILLINGTON, Architect. John Bennet, Three Tun Passage, Paternoster Row, London.

The Ninth Part of the Second Edition is now published. We have so often remarked upon the ability and excellence of this spirited undertaking, that we must content ourselves at present, with barely stating, that it still upholds its high character, every number as it appears, being equal to its predecessors.

Valpy's History of England, by Hume and Smollett. With a continuation, by the Rev. T. HUGHES, B.D. Valpy, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

This work has now progressed to the eleventh volume. We have so often panegyricized upon this work as it appeared in the detail, that we have nothing more to say upon this part than that it is in every respect in keeping with the excellence of the other volumes. It is carried down to the year 1788.

Hours of Thought. By ANNETTE. John Van Voorst, Paternoster Row.

Another little gilded beauty, meet companion for the reticule of the lady, when she deigns to carry one, and for the gentleman's waistcoat pocket. It is dedicated to Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson; and we are sure that talented lady must smile very benignantly upon it. The work consists of short specimens of prose and verse, original and selected, all of them above mediocrity, and some really superior.

Faust a Serio-Comic Poem, with Twelve Outline Illustrations. By ALFRED CROWQUILL. B. R. King, Monument Yard.

This is a very pleasant burlesque, for it is nothing more, upon the remarkable work of Goëthe. It is by far too remote to be called a parody. These *jeux d'esprit* are not, unless they be very well done, much to our taste. There is some wit, and a good deal of laughable equivoque in the stanzas that compose this brochure, but the ridicule does not tell at all against the original work. We look upon this, rather in the light of an independent comic tale, without reference to the drama from which it takes its name, and, in this view, we think it a very amusing trifle,—the reading of which cannot fail to produce a hearty laugh. Alfred Crowquill has well designed his plates, but the outlines are not sufficiently sharp and clear. They should have been cut in copper, for they really deserve it. Renovated Faust in the outline, is thoroughly German, and altogether a very promising and genuine sausage-eater. The devil also, is very deserving of commendation—which is rather a strange thing to say of one that bears a character so very indifferent. The work is worthy the attention of the reading public.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- The Romance of History (Spain, Vol. II.) 6s.
 Recollections of Mirabeau, 3rd edit. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 The Geographical Annual, 1835, 21s.
 The Biblical Annual, 1835, 21s.
 German, for Beginners, by W. Wittich. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 Lardner's Euclid, 4th edit. 8vo. 9s.
 Marston; a Novel. 3 vols. royal 12mo. 31s. 6d.
 The Genealogy of the British Peerage, by Lodge. 8vo. 16s.
 Lodge's Peerage, 1835. 8vo. 16s.
 Pearson's Hulsean Essay. 8vo. 5s. 6d.
 Scientific Conversation Cards, by the Rev. B. H. Draper. 3s. 6d. case.
 Youth's Keepsake. 18mo. 2s.
 Little Library, Vol. XV. Francis Lever; or, the Young Mechanic, sq. 4s.
 American Almanack and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for 1835, roy. 12mo. 5s.
 The Book of Fate. 8vo. 5s.
 The Book of Fate, abridged. 1s. 6d.
 The Guiding Star. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
 Le Nouveau Trésor. 12mo. 12s. 6d.
 The Girl's Book of Sports. 16mo. 4s. 6d.
 The Girl's Own Book. 16mo. 4s. 6d.
 St. John's Gospel, Greek, Latin, and English, Interlinear. 8vo. 6s.
 A Greek Grammar for the New Testament. 8vo. 4s. 6d.
 Triglott Evangelists, Interlinear, 8vo., with Grammar, 31s. 6d.; without Grammar, 28s.
 Three Years in the Pacific, by an Officer in the United States Navy. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.
 Naturalist's Annual, for 1835; or, Howitt's Book of Seasons 12mo. 9s.
 Cross Roads, a Game. 7s. 6d.
 Rose's Hulsean Lectures, for 1833. 8vo. 8s.
 The Peep of Day. 2nd edit. enlarged, &c. 3s.
 Novi Testamenti Libri Historici, Græcè. 3 vols. 8vo. 27s.
 Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes, Vol. VII. demy 8vo. 14s.
 Treatise on the Manufacture, Nature, &c. of the Gun. By William Greener. 8vo. 15s.
 An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of Lateral Deformity of the Spine. By E. W. Duffin, M.D. 2nd edit. 8vo. 8s.
 The Almack's Manual. 48mo. 1s.
 The Prophetic Discourse on the Mount of Olives illustrated. 8vo. 6s. 6d.
 Jan. 1835.—VOL. XII.—NO. XLV.

The Mother's Book, by Mrs. Child, revised for English Parents and Teachers. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

Rev. Chas. Lawson's Sermons at the Foundling Hospital, London. 8vo. 12s.

Elementary Essay on the Computation of Logarithms, by Professor Young. 12mo. 5s.

Map of the Borough of Marylebone, 14s. plain sheet, coloured and varnished; cloth and roller, 1l. 10s.

The Bishop of Chester's Exposition of St. John. 2 vols. 12mo. 9s.

Veritas Christiana, or chief points of Christian Faith, selected from Eminent Divines, &c. 2s.

East India Register, 1835. 10s.

Contributions to the Botany of India, by Robt. Wight. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Hyacinthe, or the Contrast, by the Authoress of "Alice Seymour," fcp. 8vo. 5s.

George Cruikshank's Sketch-Book, oblong folio, Vol. I. plain, 15s. cloth; coloured, 1l. 1s. cloth.

Horæ Hebraicæ; an Attempt to discover how the Argument of the Epistle to the Hebrews must have been understood by those therein addressed. With Appendices on Messiah's Kingdom, &c. &c. By George, Viscount Mandeville. In royal 8vo. 16s.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Sir Grenville Temple, who has lately returned from his Travels in Africa, is about to publish the result of his observations, part of which have afforded so much interest at the late sittings of the Geographical Society: the printing of the work is already considerably advanced, and the publication may be expected early in the ensuing month.

Lady Blessington's New Novel, entitled "The Two Friends," is now on the eve of publication, also the New Series of the O'Hara Tales, entitled "The Mayor of Wind-gap and Canvassing."

Miss Pardoe's New Novel, entitled "The Mardens and the Daventrys," which has been unavoidably delayed, will appear early in the ensuing month. It is now generally understood that the talented production which has lately excited so much attention, "The Examination of Shakspeare for Deer Stealing," is from the pen of Walter Savage Landor, Esq., who has for some time past resided in Italy.

"Selwin in Search of a Daughter, and other Pieces," by the author of "Tales of the Moors," will, it is expected, be ready for publication about the middle of January.

The Gipsy, a Romance, by the Author of "Mary of Burgundy," Life and Adventures of "John Marston Hall," &c.

A Third Volume of the Doctor is in the press.

A new and enlarged Edition of the Moral of Flowers. Royal 8vo., with Twenty-four coloured Plates.

The Transactions of the Medical and Chirurgical Society of London. Vol. XVIII. Part II., with coloured Plates.

Journal of Visit to Constantinople and some of the Greek Islands, in the Spring and Summer of 1833. By John Auldjo, Esq., F.G.S. Author of the "Ascent of Mont Blanc," "Sketches of Vesuvius," &c.

English in India, and other Sketches. By a Traveller. 2 vols. post 8vo.

An Exposition of the Nature, Treatment, and Prevention of continued Fever. By H. M'Cormac, M.D., Physician to the Fever Hospital, Belfast.

The Village Churchyard, and other Poems. By the Right Hon. Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. 1 vol. post 8vo.

A Narrative of the first Prussian Voyage round the World, during the years 1830, 1, 2, by Capt. Wendt, of the Louise, has been published at Berlin, in two quarto volumes.

M. Von Hammen is engaged in passing through the press, in Livraisons, a second edition of his History of the Ottoman Empire, with additions and improvements.

A French translation of our countryman Lieut. Burnes' excellent Travels is announced in Paris, with Notes, by the celebrated Orientalist Klaproth.

Memoirs of the Life, Character, and Writings of Sir Matthew Hale, Knt., Lord Chief Justice of England. By J. B. Williams, Esq. LL.D. F.S.A. Embellished with a full-length Portrait from an original Picture in possession of the Family.

A Complete Bohemian Dictionary, and, we have every reason to believe, a very important philological work, is promised by Dr. Jungmann. He has been employed upon it for thirty years; and it is to be published in parts.

Mr. J. D. Harding announces Sketches at Home and Abroad, by lithograph imitations of original Sketches from Nature.

We are glad to see that the works of Confucius (Kong-fou-tseu) and of Mencius (Meng-tseu), the two great Chinese philosophers, are about to appear, by M. M. G. Pallthier, with a translation opposite the original Chinese.

Prince Protajon, the Hetman of the Cossacs, the successor of our old friend Platoff, has translated the Poems of Parny into the Calmuc language.

Dr. Adam's Roman Antiquities. Edited by the Rev. J. R. Major, M.A. Head Master of the King's College School, London. Twelfth Edition, with Additions and Corrections. 1 vol. 8vo.

Faustus, a Dramatic Mystery; the First Walpurgis Night; the Bride of Corinth. Translated from the German of Goëthe, by John Anster, LL.D., Barrister at Law.

A New British Atlas; comprising separate Maps of every County of England, and the three Ridings of Yorkshire. Wales will be contained in four sheets, which will be so contrived that they can be joined together and form one Map. By J. and C. Walker. This work will be completed in Twenty-three Numbers, consisting of two Maps each, and will be published every Month, price 1s. 6d. plain, and 2s. coloured.—N. B. The Maps will be the same size as those done under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. The First Number will be published early in 1835.

A Memoir of the late Rev. Joseph Hughes, A.M., of Battersea; Originator and Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. By the Rev. J. Liefchild. Will be published in the early part of February.

The Classic and Connoisseur in Italy and Sicily; in which will be condensed the best Observations of the more distinguished Tourists through those Countries. With (as an Appendix) an abridged Translation of Lanzi's History of Painting. 3 vols. 8vo.

Elements of Medical Police; or the Principles and Practice of Legislating for the Public Health. By Bisset Hawkins, M.D., Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics in King's College. 1 vol. 8vo.

A New Annual, entitled the Edinburgh University Souvenir.

On the 2nd of March, will be published, the First Part of a History of British Fishes. By William Yarrell, F.L.S. With Woodcuts of all the species, and numerous illustrative Vignettes.

An Account of China. Comprehending its Political History, Government, Laws, Literature, Institutions, Manners and Customs; its Geography; its Commerce, internal and external, &c. In two vols. 8vo., with numerous plates.

Since the Year 1792, no new volume of the "Scriptores Rerum Danicorum," has been published till now, when Vol. VIII. has appeared at Copenhagen; and only one other volume, with an index, is wanted to complete this important work. Professor Schroeder has visited Paris to investigate materials for the completion of his collection of Swedish Historians of the middle ages, of which he has published three folio volumes.

Edward, the Black Prince. By Mr. James.

Outlines of Forensic Medicine. By William Cummin, M.D. Lecturer on Forensic Medicine at the Aldersgate Medical School.

The Third Part of a Dictionary of Practical Medicine, with numerous Formulæ of Medicines, by James Copland, M.D. F.R.S. The Fourth Part will speedily follow the publication of the Third.

Human Physiology. By John Elliotson, M.D. F.R.S. &c. With which is incorporated much of the "Institutiones Physiologiæ of Blumenbach." 5th Edition, with numerous Anatomical Woodcuts.

The Exile of Erin, or the Sorrows of a Bashful Irishman. In 2 vols. post 8vo.

Dedicated to the King, an Account of the Collegiate Chapel of Saint Stephen, at Westminster, showing its first Foundation in the Reign of King Stephen. The Rebuilding of the Chapel by Edward I. Price 6s., large paper, 8s.

Mr. Howitt's Panteka, or Traditions of the most Ancient Times, will be published on the First of January.

Bibliopectia; or the Art of Book-binding, in all its Branches. Illustrated with engravings.

An Easy Introduction to Short Hand, being an Abridgment of Byrom's System, for the Use of Schools and Private Tuition. Fourth Edition. 1s. 6d.

FINE ARTS.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Bible, containing Views of the most Remarkable Places mentioned in the Old and New Testaments. From finished Drawings, by TURNER, CALCOTT, STANFIELD, and other eminent Artists, made from original Sketches taken on the spot. With Descriptions of the Plates, by the Rev. THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE, B. D. John Murray, Albemarle Street; and Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

This, the tenth part, contains, in the first place, Mount Tabor, and is finely drawn and engraved from a sketch by the Hon. Capt. W. E. Fitzmaurice. It is a very singular feature, this mount, even in the wildly diversified scenery of Syria. As we supposed, we find by the letter-press, that the views furnished from it are of the most magnificent description. We next have Ephesus, with a view of the ruins of the Temple of Diana, and among those ruins the artist has placed some very appropriate figures; just such characters as love to make desolation, and then to haunt it afterwards. Speaking of the Temple of Diana, Mr. Horne says,—“This edifice, one of the seven wonders of the world, having been burnt by the incendiary Herostratus, B. C. 356, in the foolish hope of immortalizing his name,” &c. The end to be obtained was foolish, certainly; but when the time shall have arrived that his name and his act are forgotten, the hope may be then pronounced foolish. However, it is a spirited plate, and the associations connected with it are well described in the letter-press. Corinth, by Turner, after Cockrell, is an animated scene, full of good drawing, and a judicious distribution of light and shadow. The town appears but a mean affair, and all the interest is thrown in the foreground. Mount Moriat, which has received the embellishing hand of Turner, is a splendid view of one of the hills on which Jerusalem, in its magnificence, used formerly to stand. It is well engraved, and this number is no ways inferior to any of its predecessors.

Illustrations of the Bible, from Original Paintings, made expressly by RICHARD WESTALL, Esq., R.A. and JOHN MARTIN, Esq. With Descriptions by the Rev. ROBERT CAUNTER. Churton, Holles Street.

We have received the ninth part of this very cheap and spirited production. The letter-press description of the cuts is uniformly good, and so are most of the cuts themselves. We cannot afford space for the detail; but we cannot again help expressing our opinion that such excellent designs ought to have a better vehicle than wood, with which to convey their merits to the public.

Leaves from the Memorandum Book of Alfred Crowquill. Dedicated, by Permission, to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria. Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill.

Alfred appears very opportunely with his enlivening scratches at this period of domestic festivities. He has, in his first page, a chapter upon Beards—meet speculation for the young princess! Indeed, for variety and nature, they cannot be surpassed. There is picking and choosing to satiety. The travelling companions must be more pleasant upon the representative system than in actual reality. There is only one with whom we should wish to make a journey, and that one very contemptuously turns her back upon us. The doctor's leaf is very witty, but we can hardly tolerate the change of hair; for so vile a pun Alfred deserves a wiggling. The military leaf is very droll, and the reading very apposite. It is altogether a very amusing production.

Mr. Burford's Panorama. Leicester Square.

This enterprising and highly-talented artist has produced a very interesting novelty, that will much enliven the dullness of the winter season, to those especially who love to look upon the freshness of nature in all her springtide beauty. This

Panorama gives the spectator a view of the cemetery of Père la Chaise, in the environs of Paris ; and it is painted with a fidelity to nature in all its details, as well as in its effect, that is the very triumph of the illusory art. There is a vivid sunlight struggling through the interstices afforded by the tombs and foliage, that is completely magical. Coming out of the street, from the gloominess of a December day, we find ourselves all at once enjoying the most brilliant weather. As far as the picture is concerned, the artist has left us nothing to wish for. From his successful labours we naturally turn to those of our neighbours, which have produced the original of this striking scene. We certainly think that the whole is conceived in bad taste. There is too much effect—too many colours, indeed, the tombs seem all to have come to a sort of *fête champêtre*, in fancy dresses. We have no objection to the most finished specimens of architecture, or to the most elaborate display of architectural ornament, but we totally object to the introduction of gay colours. The simple grey or white of the stone or marble, should be carefully preserved ; and let us leave it to the bountiful hand of nature to spread bowers around and weave garlands to adorn them. Let us, if we be so inclined, make what belongs to death as cheerful as possible—but not gaudy ; however, as the French may have the real, and ourselves the false taste, we recommend all persons to go and judge for themselves.

Switzerland. By WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D. Graduate of the University of Edinburgh, Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London, &c. &c. &c. Illustrated by a Series of Views, taken expressly for this Work, by W. H. BARTLETT, Esq. George Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane.

The fifth part of this beautiful publication has now made its appearance, and must be hailed with equal pleasure by the lovers of the fine arts and of literature ; for in both departments no periodical publication stands more highly. The first plate is a representation of the romantic Jungfrau, and there is a depth of tone, combined with a transparency about the engraving, truly delightful. It is a performance that not only bears, but invites, inspection. “Geneva, from the ramparts,” the next engraving, gives the spectator a very pleasing idea of this ancient city. The distance is lightly and elegantly touched in, and gives a good resemblance of the far-off pinnacled and snow-capped mountains. The “Château Wufflens,” (Pays de Vaud,) is vigorously engraved, and the sunset, with its corresponding dense shadows, admirably portrayed. The “Convent of La Madonna del Sasso, above Locarno,” (in the Canton Tessis,) may challenge any engraving of the day for softness of effect, delicacy of tints in the distance, and vigour and accurate markings in the foreground. The foliage of the trees is elaborately correct. It is a beautiful and romantic view, and would form an excellent drop scene for a theatre. The letter-press keeps equal pace with the perfection of the engravings, and we have only to complain that we have not enough of it. This publication does honour, even to the present civilized day.

Engravings. 1. *Promise.*—2. *Pair of Landscapes.*—3. *Venice.*

The above works, published by Mr. F. G. Moon, of Threadneedle Street, (late of the firm of Moon, Boys, and Graves,) deserve our best attention. No. 1 is a sweet engraving, representing two sisters in the “Spring time, and blossom of their life.” No. 2 are singularly bold and effective in their style ; the perspective is admirable ; and No. 3 is intended as a companion to “Byron’s Dream,” and if possible, exceeds that celebrated picture in its extreme beauty. For three years it has been in preparation, and from the singular brilliance of the engraving, there can be no doubt of its fulfilling the utmost expectations of the liberal-minded publisher.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

WE find, upon the average of the reports published during the month, that there is no ground for despondency of the prosperity of trade and commerce. Affairs proceed in their usual regular way without much

fluctuation. Indeed, want of news must, in this instance, be looked upon as fortunate intelligence. Each trade and business has now so many organs by which to make itself heard, that complaints would not fail to be loudly propagated, if there was ground for them.

The following is the latest state of the Money Market.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Wednesday, 24th of December.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 222, 223.—India Stock, 268.—Consols, 92 quarter, one eighth.—Consols for Account, 92 one eighth, quarter.—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 99 one-eighth, three-eighths.—India Bonds, 18s. 20s.—Exchequer Bills, 36s. 38s.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Brazilian Bonds, 78 half, 79.—Columbian

Six Per Cent, 1834, 33 quarter, 34 half.—Dutch Two and a Half Per Cent, 54 five-eighths, 54 seven eighths.—Mexican Six Per Cent, 41 three-quarters, 42 three-quarters.—Spanish, (1822), 54 three-quarters, 55.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican, 7l., 8l. — United Mexican, 4l., 4l. 10s. — Brazilian Imperial, 36l. 10s. 37l. 10s.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—The accounts received from Paris advise an improvement in the French Threes and Fives of about $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. on the previous quotation, and the Market here has been equally on the advance.

Consols have been done at 92 $\frac{1}{4}$; the Three per Cent. Reduced at 91 $\frac{1}{4}$, and the Three-and-a-Half per Cent. ditto at 99 $\frac{1}{2}$. Exchequer Bills have declined to 37s.: India Bonds to 20s. premium.

On the Cortes' Bonds and the Coupons together the advance at Paris has been equal to about one per Cent. Here they have consequently risen from 53 $\frac{3}{4}$, the concluding quotation of Dec. 20, to 55. Portuguese Bonds have further advanced from 86 to 86 $\frac{1}{2}$; and, there now appears to the dealers, from what has transpired in the Chambers at Madrid, to be some chance of the recognition by Spain of the independence of her South American Colonies. Chilian Bonds have revived from 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 34 $\frac{1}{2}$; Colombian from 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 32 $\frac{1}{2}$, the latter having been done during the day even at one per Cent. more. The Dutch Two-and-a-Half per Cent. Stock is at 55; the Five per Cent. ditto at 99 $\frac{1}{2}$.

In Shares there has been some little improvement. Brazilian have advanced from 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 37; Mexican from 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 $\frac{1}{2}$; United Mexican from 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 $\frac{1}{2}$; Canada Company have got up to 44 $\frac{1}{2}$ 45.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM NOVEMBER 25, TO DECEMBER 19, 1834, INCLUSIVE.

Nov. 25.—J. G. Christ, Cooper's Row, Tower Hill, merchant.—T. Thatcher, Fleet Street, florist.—W. Roantree, Long Acre, coach builder.—T. Tayler, Fore Street, carpet warehouseman.—J. W. Layton, Kew, coal merchant.—J. Harwood, Over Darwin Lancashire, cotton cloth manufacturer.—J. B. Carson, Liverpool, wool merchant.—P. M'Ardell, Liverpool, shipwright.—M. G. Spotswood, Oldham, mercer.—R. A. Souter, Colchester, bookseller.

Nov. 26.—J. D. Smith, Norwood, stable keeper.—A. D. Small, St. Peter, Herts, dealer in cattle.—G. Bell, Chertsey, Surrey, tailor.—J. Winch, Stratford, Essex, coach master.—B. Bradley and R. Cattell, White Hart Court, Lombard Street, wine merchants.—H. F. Hunt, St. Mary at Hill, wine merchant.—J. S. Stevens, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, plumber.—A. Bray, Red Lion Yard, Holborn,

horse dealer.—M. Caldwell, Austin Friars, merchant.—J. N. Hassell, Shrewsbury, mercer.—J. Foster, Easingfold, Yorkshire, money scrivener.—A. Jones and J. Foyster, Halsted, Essex, ribbon manufacturers.—J. Coates, Worcester, woollen draper.—B. Raby, Preston, innkeeper.—W. F. Haines, Leamington, surgeon.—A. E. Abraham, Exeter, optician.—G. Phillips and J. Whittow, Haverfordwest, linen drapers.

Dec. 2.—J. Atkin, Bridgewater Square, stationer.—W. Elkington, Birmingham, money scrivener.—J. Brown, Wapping Wall, victualler.—R. Gray, King Street, Aldgate, ironmonger.—T. Jones, Little Newport Street, Leicester Square, trimming seller.—R. Moore, Brighton, hotel keeper.—J. Eads, Stonehouse, Devonport, linen draper.—E. Blankley, Bloomsbury Market, plumber.—W. Ripley, Sheffield, joiner.—W. K. Westly, Salford, flax spinner.

—J. Boothroyd, Stayley Bridge, Lancashire, stone mason.—S. Mason, Liverpool, liquor merchant.—E. Churchill, Cardiff, shoemaker.—S. Ashworth, Manchester, hat manufacturer.—R. Belt, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant.—J. P. and C. E. Hicks, Eastington, Gloucestershire, clothiers.—R. Bligh, Bishop Auckland, Durham, surgeon.

Dec. 5.—J. D. Smith, Norwood, stable keeper.—J. Rovett, Colchester, stage coach proprietor.—N. Taynton, Lincoln's Inn, law stationer.—S. W. Sustenance, Piccadilly, bookseller.—T. Walker, Trowbridge, Wiltshire, cloth manufacturer.—J. Staig and J. Poulson, City Bason, marble masons.—R. T. Scarr, jun. Bishops Stortford, Hertfordshire, surgeon.—J. Earp and T. Haines, Brownlow Street, Holborn, tailors.—J. Gibbs, Ramsey, Huntingdonshire, grocer.—B. Crossby, Rotherham, Yorkshire, draper.—T. Alderson, Rufford, Lancashire, innkeeper.—O. Hustler, Halstead, Essex, scrivener.—E. Halliley, Leeds, coal merchant.—J. Horton, Leeds, joiner.—R. Smalpage, Leeds, tailor.—J. Biddle, Birmingham, factor.—B. Fieldhouse, Kinfare, Staffordshire, innkeeper.

Dec. 9.—G. Boyer, Farnham Place, Southwark, tanner.—W. B. Stuart, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, tailor.—J. Kingsley, Biggleswade, Bedfordshire, sheep jobber.—J. Humphryes, Newgate Street, victualler.—J. D. Smith, Norwood, stable keeper.—A. Richter, Soho Square, bookseller.—W. Poole and V. Thomson, Great Surrey Street, Blackfriars Road, victuallers.—W. Bloxam, Warnford Court, Throgmorton Street, stock broker.—C. M. Payne and J. Jones, Garratt Lane, Wandsworth, and Paternoster Row, silk printers.—J. Berry, Tabernacle Walk, Hoxton, draper.—T. Coleman, Darlaston, Staffordshire, nail master.—T. Alderson, Rufford, Lancashire, innkeeper.—T. Fieldhouse, Kinfare, Staffordshire, innkeeper.—T. Done, Audley, Staffordshire, far-

mer.—W. Larke, Bungay, Suffolk, wine merchant.

Dec. 12.—J. Vollans, jun., Leeds, woollen cloth manufacturer.—D. Bowen, Swansea, Glamorganshire, linendraper.—R. and G. Sharpley, Oxford Street, stationer.—W. Broady, Leeds, wool dealer.—R. Kehoe, New Street, Bishopsgate Street, wholesale grocer.—G. Shoobridge, Skinner Street, tailor.—S. Danford, Battersea Fields, money scrivener.—D. and J. Haigh, Slaithwaite, Huddersfield, cloth manufacturers.—H. Clark, Bridgewater, Somersetshire, linendraper.—B. Challinor, Derby, colour manufacturer.—S. and J. Phillips, Liverpool, merchants.—F. E. Bingley, Wakefield, Yorkshire, printer.—T. M. Myers, Liverpool, salt broker.—W. Pope and A. Cambridge, Liverpool, ship builders.—J. E. Devey, Kidderminster, Worcestershire, miller.—J. Graham, Natland, Westmoreland, seed dealer.

Dec. 16.—J. B. Clark, High Street, Shadwell, grocer.—J. Kendrick, Sidney Alley, printseller.—G. B. Brown, E. R. Danson, and C. Duncan, New Broad Street, merchants.—W. Casey, Cow Cross Street, victualler.—T. Johnson, Petworth, Sussex, surgeon.—J. Whitten, Liverpool, merchant.—J. Croser, G. Walker, and J. C. Walker, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship brokers.—S. Tomlinson, Liverpool, coal merchant.—S. Jones, New Sarnin, Wiltshire, bookseller.—E. Oakley, Wimborne, Minster, Dorsetshire, linendraper.—T. Lane, Hereford, seedsman.

Dec. 19.—T. Wilkinson and E. Down, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, bill brokers.—J. S. Hutchinson, Montague Close, Southwark, leather seller.—E. Cocker, Wood Street, hardwareman.—C. F. Oppenheim, East India Chambers, Leadenhall Street, merchant.—J. Glover, May's Buildings, St. Martin's Lane, watchmaker.—C. Abercrombie, Liverpool, merchant.—T. Wells, Binham, Norfolk, farmer.—S. Thorpe, Nottingham, wharfinger.—J. Whereat, Portsmouth, tavern keeper.

NEW PATENTS.

J. Hearle, of Devonport, Devon, Engineer, for certain improvements on engine-pumps applicable to ships and every other purpose that a pump can be applied to. November 3rd, 6 months.

J. Gibbs, of Kennington, Surrey, Engineer, for certain improvements in carriages, and in wheels for carriages. November 4th, 6 months.

S. Bagshaw, of the Parish of Saint James, Middlesex, for an improved filter for water or other liquids. November 7th, 6 months.

P. R. Jackson, of Bolton-le-Moors, Lancaster, Engineer, for certain improvements in hydraulic presses and pumps. November 6th, 6 months.

J. Walton, of Sowerby Bridge, York, Cloth Dresser and Finisher, for certain improvements in the machinery used for raising the pile of woollen and other cloths. November 12th, 6 months.

J. M. Cramer, of Leicester Square, Middlesex, Mechanic, for an improved steam-engine. November 13th, 6 months.

L. W. Wright, of Sloane Terrace, Chelsea, Middlesex, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for making paper. Partly communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 15th, 6 months.

C. de Bergue, of Clapham, Surrey, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery for spinning or twisting cotton, flax, silk, and other fibrous substances. November 15th, 6 months.

E. G. Giles, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements on apparatus for engraving on copper and certain other substances. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 15th, 6 months.

S. Garner, of Lombard Street, in the City of London, Gentleman, for an improvement in the art of multiplying certain drawings and engravings or impressions. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 15th, 6 months.

W. Crofts, of New Radford, Nottingham, Machine Maker, for certain improvements in certain machinery for making figured or ornamented bobbin-net, or what is commonly called ornamented bobbin-net lace. November 20th, 6 months.

W. Wells, of Salford, Lancaster, Machine Maker, and G. Scholefield, of the same place, Mechanical Draftsman, for an improved apparatus or machine for cutting the pile or cords of fustians and other fabrics manufactured of cotton, wool, and other fibrous materials. November 20th, 6 months.

R. Whiteside, of Air, in the County of Air, Wine Merchant, for certain improvements in the wheels of steam-carriages, and in the machinery for propelling the same, also applicable to other purposes. November 20th, 6 months.

A. Craig, of Edinburgh, for improvements in steam-engines. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 26th, 6 months.

J. Lutton, of Tudor Place, Tottenham Court Road, Middlesex, Chair Maker, for certain improvements on castors for furniture. November 25th, 6 months.

R. J. Barlow, of Rudley, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, for certain improvements in springs applicable to carriages and other purposes. November 25th, 6 months.

J. Couch, of Stoke, Devonport, Captain in the Royal Navy, for certain improvements in ships' channels. November 25th, 6 months.

J. T. Slade, of Carburton Street, Fitzroy Square, Middlesex, Gentleman, for an improved metallic sheathing for the bottoms of ships and vessels. November 25th 6 months.

J. Donkin, of Blue Anchor Road, Bermondsey, Surrey, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the machinery for making of paper. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 25th, 6 months.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1834.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Nov.					
23	30-47	29,98-30,01	N.E.		Cloudy, generally. Freq. intervals of sunshine.
24	32-46	29,99-29,93	E.		Cloudy, generally. Freq. intervals of sunshine.
25	35-44	29,88-29,84	N. & N.E.		Cloudy, generally. Freq. intervals of sunshine.
26	34-40	29,78-29,75	N.		Cloudy, generally. Freq. intervals of sunshine.
27	26-46	29,68-29,58	W.		Morning clear; rain in the evening.
28	38-48	29,50-29,46	S.W.	,15	Cloudy, except the evening.
29	36-49	29,45-29,40	S.W.		Generally clear.
30	34-47	29,35-29,37	W. & S.		Generally clear.
Dec.					
1	38-50	29,24-29,16	S.W.	,35	Cloudy, with frequent showers.
2	40-52	29,45-29,68	S.W.	,05	Cloudy, except the afternoon and evening.
3	39-51	29,96-30,09	W.		Cloudy, sunshine at times.
4	40-51	30,16-30,14	S.W.		Cloudy, except the evening.
5	29-45	30,07-30,03	W. b. S.		Very foggy.
6	30-50	30,00-30,02	S.W.		General cloud.
7	41-57	30,06-30,07	S.W.		General cloud, rain in the morning.
8	39-47	30,06-30,13	S.W.	,225	General cloud, rain in the morning.
9	31-45	30,42-30,36	S.W.		Generally clear.
10	29-47	30,15-30,30	N.W.	,2	Generally clear, rain about 3 A.M.
11	26-41	30,42-30,50	N. b. W.		Generally clear.
12	29-47	30,49-30,41	S.W.		Cloudy, a little rain in the afternoon.
13	36-45	30,33-30,29	S.W. & W.		General cloud.
14	36-43	30,33-30,49	N. b. E.		Cloudy, except the evening.
15	32-47	30,51-30,45	N.E.		Cloudy, rain at times.
16	35-46	30,37-30,30	N.E.	,025	Cloudy, except the evening.
17	35-47	30,20-30,09	N.		General cloud, a little rain at times.
18	33-47	30,18-30,20	N.		Clear, except the morning and evening.
19	35-49	30,21-30,14	W.		General cloud; a few stars visible in the evening.
20	37-47	30,09-30,05	N.E.		Generally clear in the morning, otherwise cloudy.
21	36-46	30,09-30,18	N.E. & N.		Cloudy; frequent intervals of sunshine.
22	34-45	30,27-30,32	N.E. & N.		Cloudy, except the evening.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.—*Anniversary Meeting.*—Mr. Lubbock in the chair.—The annual address was read. As usual, it enumerated the fellows who had been added to the society since the last anniversary, and likewise those who had died. There was nothing which called for particular remark on either point. The auditors' report was also read; it was satisfactory. A letter from the president to Mr. Lubbock was communicated: it attributed his Royal Highness's frequent absence during his last session to continued illness in his eyesight; and further, that should the complaint remain he would be under the necessity of vacating the president's chair. Mr. Lubbock having stepped from the chair, it was taken by Mr. Davies Gilbert, who presented to him one of the royal medals, for his valuable paper on the tides, published in the *Philosophical Transactions*. Mr. Lubbock, by these and kindred researches, now leaves behind the *savans* of France and other parts of the continent, who heretofore had almost made this branch of philosophy their own. The other royal medal was awarded to Mr. Lyell for his work, entitled, "Principles of Geology." The Copley medal was awarded to Professor Plana, for his "*Théorie du Mouvement de la Lune*." His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was re-elected president.—Sir Benjamin Brodie in the chair.—Another portion of Mr. Lyell's paper, "On proofs of the gradual rise of the land in Sweden," was read. The proofs adduced by the author are abundant. On that side of the land bounded by the gulf of Bothnia, rocks, which forty years ago were not visible, now rise two feet above the surface of the water; indeed, so manifest is this gradual rise, and so familiar with it are the inhabitants along the coast of Finland, that they deem artificial marks unnecessary. The author met with a wrecked vessel, and its anchor imbedded sixteen miles from the sea; and similar traditions are extant throughout Finland. In some parts the fall of water each year is so considerable that it is found difficult for ships to harbour where good anchorage used to be found. Great quantities of schistous red sand-stone are frequently deposited on the shores of Finland; these masses are brought from time to time by the force of the ice, for they are by far too large to be carried thither by the action of the current. Mr. Wilkinson, the Egyptian traveller, Mr. Brockedon, the artist, and eleven other individuals, were elected fellows. In the library was exhibited a new and beautiful example of the polarization of light. It is a window constructed of selenite, a crystallized variety of sulphate of lime, split into thin plates. Two films of what may be called complementary colours destroy each other and produce white; two films of the same colour produce a black.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Dr. Birkbeck on the preservation of timber and other vegetable substances.—This was an able exposition of Mr. Kyan's discovery for preventing dry rot, mildew, and decay in timber, canvass, cordage, &c. We have so frequently directed public attention to this principle, that it would now be quite a work of supererogation to say a word on the subject more than to repeat, that a saturated solution of corrosive sublimate, into which the material is placed for a short time, completely preserves it from further decay. Dr. Birkbeck, however, in his admirable address, threw together such a number of instructive observations on vegetable physiology, in reference to the original or natural cause of decay in timber, that it would be improper to pass them in silence. After a cursory review of the fallacious principles of Reid, Jackson, Lewis, Langton, and others, the lecturer noticed the discovery of Berzelius and Fourcroy, (an improvement on that of Sir Humphrey Davy,) relative to the preserving properties of *tannin*, illustrating it by an experiment with a portion of animal gelatine and oak tannin, which produced a precipitate possessing all the principles sought after. The passage of fluid through a woody structure had been clearly demonstrated by De Candolle, and other vegetable anatomists; nay, water found its way through the pores with even greater facility than air; besides, there was the *albumen*, a constituent of vegetable as well as animal substances, distinguished by its property of coagulating when heated, and the *alburnum*, a soft white substance between the inner bark and the wood of trees: these might be considered the natural sources of decomposition. The albumen was more readily decomposed than other parts of the wood; and it had a germinating principle in itself—a soil fitted for the production of the *manas*,

and others of the *infusoria* order, observed by Ehrenberg, 500,000,000 of which might be contained in a square inch: these insects were minute enough to find their way throughout the texture of the wood. Again, Count Romford found, do all he could—and he tried many experiments to expel both air and water—that only three fifth parts of wood were solid matter, the others being water. How apparent and necessary was it then to effect a vacuum as regarded air and water, and to render the albumen, &c. not decomposable! This was the chief end of Mr. Kyan's valuable discovery. Many well-authenticated specimens of prepared and unprepared materials, deposited for years in the fungus-pit at Woolwich, which possesses such a villanous compound of air that it was remarked neither animal nor vegetable life continued in it, were produced; the effects of mildew and rot were as obvious in the latter as their total absence was wonderful in the former.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.—Mr. Lambert in the chair.—The papers read were, 1st. "On a new genus of *Arachnida*," by the Rev. F. W. Hope. The insect is a native of Brazil, and constitutes a new division of the family. Mr. Hope proposed for it the name of *Dolichoscelis*. 2d. "Descriptions of the insects collected by Captain King in his survey of the Straits of Magellan." The catalogue contains a considerable number of new forms. A living specimen of the mocking-bird of America, (*Turdus polyglottus*,) was exhibited by Mr. Cox. This is the first instance of the bird having been kept alive in this country. It has been in the possession of Mr. Cox for some time, and appeared in excellent health.—The conclusion of Mr. Garner's paper, "on the radiated and molluscous animals," was read. Several new members were proposed. There was exhibited a portrait of the dragon's-blood-tree (*Dracæna draco*) growing in the vicinity of the port of Orotava, in the island of Teneriffe, supposed to be the largest in the world. We observed in the Society's library two bunches of grapes of a second crop produced by a vine on an open wall in a garden at Vauxhall, the only instance of the kind that has been recorded as occurring in our climate.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Letters arrived yesterday at the office of the Geographical Society from Captain Back; but they are only dated the 7th May, five days later than the previous accounts from him, and consequently add little to the information these conveyed. He was actively engaged in making preparations for his departure for the coast; and though, under all circumstances, he had resolved to divide his party, and take only one boat and crew with him, yet his spirits were high; and he was convinced that no real danger need thus be apprehended. In this, too, we are happy to understand that the most competent authorities here concur with him. The Esquimaux, to the eastward of Copper-Mine river, are considered uniformly gentle and friendly to strangers. In this direction they are not brought in contact with any hostile tribes. Captain Back's supply even of dry food (pemmican) for a party reduced, as he proposes, will probably be ample. The labour of transporting stores for them will be less than if all proceeded; and those left behind will push forward assistance during the season to meet the advance on its return in autumn. We earnestly trust that these anticipations may prove correct. We can have no further accounts till August or September next, when we hope that the gallant traveller may himself bring the news.—Sir George Murray in the chair. Another short letter from Captain Back to Mr. Barrow was read. Instead of the remaining portion of Major Felix's account of his journey to Mount Sinai being read, there was substituted a communication made to Captain Sabine by Mr. Douglass, who, our botanical friends will recollect, left England some years ago, and has since been botanizing in the Sandwich Islands. This paper is chiefly filled with particulars of certain journeys to the volcanic mountains. With the exception of *ferns*, the beauty of which, springing from the lava, is mentioned by the writer, there were few or no other specimens met with. He describes the sound produced by these volcanoes as surpassing the noise of "the whole steam-engines of the universe." His last sleeping elevation was upwards of 10,000 feet; he occasionally suffered severely from heat, his eyelids being scorched and literally dried up. Although we paid considerable attention to the paper, no analysis can be given, it is so mixed up with details geological, botanical, barometrical, &c. Sir G. Murray then presented the royal premium to Lieutenant Burnes, observing that such an act was one of the most pleasing duties of a chairman. He animadverted on the travels of Lieutenant Burnes, which were of the most interesting character, whether viewed in reference to the classical reat-

lections of ancient history, or in connexion with the more modern and momentous concerns of this empire. To trace the course of the Indus was Lieutenant Burnes's first object—water communication through the midst of a great country being properly considered of the highest importance to its inhabitants, as regarded their commerce, their manufactures, their arts, and last, not least, their religion ; especially so in those states where the population was in comparative ignorance and degradation. After noticing Lieutenant Burnes's exploration of the Oxus, Sir George observed that he felt particularly gratified at the circumstance, that no branch of the public service was more prominent in fostering and bringing forward talent than the service of the East India Company, to which Lieutenant Burnes belonged. Aided by the Company, and by the vigour of his native character, the energy of his mind, his daring courage, his classical knowledge and store of science, he pursued his journey to central Asia, passed from Cabool to Bokhara, pushing his discoveries into a country interesting to all Englishmen, and making many important corrections of errors in the geography of the East. By the patient perseverance and sound judgment which he displayed, he made his way through a barbarous country, which would have baffled any other man less endowed. Lieutenant Burnes, in return, addressed the meeting. He felt very grateful for the honour and approbation bestowed on him by the Geographical Society. Many travellers, he observed, had gone part of the same route before him, on their own account ; he, however, had been stimulated, assisted, and protected by the East India Company : through its great political influence he was enabled to proceed with safety over his extended route. He was exceedingly pleased to see around him many gallant officers of that service, who had been his companions in arms and in early life. After running over the course of his travels, Lieutenant Burnes stated, that when in the midst of the deserts of Tartary, in company with Mr. Moorcroft, he received a letter from a French gentleman at Lahore, together with the *East India Gazette*, in which was an account of the Geographical Society of London, setting forth its anxiety to promote the exploration of central Africa : the receipt of the information gladdened the hearts of the travellers, and added new life to them in their perilous undertaking. In conclusion, Lieutenant Burnes said he was altogether inadequate to the task of properly expressing the high sense he entertained of the notice and kindness conferred upon him.—The meeting was very numerously attended. Several members were elected.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES, Dec. 18.—W. R. Hamilton, V. P. in the chair.—The Society re-assembled this evening, after the adjournment made at a meeting, held *pro forma*, on the 4th instant, in consequence of the death of the Duke of Gloucester, until after his funeral. The report of the proceedings of the last meeting before the adjournment having been read, and the other routine business disposed of, the Secretary laid on the table some "auld nick-nackets," which had been taken up from under one of the piers of Old London Bridge, Sir H. Ellis then read a communication from Sir Francis Palgrave to himself, on some numismatic antiquities in his charge, as Keeper of the Records of the Chapter of Westminster Abbey. His predecessors in this office appear to have been Treasurers, or even Masters of the Mint to the kings of England, from the time of Canute down to a comparatively recent date, and there now remain in the office a great number of dies and a bag of coins, the former being of various eras, and generally much worn, and the latter, for the most part, counterfeits of the time of Henry VII. Two of the coins, and impressions in wax from some of the dies, accompanied this communication from this sole representative, as Sir Francis himself remarks, of the Saxon Cabinet. The next communication was from Mr. Woodward, addressed to the Society through Mr. Hudson Gurney, one of its Vice-Presidents, reporting some researches and discoveries in the ancient Abbey of Wymondham, in Norfolk, and explaining some descriptive drawings of it, which were suspended in the room.

MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

MARINE ARTIFICIAL HORIZON.—Lieutenant A. B. Becher has, we are informed, succeeded in producing this desideratum, by a machine of simple construction and of small size. It is founded on the principle that the same fluid (in this case, mercury) preserves its level when distributed in different tubes; and the experiment has been found to answer when tried in the north seas by day, by Captain Hewett of the *Fairy*.

RELATIVE SALINE QUALITY OF THE WATERS OF THE ATLANTIC AND MEDITERRANEAN.—A remarkable proof of the relative degrees of salt, held in solution by the waters of the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea, is afforded by the condition of the boilers of his Majesty's steam packet *Carron*, which has recently arrived at Woolwich, after an attendance of a few months upon the Fleet in the neighbourhood of Constantinople. Owing to the extensive impregnation with salt of the upper waters of the Mediterranean, it would appear that a deposit of solid salt, to the extent of one-eighth part of an inch per diem, is found at the bottom of the boilers. This deposit is further stated, to be greater in one week in the Mediterranean, than the entire deposit found in six months in the boilers of the steam packets which ply from Falmouth to Lisbon. In consequence of the extraordinary deposit of salt, it is found that the fuel carried out for feeding the furnaces, is exhausted much sooner, in consequence of the greater thickness of the solid medium between the water and the fire. The bottoms of the boilers also are much more rapidly acted upon and destroyed by the heat. To remedy these most serious inconveniences, no other method has yet been adopted than that of very frequently letting off the steam, for the purpose of cooling and opening the boiler for the removal of the saline incrustation by the hand. But on the contrary, this operation is productive of an extraordinary loss of time, a period of sixty hours being generally required for the purpose, and this long detention occurring, of necessity, after a performance of only a few days. Therefore so serious and peculiar a disadvantage to steam navigation, upon a sea which conducts us to so many great nations upon its shores, and even to all our possessions in the East, is well entitled to the consideration of the chemists and engineers of this country. The only chemical preparation which yet has been attempted for the purpose of dissipating this saline deposit, has been found to have so corrosive an effect upon the metal of the boiler, that this remedy has proved to be worse than the disease. The matter is certainly well worthy of the attention of the scientific world.

CONVERSION OF SALT WATER.—We observe, from a prospectus just put into our hands, that a company is being formed to promote and ensure the general success of this important discovery, and the application of which has been secured by patent. In addition to the highly beneficial results mentioned in our notice of the experiments we witnessed, the enumeration of them in the paper now before us states that the residuum, after the process of distillation is completed, is readily convertible into pure salt. Thus, from the wide ocean is at once procured, not only the inestimable benefit of fresh water, but the wholesome means of seasoning food for the consumption of seafaring men. Surely we cannot over-rate the value of this improvement, nor wish it too universal an adoption. Mr. Farraday, Dr. Kerrison, Mr. Mangham, and other eminent chemists, have fully confirmed our favourable report.

PATENT BRONZE SHEATHING.—*From the Plymouth Herald.*—There has been delivered this week to His Majesty's Dock-yard here, a quantity of bronze sheathing, and directions have been given by the Lords of the Admiralty to sheathe two of the Falmouth packets that may next require coppering, one side with the patent bronze, and the other with copper, so that a comparison may be fairly established of the duration of the two substances. We have been favoured with an inspection of a sheet of the bronze, which is a beautiful specimen of manufacture; the grain of the metal, and we understand its composition, very much resemble that of brass ordnance. But notwithstanding its density and polished surface, it is at the same time quite malleable and pliant. The subject is one of great interest, and we have therefore collected the following details relative to this new invention, which we understand originated with a French Engineer, and was first tried in the French Navy

in 1829; since which, on account of its superior durability, ascertained by repeated experiments, the French Government has contracted for several hundred tons a year. In every instance it has been found to keep quite *clean*, a point of paramount importance; whilst from its superior hardness, it is not so liable to be rubbed, in case of a vessel taking the ground, or running foul. The wear of copper on ships' bottoms, is a mechanico-chemical action, inasmuch as its waste at sea is six and a half times greater than in harbour. We should conclude, therefore, *à priori*, that a hard metal like bronze, would waste less by the friction of the water, than a soft metal like copper; and the great duration of ancient bronze, proves that it is less oxidable. There would thus be established a superiority in resisting mechanical as well as chemical action in favour of the bronze. The results of the experiments made in the French Navy, on bronze sheathing *very imperfectly manufactured*, as stated in the "*Annales Maritimes*," for 1830, 31 and 32, go to prove that when applied to ships' bottoms, the loss in weight of the bronze is less than half that of copper. It appears now established, that a continued and unceasing wasting of the metallic sheets alone secures a clean bottom, and that no galvanic protection is compatible with it; fresh surfaces of the metallic sheets must constantly be presented by the washing away of the scale or oxide: everything that attaches to the bottom in calms or in harbour, whether seeds of marine plants or spawn of animalculæ, is thus undermined and carried off, leaving the sheathing bright and clean. With the bronze as with copper, the same continuous wasting is going on, but *with one half the loss in weight*, owing to its greater hardness and density, and its inferior oxidability. Sir Humphrey Davy's protected copper failed, because as there was no oxide formed, the copper did not waste at all, and thus became foul. Nearly the whole of the whaling and India ships, from Havre, are sheathed with bronze, and several have returned from these long voyages with their bottoms perfectly clean, and the sheathing very little worn. It is now extensively in trial on ships from London, Liverpool, Greenock, &c. so that the results obtained in France will soon be severely tested in this country.

NEW DISCOVERY.—M. le Clerc, the proprietor of an iron manufactory, near St. Etienne in France, is reported in the French papers to have discovered a method of melting soft iron (*fer doux*), which has hitherto been considered as infusible, even at the greatest heat which could be obtained in the furnace. The discovery is likely to be of great benefit to the arts.

SUGAR FROM BEET-ROOT.—From a late French paper we find that the manufacture of sugar from beet-root continues to extend in the departments of the north. In 1833, there were thirty-three manufactories, since which time, eleven new ones have been established in the arrondissement of Valenciennes, eight in that of Lille, and two in those of Dunkirk and Avesnes; others are in progress in the arrondissement of Douay. We greatly regret to see this perseverance of our continental neighbours in so false and unproductive a system as that of manufacturing sugar from this very expensive and inefficient substitute for the cane. The protective system, so far from declining under the strong light which has recently been thrown upon such subjects, would here be seen extending its roots in every direction—thus from the increase of interests involved, rendering it only the more difficult to be overthrown. When sugar can be imported from the West Indies at one-half of the price and doubly nutritive in quality, it is melancholy to see this extensive abbreviation of the comforts of the people, and utter waste of so much of the soil, capital, and industry of France.

COMMUNICATION BETWEEN ENGLAND AND INDIA.—The steam project *viâ* Egypt is forthwith to be put to the test under proper auspices. The Hugh Lindsay steamer is to leave Bombay on the 10th of February, and to be met at Alexandria by a branch steam vessel from Malta. The Hugh Lindsay is to remain at Suez till met by the regular Mediterranean packet from Falmouth, to be despatched March 3; and the Maltese boat will set out on her return to that island between the 15th and 20th of the same month. The rail-road across the Isthmus of Suez, established by Mehemet Ali, will, it is hoped, greatly facilitate the success of this important plan of communication.

NELSON'S COFFIN.—From a part of the mainmast of L'Orient, which was picked up by the Swiftsure, Captain Hallowell directed his carpenter to make a coffin,

which he afterwards sent to his old friend and Commander, Nelson, with the following letter :—" Sir, I have taken the liberty of presenting you with a coffin made from the mainmast of L'Orient, that when you have finished your naval career in this world, you may be buried in one of your trophies. But that that period may be far distant, is the earnest wish of your sincere friend, Benjamin Hallowell." This singular present was received in the spirit in which it was sent. Nelson placed it upright against the bulk-head of his cabin, behind the chair he sat on at dinner, where it remained for some time, until his favourite servant prevailed upon him to have it removed, and in this identical coffin the remains of the lamented hero were finally deposited.

RUSSIAN CALCULATING BOY.—Another of these arithmetical phenomena has recently appeared in Russia. His name is Ivan Petroff; he is eleven years old, the son of illiterate peasants, and can neither read nor write; yet he solves the most difficult questions of calculation by a process of mind which he cannot explain. The emperor, having witnessed his powers, has given one thousand roubles for his education.

BRILLIANT DISCOVERY.—Galignani's Paris paper contains an account of a fine diamond found by a poor man in a piece of wood from the Levant, and which is valued at five hundred thousand francs, and would be worth much more if it had not a slight tinge of yellow. It had, it is supposed, been concealed in the tree when young.

INAUGURATION OF THE BUST OF LOURS, THE FRENCH ARCHITECT.—The bust of Lours, the eminent French architect, who built the principal theatre at Bordeaux, which is so much admired, was inaugurated in that city with great ceremony a few days ago. The mayor pronounced an eulogium to his memory, and the air was rent with cheers and bravos when that officer placed a laurel upon the bust. Honours paid to the memory of a man of genius are the usual reward for a life of neglect and suffering. Lours long struggled against poverty and misery, and died in a state of utter destitution at the Hôtel Dieu in Paris.

STEAM CARRIAGES.—A Brussels paper contains an account of an experiment, which has just been made with a new steam-carriage in that city. It went from the Lacken Gate to Vilvorde, and the rate was such, that its average speed was reckoned at about eight leagues per hour. The carriage was about to start for Paris, and another upon the same model was in the course of construction.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

On Monday, Dec. 1, the following was posted in the City :—

" London, Dec. 1.

" My Lord—It is my painful duty to inform your Lordship that I have just received the report of the death of his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, at Bagshot Park, yesterday evening, at twenty minutes before seven o'clock, after a painful illness of a fortnight's duration, which he bore with Christian fortitude, resignation, and piety. I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient servant,

" WELLINGTON."

" To the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor."

THOMAS SAY.

We learn from the "National Gazette, (U. S.)," that this distinguished American naturalist died on the 10th of October, at New Harmony, State of Indiana, in the forty-seventh year of his age. We copy from that paper the following particulars of his literary and scientific labours:—"To his native genius, supported by untiring zeal and indefatigable research, the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia is indebted for its opening reputation. Mr. S. was among the earliest members, if not one of the founders of this Institution. His original communications to the Society alone, in the most abstruse and laborious departments of Zoology, Crustacea, Testacea, Insecta, &c. of the U. S., occupy more than 800 printed pages of their journal. His essays published in the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, the Annals of the Lyceum of Natural History of New York, in Silliman's Journal, &c. are equally respectable, perhaps equally numerous. His contributions to the American Encyclopedia, though highly valuable, are not so generally known. His separate work on American Entomology and another on Conchology have met with the approbation of the learned. With the brilliant results of his laborious exertions as Naturalist to the celebrated expeditions by the authority of the U. S. government, under the command of Major, now Lieut.-Col. S. H. Long, the reading public is already familiar. Some years previously, he accompanied Mr. M'Clure, and other kindred spirits, on a scientific excursion to the Floridas. The pages of the Academy's Journal were subsequently enriched by the fruits of this undertaking. These expeditions, with occasional excursions, made with similar views, in the vicinity of Philadelphia, constitute the only interruption to a laborious course of studies, steadily and unostentatiously pursued, in his native city, in which many departments of natural science were successfully cultivated and extensively enriched by his observations and discoveries. Our lamented friend had recently devoted much of his time to the publication of his work on American Conchology, elucidated by expensive plates. He might have continued thus usefully employed for many years, had not the climate on the Wabash proved injurious to his health; he repeatedly suffered from attacks of fever and dysenteric affections, by which a constitution originally robust and inured to hardships, materially suffered. A letter announcing the sad catastrophe, which deprived society of one of its worthiest members, and science of one of its brightest ornaments, informs us that Mr. Say suffered another attack of a disorder similar to that by which his constitution had already been shattered, about the 1st of October: on the 8th, the hopes of his friends were flattered by a deceitful calm; on the day following, these hopes were chilled, he appeared sinking under debility, when on the 10th death came over him like a summer cloud. He died intestate and without issue, but left with his wife verbal directions relative to the final dispositions of his Library and Cabinet of Natural History."—*Athenæum*.

THOMAS PRINGLE, Esq.

We have the melancholy task of announcing the death of this amiable individual, whose literary productions have so often elicited our cordial praise. Mr. Pringle was born in Roxburghshire, on the border of Berwickshire, and was only forty-six years of age. He was lame from his infancy. Some years ago, he accompanied a part of his family to the Cape of Good Hope, where he pursued his literary career. Mr. P. had some concern in the starting of "Blackwood's Magazine;" and, besides his many contributions to periodical works, published some pleasing poetry. He was the editor of "Friendship's Offering;" and wrote many excellent articles in that Annual. Mr. Pringle was also the secretary to the Anti-slavery Association, and superintended their publications. He was on the eve of returning to the Cape when seized with his mortal illness; and, we fear, like most labourers in the field of literature, he died poor, leaving a widow and sister, whom he protected, to lament his loss.

HENRY BONE, Esq. R. A.

Painter in Enamel to his late Majesty George the Fourth.

Among those of the present year distinguished by their talents in art, science, or literature, whose death it has been our painful duty to announce, we have to add

that of this admirable artist and truly estimable man. The event had been long expected, and might rather be considered the decay of nature than the effect of any particular malady; and his exit was calm and tranquil. He died at his house in Clarendon Square, on Wednesday, the 17th, at a very advanced age, we believe little short of eighty years.

With his abilities as an artist the public are in general well acquainted. To his character as a man, his social disposition, the suavity of his temper, and other of his amiable qualities, his friends, and those who best knew him, will readily testify. Mr. Bone carried the art of enamel painting to a degree of excellence hitherto unknown in this country, by increasing its dimensions, and applying its powers to subjects of history as well as to works of imagination. Independent of his numerous copies from the works of the first masters, ancient and modern, his series of enamels from portraits of the most eminent characters in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, is a lasting memorial of his talent, as well as of his unwearied application and industry:—a work so unique, indestructible, and interesting, that we cannot help entertaining a hope that it will find a place among our national collections of art, as its final destination.

EDMUND PLUNKETT BURKE, Esq.

At Dominica, in the thirty-first year of his age, in consequence of injuries received in the late hurricane, Edmund Plunkett Burke, Esq., First Puisne Judge of the island of St. Lucie, and late of the Inner Temple, and Caius College, Cambridge, much and most deservedly lamented by all who knew him.

REV. EDWARD IRVING.

On the 6th inst. at Glasgow, in the forty-third year of his age, the Rev. Edward Irving, whose original powers, had a healthy and consistent exercise been made of them, undoubtedly would have achieved a more desirable and more permanent fame than that of a nine days' wonder of pulpit oratory, or the high priest of a wild set of enthusiasts. He was sensible to the last, and his last words are reported to have been, "In life or death, I am the Lord's;" previous to which he sang the Twenty-third Psalm in Hebrew, accompanied by his wife's father, the Rev. John Martin.

Married.—At Halton Chapel, the Hon. Arthur Lascelles, fifth son of the Earl of Harewood, to Caroline Frances, fourth daughter of Sir Richard Brooke, Bart., of Norton Priory, Cheshire.

At the British Embassy in Florence, his Highness Henry LXIX., Prince de Rouss Koestriz, to Matilda Harriet Elizabeth, second daughter of Major General and Lady Matilda Locke.

At the British Embassy, Paris, and afterwards according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, Edward Charles Blount, Esq., second son of Edward Blount, Esq., and nephew to the late Sir Walter Blount, Bart., of Soddington, Worcestershire, to Gertrude Frances, youngest daughter of the late William Jerningham, Esq., and niece of Lord Stafford.

The young Queen of Portugal was married by proxy on the 1st instant, at Lisbon. The Duke of Terceira, the proxy, discharged his office admirably.

At Trinity Church, Clapham, Alfred Jones, Esq. of Lower Grosvenor Street, to Mary, only daughter of S. Hillatt, Esq., of Clapham Rise, Surrey.

Died.—In his 89th year, William Read, Esq., of Brunswick Square, near Gloucester.

At Copenhagen, his Royal Highness Prince Frederick Charles Louis, of Hesse Philipstadt.

At Tewkesbury, Mr. William Shakspeare Hart, the seventh descendant from our immortal bard.

At Musselburgh, in his 80th year, Major Gen. Stirling, of the 42nd Royal Highlanders, where he has resided since retiring from the army, which he did some time after the retreat to Corunna.

In Grafton Street, Dublin, in his 51st year, Richard Milliken, Esq.

At the Deanery House, Cork, the lady of the Rev. Dean Burrows.

At Melborne Port, Mrs. Mary Glover, at the advanced age of 103 years.

Near Laugharne, Carmarthenshire, David John, aged 100.

At Hugglescote, Leicestershire, Mr. T. Grimsly aged 94.

At Hednesford, Mrs. Mary Fletcher, in her 100th year.

THE METROPOLITAN.

FEBRUARY, 1835.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Mayor of Windgap, and Canvassing. By the O'HARA FAMILY.
3 vols. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

The well-earned reputation of Mr. Banin is nobly sustained in the two tales comprised in the three volumes before us. As there is so little that is beneficial done for, hardly too much can be said of, Ireland. The semi-barbarity and wretchedness of the lower, and the reckless improvidence of her upper classes of inhabitants, cannot be too much insisted upon; they should be the constant theme of the historian and political economist, as they are the most interesting and striking one for the novelist. The peasantry are helpless, their degradation is so complete, that they can no more reform or better themselves, than the beasts of the field, down to the level of which they seem fast approaching. It is with the landlords and the more opulent classes that the work of amelioration must begin; and as they cannot be coerced, they must be shamed into the good cause by ridicule and exposure. Our author has much forwarded this end, by giving us a very faithful picture of what one, even of the best class in Ireland, is reduced to by being too Irish. Mr. Wilmot, a man of the noblest characteristics, possessing an immense estate, is good, is generous, is enthusiastically beloved by his tenantry, is every thing on, but just off his estate he is fearful even of his personal liberty; he is deeply involved, and with him the hundreds that are dependent upon him. His own daughters, at length, become sacrificed to his self-created poverty, and they are compelled to contract marriages and eternal wretchedness, because their parents cannot afford to let them have an independent choice. If improvidence thus brings the blast of misery round the very fireside of the lordly hall, how keen and bitter must it howl over the unwarmed hearthstone of the rackrented cottager! The reader will perceive that we are alluding to the second tale, "Canvassing." Indeed, we think it by far the more important one, as it is less romantic than its companion, and displays to us more of the internal and actual economy of Irish domestic life. A young noble exquisite, a spoilt specimen of a spoilt class, is sent to Ireland in order to canvass the county in which Mr. Wilmot's interest predominates. He is also on the look out for an heiress, one hundred thousand pounds being the very lowest qualification that may entitle her to the honour of his hand and name.

However, by means of his inordinate self-love, he is entrapped into marrying the portionless daughter of his spendthrift and impoverished host; and the judicious management of this scheme, with all the rich accessories of Irish humour and Irish character, form the staple of the story. In doing this Mr. Banin never wrote better, more forcibly, or evolved a more necessary moral. "*The Mayor of Windgap*" is a wonderful romance; but though wonderful, quite natural, for who is surprised at any thing that happens in Ireland? To all who love to be excited, it must prove a delightful treat. It contains much powerful painting, and the mayor himself is a rich original. Tales like these are pleasing and brilliant torches borne in the paths of history. They assist her on her way, and continually throw lights on minor circumstances which else she had not paused to record. Whilst the statelier muse chronicles only mighty events, and takes note of the people in large masses, the novelist, who writes like the O'Hara Family, particularizes individuals, and stamps with identity what else had been too vague and uninteresting, because too general.

History of the British Colonies. By R. MONTGOMERY MARTIN, F.L.S., Member of, &c. &c. &c. James Cochran, and Co., 11, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

Mr. Martin is earning for himself a solid and unperishing reputation. He is not lavishing the energies of his mind upon the attempt, (how vain even, when most successful!) of amusing the listless hours of the idle by the concoction of the inanities that constitute a fashionable novel, or of endeavouring to rouse something resembling feeling and sentiment, in the bosom of bread-and-butter misses, by the sonorous nothings of an ephemeral poem; though to do this, often gives reputation and money. He is doing infinitely better. He is giving his country a standard work; a work that requires only time to become an English classic. This laborious undertaking has now reached the third volume, which embraces a most lucid, well-written, and ample history of our possessions in North America. There is no topic connected with this subject that he has left untouched, and he has handled every subject with that patriotic feeling that we like so much to see in an Englishman, which warms through the volume, and shows that with all the energy of zeal, he has combined the clear-sightedness of the politician, and the accuracy of the statesman. There is no class of our fellow subjects to which this work will not be of eminent use. To the commercial relations of these colonies, Mr. Martin has devoted much attention; and the tabular statements form no small item of the general merits of the work. The accompanying maps are distinctly engraved, and are fully adequate to the illustration of the letter-press. If we might hazard a stricture, we should say, that here and there we find the talented author using a tone a little too hostile towards America. We have no doubt but that the dispute concerning the boundary line, though long protracted, will be shortly settled satisfactorily to both parties, and that the difference, however important it may seem to us, will be but a mere passing incident to our posterity, and this book belongs as much, or more, to posterity, than to ourselves. To be sure, if angry feelings be excited, the description may become more than a slight incident; but we hope not, and we are sure, so does Mr. Martin. Notwithstanding the utility, and the scientific nature of this work, we can assure the general reader, that he can hardly take up a more amusing book. There is in it, ample food for the geologist, mineralogist, and botanist. In fact, the interests it embraces are general. It is essentially a book for the library; a book, that after its contents are well digested by

the peruser, should be always kept within his reach for the purpose of reference. The style of the narration is easy and flowing. Not so dignified certainly as that in which some of our historians have clothed their communications, but sufficiently exalted for the subject, and never wearying the ear, or palling upon the mind. As the *cui bono* principle seems rapidly to be gaining ground among us, this undertaking will assume a high position among the publications of the country at once, as it is called for by the public wants, and, as the call has been so efficiently responded to, it cannot do otherwise than secure to the "History of the British Colonies" a complete and deserved success. We need not repeat, that the author has our best wishes; and the public, we are sure, will take care that we see them fulfilled.

The Exile of Erin; or, the Sorrows of a Bashful Irishman. 2 Vols.
Whittaker and Co. Ave Maria Lane.

If provoking the reader to laughter by strokes of broad humour in one page, exhilarating him by more refined wit in another, and touching his sensibility unexpectedly, yet home to the very heart in a third, can make a work popular, and produce what the trade calls a decided hit, no one will become more courted than the "Bashful Irishman," and the hit he will make will equal in power a gentle tap from a real shillelagh, in the hands of one of the finest pisintry in the world, located at or near Balinabrogue. The richness of the style of these sorrows is beyond praise. Never was egotism made more interesting. Never was *unconscious* modesty, that is to say, modesty of which no one is conscious but the possessor, more finely portrayed. Mr. O'Blarney is the founder of a race. The too bashful son of a philanthropic mother, he finds, in his course through life, his talents and his virtues stumbling-blocks in his path, and the retiring nature of his disposition not only draws him, as it were, within himself, from a too-approving public, but is also a drawback from a prosperity that seems so often all but within his grasp. By some unaccountable confusion of incidents, over which this martyr to *mauvaise honte* had no possible control, he sees himself at one and the same time married to two wives, and innocently engaged to a third. Again, his extreme diffidence makes him hesitate to thrust certain sums of money into the hands of some persons for whom it was designed; and his retiring habits lead him into the seclusion of the county gaol. But what of all these trifles? The mere failings of a virtue carried to the extreme. Independently of this beautiful study of the individual idiosyncrasy of the much-wronged hero, the reader will meet with some of the truest touches of life, and the drollest incidents and situations, that have been for some time offered to the public. Through all these adventures, there is kept up a running fire of well-directed satire, that, like a body of skirmishers, attend upon the principal operations of the campaign. The mob-law, and mob-heroism exhibited at the burning of Bristol, are faithfully and cleverly shadowed out. Could we find space to quote at all, we should eagerly fix upon the two speeches of the two counsel, when our blushing friend was so barbarously and unsentimentally put upon his trial for bigamy. Mr. Shiel's speech, turgid with over-inflated bombast, teeming with the most absurd metaphor, and staggering under the most ridiculous exaggerations, is one of the best quizzes that we ever read upon the too popular style of the sensation-exciting oratory of the Irish bar. But Mr. O'Connell's reply is equal in its satire; it is a hard hit. The learned jurist, after having just once mentioned the defendant's name, leaves him to the tender mercy of the jury—and harangues for a good hour upon the unrighteous wrongs of the seven millions—Lord Norbury, the presiding

judge, vainly endeavouring to stop the resistless torrent. We congratulate the author, whoever he may be, upon the production of this very original work. He has conveyed to the world a great deal of instruction, in a very pleasant vehicle, and reads us all a very good lesson upon impudence, and all the disguising cloaks that vanity and assurance are apt to throw upon our shoulders—a lesson, of course, that none of us want, but which we all know would be of excellent service to our neighbours. If these two volumes have not a great run, we shall think that the purest, most intelligent, and more reading public, have all become as dull as politicians, and as impassible to taste as radical utilitarians.

Selections from the American Poets, with some Introductory Remarks.

Wakeman, D'Ollier Street, Dublin; Simpkin and Marshall, London.

The poets of America come into the field of competition with many, and perhaps insurmountable, disadvantages. They have to contend with rivals of long-established fame, and have an old and highly artificial language, that teems with worn-out similes and common-place images, in which to breathe their still young aspirations. Again, we do not think that the Americans have yet advanced so far into that state of alto-refinement, in which mere poetry becomes properly appreciated. The useful is now with them the most agreeable. They have erected a noble column, but have not yet begun to adorn the capitol. The graceful volutes and the rich acanthus are still wanting. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the poets, the specimens of whose powers are now before us, considering all the drawbacks that we have mentioned, and the greater number that we have omitted, under which they wrote, we think have done extremely well. The greatest fault that we can find with these poems is, that they are good imitations of the best English authors. And yet, it seems a mere cavil to say so, as English is still the mother tongue, notwithstanding what some Americans have asserted to the contrary, and therefore, to write a good American, would be to write a good English, poem. We may, therefore, put these gentlemen upon a *par* with our provincial writers; for in literature, notwithstanding the acknowledged independence of the United States, America is but a province of England. Now, when we say provincial poetry, we mean that which circulates, and is thought much of, only in the provinces; for directly any writer emerges from that mediocrity, he is associated *de jure* to the metropolis, and becomes, at once, instead of being provincial, national. We are speaking of England. Poetry that may be thought worthy to be deemed national in America, would only rank as provincial in England. Of the poems before us, we certainly think those of Bryant pre-eminent. There are a great number of writers who have contributed to swell out this volume, and we cannot specify, for want of room, even their names. Of all these productions, those that treat exclusively of American scenery and back-wood feelings and habits, we think, are decidedly the best. Many of these poems are terribly common-place. There are some dozen verses inscribed to the moon, by George W. Doane, that are as vapid as is ex-
animate small beer. They begin thus:—

“ That silent moon—that silent moon
 Careering now through cloudless sky,
 O! who shall tell what varied scenes
 Have passed beneath her placid eye?
 Since first to light this wayward earth,” &c.

Now we look upon all this as the very bathos of the bread-and-butter school. The first line is borrowed from L. E. E., who borrowed it from all the *Annals*; the second is singularly *effete*, with its supplemental "now;" and the third, and those that follow, contain a very simple question indeed. "Breaking a butterfly upon a wheel?" Nonsense! We wish we had any thing so gay and so pretty to exercise our severity upon. To animadvert upon such writing as this, is like threshing a pool of stagnant water with a flail—labour lost.

Young Hearts. A Novel. By a Recluse. With a Preface, by Miss JANE PORTER. 3 Vols. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

The reader may feel assured, that any work to which Miss Porter gives the sanction of her name, deserves the honour, and is worthy of the public estimation. Perhaps, our best notice of this novel, would be an unswerving transcript of the elegant preface attached to it, but such a wholesale plagiarism would be rather "too bad," even in these times of literary piracy. We will, then, shortly give our own impression of the work, by stating, that it is written in a pleasing and equable style, without any pretensions to originality, with a tolerably interesting plot, and a great deal of shrewdness in the delineation of character. Among the persons who figure in these pages, there is a most bewitching hoyden, that we think will captivate most of the male readers who may take up this work. The idea is well conceived, and skilfully worked out. We cannot give an equal praise to the conception of the black boy. It is not true to nature; and even if it were so, it is mawkish, and sometimes ridiculous. Pompey does not even murder the king's English in true African style. Should "*Young Hearts*" attain a second edition, we certainly recommend this black spot in the work to be either altogether obliterated, or much reduced in size. The morality that these volumes inculcate is of the purest stamp, and they may be very safely entrusted to the hands of the most youthful, or the least experienced of either sex. We can only state, in conclusion, that we beguiled a few hours very pleasingly with this tale; and, as we are in general not too easily satisfied, we think that we can promise great satisfaction to all those who may undertake a similar task.

Ireland in 1834. A Journey throughout Ireland, during the Spring, Summer, and Autumn of 1834. By HENRY D. INGLIS, Author of "*Spain*," &c. 2 vols. Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria Lane.

The boast made by Garrick that the ponderous and learned Doctor Samuel Johnson, when he wrote his Dictionary, that, single handed, he had beaten the French Academy, futilely employed upon a work of a similar description, we think may be very fairly made for Mr. Inglis, over the Whig Commission employed to ascertain the actual state of Ireland. We believe, that they have as yet published no report—and when they do, we confidently expect it will be neither so full, nor so satisfactory, as these two volumes that our author has so opportunely put forth. We can hardly conceive any person, in any grade of life, that is not actually servile, who is not called upon to make himself acquainted with the harrowing facts detailed in this work. Universal sympathy with our suffering Irish brethren must make the general sentiment so strong, that redress must at length find its way to those beautiful yet neglected lands, where Nature lavishes all her bounties in almost unlimited profu-

sion, amidst which the greater part of a large population is starving. This necessary sympathy will be excited and perpetuated by a perusal of this book. The Irish peasantry in the country, and the lower orders in the towns, are perishing upon less and worse food than finds its way into the mouths of the Neapolitan Lazzaroni; but instead of the mild and glorious canopy of an Italian sky above, and the genial warmth of an Italian atmosphere around them, thousands are perishing in the humid and cold filth that Irish poverty and Irish habits of improvidence engender about the sick, the aged, and the infantile. Mr. Inglis has ascertained that the greater proportion of the lower classes in Ireland die prematurely of destitution. Among these famished hordes of gregarious barbarians, agitation finds its most successful rallying point; for a population will always deem it quite as pleasant to rebel as to starve, and when death, in the hideous state of famine, is tugging at their hearts, they cannot think a murder to be a very horrid, or a very unnatural act. Mr. Inglis has not distinctly pointed out the remedy for all this misery, but he leaves the inference so apparent to the reader, that the most obtuse capacity cannot fail of stumbling upon it. Some provision for the poor, similar to our poor laws, must be introduced. Landlords must be taught that if they wilfully, either through their negligence or their rapacity, encourage the production of a race of paupers, they must support them. The insane competition for land is at once the cause of the extreme populousness and destitution of the Irish peasantry. Irish misery is neither produced by Protestant tithes, nor Catholic priestcraft; there being no internal trade, the land alone offers to its millions the means of subsistence, and in the mad scramble for it, the system of underletting has been multiplied so absurdly, that the actual cultivator of the soil fares infinitely worse than the hound in the English gentleman's kennel. This recklessness of misery promotes early marriages; for when neither party has been accustomed to any furniture, and has not the most distant idea of the word comfort, they have not much thought about making provision for the holy state. As an iron pot is all the household goods of which an Irish cottage can generally boast, it will serve for two as well as for one, and the floor being universally the bed-place, small as it generally is, it affords room for half a dozen. Are there no millions, or thousands, to be expended upon improving our Irish fellow subjects? Had they been transferable or marketable slaves, we should have been compelled to buy them—but now,—but it is useless to draw the comparison—unfortunately they are too near home to benefit by saintly charity. It is a duty of every Englishman, that has the least pretension to the name of a gentleman, or the still more extensive one of Christian, to make himself acquainted with the facts detailed in this work.

The Village Church-Yard, and other Poems. By LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Longman, Paternoster Row.

The poetry of this lady is all heart. It labours so much with excess of feeling, that the beauties of expression are too little regarded. A little grief is very touching, but a muse eternally lachrymose is rather wearying, even should she vent her woes in very tuneful numbers. We would not write with this apparent harshness, were we not persuaded that her ladyship is of a most cheerful disposition; for according to the rule of poets, which is synonymous with the rule of contraries, the written is always opposite to the living character. We need not instance the manifold and well known examples of this anomaly. Knowing this, we do

not hesitate to say that the whole character of this lady's writings are too gloomy, which of course she will take as a compliment to her unfailing and delighting vivacity. What, according to the rule we have just laid down, must we not think of the enlivening buoyancy of a heart, which in one short verse of four lines, can fear to be agonized, is frozen, deadened, and crushed, and fast asleep?

Not so;
'Twould *agonize* this *frozen* heart,
'Tis *deadened*'d now by *crushing* woe;
Ah! *unawaken*'d let it part?

Notwithstanding the mournful nature of these poems, they are the most *heartly* that we ever had the heart to go through. In another short poem of ten verses, five of them have a line about the heart. But we have now a more pleasing office—to remark upon the many beauties this little volume contains, among which stands conspicuously a deep and natural pathos. We may also justly panegyrize the easy yet full flow of the versification, and the amiable love of nature, and of nature's most beautiful works, that so often bursts forth unconsciously, yet sweetly, amidst these mournful outpourings. We take our leave of this work by recommending the authoress not to mix so many tears with the elegiac liquid with which she writes; and then we can assure her the impression that she will make will be infinitely stronger, and be very far more durable. A poem written wholly with tears does not bid fair to be very readable.

A Critical and Fac-simile Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language, founded on a correct Development of the Nature and Number, and the various Properties of all its simple and compound Sounds, as combined in Syllables and Words. By JAMES KNOWLES. De Porquet and Cooper, 11, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden: Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Webb, Dublin.

This is the first part of a new dictionary, dedicated by express permission to the King. It opens well, and the whole is prefaced by a clever physical and metaphysical essay upon speech, and its various powers. The key notes that Mr. Knowles has adopted, are, we believe, as good as any that could have been selected: still they are not perfect to the end sought to be attained. We will take one word at hazard. "Affiance." Mr. Knowles writes it thus, in order to get the true pronunciation ²af-¹fi-²ans—the *a* to be sounded like the *a* in art. Now, we think the *a* in art to be, as it is generally pronounced, too open for the word affiance—and the last syllable *ance*, is but indifferently expressed by the syllable "ans." However, we find the work much superior to Sheridan's, or to any other pronouncing dictionary extant. As a mere Lexicon, it is excellent; the meanings are concise and accurate, and there are many, very many words, useful, and even necessary, introduced, that are not to be found in Johnson's folio. The work deserves patronage; and it has our hearty and sincere recommendation. That the compiler fully understands his subject, the perusal of his introduction will establish, and, that he has followed out cleverly his own idea, the first part will convince the most fastidious. The work has progressed to the word "Capricorn," sufficiently far to give a good specimen of what it will hereafter be.

The Georgian Era: Memoirs of the most eminent Persons who have flourished in Great Britain, from the Accession of George the First to the Demise of George the Fourth. Vizetelly, Branston, and Co. Fleet Street.

The third and fourth volumes, completing the series, have now gratified the public by their appearance, comprising well-written, but generally too short notices of all the voyagers, and travellers, philosophers, and men of science, authors, political and moral economists, painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, composers, vocal, instrumental, and dramatic performers. The "Georgian Era" has been very fruitful in men, who have started out from the dull routine of life to instruct, to amuse, and to astonish; and, although we have here four closely printed and thick octavo volumes, the number of those who might fairly look for distinction in them is so great, that the omissions are numerous. The general character of these biographies is that of a judicious compression, and a critical acumen, that is by no means dulled by undeserved panegyric. The fault, if there be any, lies in an opposite direction. That there is nothing perfect under the sun, is an axiom more popular than correct, even in the productions of imperfect man; the imperfection too often rests with the estimator, and not in the object offered to the judgment. Much of the cant of criticism is made plausible, by finding out that a production, whether of art or of intellect, has not certain beauties, that would not have been material to the thing criticised, had it possessed them. To illustrate our meaning by a familiar example—a rose and a savoy cabbage may both, in themselves, be a very perfect rose and a very perfect cabbage, yet we should not think the latter very fairly dealt with, should some hypercritical wiseacre remark, that the cabbage was a very good cabbage, yet it had its failing, seeing it had not the fragrance of the rose, or that the rose fell short of perfection, because it did not boil so well as the cabbage with a piece of bacon. We wish these observations to be taken as general, and not as entirely applicable to the compilers of the "Georgian Era." Still, there is a little too much accuracy displayed in showing the darker spots of almost every character that is noticed. The authors have, perhaps, fared the worst of all the classes of the eminent. Notwithstanding our strictures—and perhaps we are falling into the very fault that we are deprecating—the work is both an elegant and useful one, and may be classed with those whom it commemorates, as no mean monument itself of the Georgian Era.

Narrative of the Campaigns of the Twenty-eighth Regiment, since their Return from Egypt in 1802. By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CHARLES CADELL, Unattached; late Major of that Corps. Whittaker and Co., Ave-Maria Lane.

We wish to see more works similar to this. Every regiment in the British service should have its historian, and that, not to keep up the spirit of heroism, (for it wants no stimulants in the English soldier's bosom) but to reward it. Gratifying, indeed, must this volume be to every one who belonged to the Twenty-eighth, and honourable to the nation for which it has fought so much, and bled so profusely. It is not possible for us, even to give an outline of the course of glory this regiment has run; but it appears, that wherever the thickest fire of war was, there also was the Twenty-eighth. This work will be read by youth with the most overpowering interest, and, we doubt not, scatter very widely

the good seed of military patriotism, the fruits of which will be gathered in harvests of honour and renown. With such materials, as were at Colonel Cadell's command, it would have been next to impossible to have written ill. We cannot say that the author has done as much for his subject, as his subject has done for him—indeed, no writer of the day could make such a boast—but he has done exceedingly well. The work is, perhaps, a little too documentary, and seems to have been written at head quarters. For saying thus much we hope that the colonel will pardon us, if it be only for the sake of the admiration we have for his character, and the honest glow of pleasure that the perusal of his work gave us. He may rest assured, that his labour of peace is as honourable to him as his deeds of war.

Penruddock. A Tale. By the Author of "WALTSBURG." 3 vols. Whittaker and Co. Ave-Maria Lane.

Without any pretensions to brilliancy of style, or depth of reflection, the two first volumes of this novel are very interesting. The author has very ingeniously tangled up a ball of mystery that keeps the attention awake, and strongly excites the curiosity of the reader: indeed, it is so artfully involved, that, independently of the pleasure that we take in being thus ingeniously mystified, we have no little personal inquisitiveness to know how the author himself will contrive to emerge from the labyrinth that he has so elaborately caused to spring up around him. This, and a little vivacity in the narrative, are the principal, we had almost said the sole, recommendations of "Penruddock." "Lame and impotent conclusion," may be too justly applied to the denouement. We find that all the most sensible characters have been acting like a parcel of imbeciles, that for the very eccentric actions of the personages, not one adequate motive has been developed; in fact, that *vraisemblance* has been utterly neglected. Were we to give a bare outline of the story, we feel assured that the author, be it lady or gentleman, though we know that we should have a little more difficulty with the former than with the latter, would be convinced of the justice of our strictures. But this course we shall not follow, as we should be sorry to deprive the reader of the pleasure that he will assuredly derive from the perusal of the two first volumes. Indeed, the tale opens with much spirit, and the idea of the gipsy encampment is excellent. We shall conclude with one general remark, applicable to many of the present writers of fiction, and that is, that the wonderful is not necessarily the pleasurable, and there is much danger to the inexperienced in the search of it. Improbability and impossibility lie on either hand of their path, which too often terminates in downright absurdity. They should place nature steadily in their mind's eye, look about them in the common routine of life for their incidents, and the actual passions, vices, and follies of mankind, will give ample scope for the deepest interest, the most searching wit, and the most impassioned eloquence.

A New Guide to Chess; in which the Elements of the Game are clearly explained; with practical Illustrations and Examples. By the Rev. HENRY WOOD. Pocket Size. Sherwin, Paternoster Row.

This is truly the age of letters. Here you find seventy-two pages of scientific matter for a shilling and a half; almost as bad as Bill Raven's yard and a quarter of songs for "the small charge of one penny." In the

present case, too, the matter is really all original, and its quality pronounced by us (no mean judges in chess) as quite first-rate. The rudiments of our fondly prized recreation are clearly developed—the leading openings distinctly marked out, and numerous examples from Lolli, Walker, and other well-known authors, are brought forward in just confirmation of the soundness of the author's views. A note of the Rev. Author's is too good not to be quoted at length. At page 49 he says,

“It is pleasant to see how much chess progresses, and how many more good players flourish now than formerly; but why is not chess introduced in the Mechanics' Institutions? Can there be devised a more powerful engine for calling into play the healthy mental faculties, and consequently advancing the standard of morals? I take this opportunity of answering any objections that may be made, as to the propriety of a member of the church-ministry writing on a game. I tell small cavillers, that there is in too many of the clergy, a most dangerous and evil spirit abroad,—the spirit of persecution and puritanism. I tell them that the poor man is deprived of rational recreation, and thus driven headlong to the temple of gin—because he feels that there alone can he laugh and be merry.”

The Popular Encyclopedia; being a General Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, Literature, Biography, History, and Political Economy. Reprinted from the American Editions of the Conversations Lexicon, with Corrections and Additions, &c. &c. Blackie and Sons, 8, East Clyde Street, Glasgow, and 5, South College Street, Dublin.

It has been lately the cry that the critical press of the country is becoming too panegyrical. The cry is rather a deserved compliment to the improving intellect of the nation, than a reproach to those who assume to themselves the arbitration of literary merit. How can we help being laudatory with such works as the present before us? It is, to the extent it goes, as complete as anything that is the offspring of mere human labour can be. To prove this, we only have to invite the most fastidious to open the work at random, and read the first article that offers itself. We feel convinced that he would be satisfied with the justice of our dictum. Of course it does not pretend to satisfy the prosecutor of any particular science, as to all that can be known upon that science; but enough is shown to give a general idea, and such as the man of the world ought to possess. Though this work seems to be of American origin, we confidently predict that it will become completely naturalized to our soil. Indeed, from its very nature, it ought to become cosmopolitan. The plates are admirably designed and accurately executed, and form no small ornament to the publication, while they so much enhance its utility. This Encyclopedia is a great favourite of ours.

Nugæ Poeticæ. Original Poems. By JOHN G. RYAN. T. G. Lancashire, Market Place, Huddersfield; Simpkin and Co. London.

This is very good provincial poetry. The numbers are correct, the versification smooth, and the sentiments such as stern morality cannot but approve. Truly, there is a sad lack of originality; but it is not altogether Mr. Ryan's fault, if he finds every idea preoccupied by some man, not more poetical, but more fortunate than himself. Of the poems, we like the one entitled the “Confession,” the best—and it is *not* the shortest—which ought to be a great satisfaction to the author, as we generally measure the excellence of modern poetry by its brevity.

Observations, &c. By E. W. Thomas Hurst, St. Paul's Church-yard.

This little literary venture is freighted with maxims, aphorisms, and wise saws; for every occasion, and for no occasion at all. They are manufactured in a very curious manner. Sometimes the sententious author takes an old Joe, gives him a moral twist, and out drops an oracular, thus,—“In religious matters, twenty *grains* of pride are sufficient to make one *scruple*.” The italics are the *talented* author's. Sometimes he is mysteriously wise, thus,—“We all try to do that for which we are not fitted—as the blind man's employment is to sort colours.” Sometimes, by an open theft, thus,—“The braggart is surely innocent; he swears by nothing, swearing only by his honour;” but more generally by a bad pun, as “Eve got her *dessert after dinner*.” Many of the sentences are in complete contradiction to each other, but we have neither the space nor the inclination to range them in juxtaposition. We have no doubt but that the author is capable of conceiving some good thoughts, but he has reserved them for a second volume.

Valpy's History of England, by Hume and Smollett. With a Continuation, by the Rev. T. HUGHES, B.D. Valpy, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

This work has now progressed to the twelfth volume, and brings down our national history to the year 1758. This portion is written by Smollett, and, though not comparable in style to Hume, is a very impartial relator of facts. All this is rather favourable to his intended successor, Mr. Hughes. The step is lowered for him, and the effort will not be so great, nor the stride so vast, as if he attempted, all at once, to place himself side by side with Hume. We feel a little anxiety, and a great deal of curiosity, as to the manner in which he will acquit himself, in the self-imposed task of the principal English historian. If we think that he shall have failed, we shall candidly tell him so; for it is undoubtedly a public concern, that the chief classical history of our empire should be worthily continued; or the continuation at once repudiated, if inefficient either in talent, impartiality, or knowledge.

A Letter to Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq., M. P., on the Present Crisis, in Answer to his Letter to a late Cabinet Minister. By ALFRED CASWALL. Hatchard and Son, 187, Piccadilly.

This is another well-written reply to the *clinquant* note of alarm that Mr. Bulwer so theatrically sounded. The Crisis! The Crisis! The Crisis! We are sick of the crisis. Indeed, the popular fever seems to be just over, the *crisis* is past; the delirium has subsided, and his majesty's lieges have just returned to their senses, notwithstanding the gong-like music of the novelist's pamphlet. The elections, notwithstanding that Mr. Caswall is eloquent, and the author of “What have the Whigs done?” powerful and convincing, are the best answers to Mr. Bulwer's rhetorical periods, and insinuated sedition. However, Mr. Caswall has written well, thinks rightly, and has expressed himself honestly, and deserves the thanks of the loyal and well disposed.

Lives of Illustrious and distinguished Scotsmen, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time, arranged in Alphabetical Order, and forming a complete Scottish Biographical Dictionary. By ROBERT CHAMBERS. Vol. IV.

This truly national and well-written work is now brought to its completion, in this volume, with a supplement, at its termination. We have before recorded our satisfaction of the manner in which it is conducted, and the same excellence that marked its progress, has accompanied it to its termination. This concluding volume is of the highest interest, as it contains biographies, among others, of Sir Walter Scott, Smollett, and Robertson. The land of the heather has been abundantly prolific in great names. In taking leave of this deserving publication, we cannot do otherwise than express our wishes that there may be shortly a call for a second edition, as works of this sort, when so well edited, and completed, are not only just tributes to the memories of the great and the good among men; but also a stirring incitement to the young of all classes to endeavour to be both great and good.

Appendix to the Black Book. By the Original Editor. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

The most filthy and disgusting materials are often those that will make a good flame, and this compilation is a firebrand made up of similar combustibles. Did we not know that it would burn itself out innoxiously, though, perhaps, very offensively, we should, probably, treat it with that consideration that is due to a great evil. But the common sense of England secures us from any alarm. We advise every well-disposed Englishman not to read it—for there is no use in a self-infliction of a mortal disgust. Though we consider the publication not only seditious but treasonable, yet we are very far from wishing it to be visited by a legal prosecution. We consider the regions of liberty to be somewhat like a cleanly, healthy, and well-drained city; but this health and cleanliness cannot be achieved or maintained, without certain disagreeable and concealed conduits. Such publications as the *Black Book*, and its *black Appendices*, are the political common sewers. It is enough for all honest and cleanly men to know that they exist, but who but a fool, a madman, or a destructive, would go and soil himself by exploring them?

Scottish Songs. By ALEXANDER HUME. C. Fox, 67, Paternoster Row.

We like these songs exceedingly,—we are not, however, going to fall into the obvious common-place of comparing them with Burns's. We only know that it is a most difficult thing to write a good song, and that it is not the critics of the day, or even the fiat of a country's literary men, that can give a song popularity. We will, therefore, hazard no prophecy upon these becoming generally liked, but we do not run much risk in affirming that they deserve such a success. There is about them simplicity, archness, and pathos, according to the distinct character of each song. We find that they are all written to well-known airs, and, therefore, there is music ready for all those who admire the sentiment of the verses.

Flora's Offering to the Young. By the Author of "Heath Blossoms," &c. Second Edition. N. Hailes, 168, Piccadilly.

This pleasing little work is a sort of miniature Annual in its neat and gilded getting up, and its contents answer excellently to the beauty of the outside. It consists of appropriate verses on the most well-known flowers, embracing both the cultured ornaments of the garden, and the wild beauties of the hedge, the forest, and the field. Both for its moral and its imagination the poetry deserves much praise. A more engaging present for youth, particularly to those of the gentler sex, cannot well be imagined.

The Sacred Classics ; or, Cabinet History of Divinity. Edited by the Rev. R. CATTERMOLLE, B.D., and the Rev. H. STEBBING, M.A. John Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.

We have only to announce that this volume, the thirteenth of this publication, contains the second volume of Dr. Cave's Primitive Christianity. We have before spoken upon the admirable tendency of this selection in noticing the first volume in our last number. Our expressed wish that these classics may obtain the widest circulation, are, we have been given to understand, upon good authority, realized, at which we unfeignedly rejoice. The established church ought to take the publication under its immediate patronage, for it is really an intellectual shield cast before her repellants of the many shafts of "hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," that are so profusely levelled against her.

Fleurs de Poésie Moderne, tirées des Œuvres de A. de Lamartine, Victor Hugo, De Béranger, C. Delavigne. Chapman and Hall, 186, Strand.

We rejoice to see these exotics amongst us. The names that head these bouquets, are a sufficient warrant for their excellence. Béranger's songs will be read with peculiar delight—he is unquestionably the best lyric that France possesses—perhaps that she ever possessed. The nerve and fire of Victor Hugo's poems will also be duly appreciated in England. This selection has our most sincere recommendation. We may also state, *en passant*, that the work is bound and got up with that view to the decorative that characterizes our annuals. It is a book for a lady's boudoir, as well as a gentleman's study.

A Specimen of a New Translation of the Lusiad of Camoens. By HENRY CHRISTMAS, of St. John's, Cambridge. Fraser, Regent Street.

All that we have to remark upon this specimen is, that it warrants the author in proceeding to a completion. The task is difficult ; but considering the defects of the most popular translation, Mickle's, we think that the attempt is called for. We wish success to any one who will undertake the arduous enterprise.

The French Reader's Guide, or Miscellaneous Selections of Prose and Verse, from the best French Authors of the two last Centuries, with Explanatory Notes, &c. By M. de la CLAVERIE, Member of, &c. &c. &c. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill; William Grapel, Liverpool.

There is more praise due to a judicious selection, like the one before us, than might generally be supposed, at the first impression. Many are too redundant, some too meagre, others are filled with pieces too abstruse, or sullied with extracts not orthodox in religion, or too loose in moral tendencies. None of these reproaches can be fixed upon M. de la Claverie. We think that he has just hit the happy medium as to the volume of a book that is generally designated as a reader, and nothing could be more unexceptionable than the contents. Schools may receive this publication with profit; and families, even the most serious, may make use of it without fear. Indeed, even to those who have a tolerable acquaintance with French literature, this work cannot but be acceptable, as it will afford them good specimens of the various styles of the different authors of that nation.

The Ethical Magazine. Nos. VII. and VIII. Groombridge, London.

Among the contributors to the above Magazine, are several of our first-rate literary characters. The author of "The Lollards" has breathed an air of romance over a visit to the general cemetery—the author of "Tales of a Physician" has some sweet and plaintive verses—the author of the "Last of the Plantagenets" embodies some pretty thoughts in his "Sonnet on the Ladye Chapel"—Mr. Challis makes us smile at the drollery of "My First Song," while Mr. Francis sheds a light and pleasant humour over the whole, in his "Rambling Thoughts on making Love," and "The Parenthesis." Again do we wish success to the "Ethical Magazine," for again does it deserve it.

A Calm Consideration of the Present State of Public Affairs, addressed to the Loyal and Unprejudiced of all Classes; with Remarks on Mr. Bulwer's Pamphlet. By a LIBERAL CONSERVATIVE. W. Pickering, Chancery Lane.

This is a spirited, eloquent, and argumentative pamphlet. It was written morally to influence, in a right direction, the recent elections. We have received it only when almost all of them have terminated. However, it contains pertinent matter for all seasons, and is deserving of attention.

The Resources and Statistics of Nations, exhibiting the Geographical Position, the Natural Resources, the Area, and the Population, &c. &c., of all Countries. By JOHN M'GREGOR, Esq., F. R. S., of London and Paris, Member, &c. Bailey and Co., 83, Cornhill.

When every man, just now, is, by necessity or inclination, a politician, and a little of the political economist, a work of this description cannot but be acceptable to the public. The first part only is before us, and it gives good augury of the merits of the proposed work. The spirit of the book is essentially tabular, and, therefore, we like it the better. Here are the simple facts, the reader may draw his own conclusion.

A New Guide to Spanish and English Conversation, consisting not only of Modern Idioms, Phrases, and Proverbs, but also of familiar English and Spanish Dialogues; preceded by a Copious Vocabulary, &c. By JOHN ROWBOTHAM, F. R. A. S. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

A well-arranged and well-digested little book; indeed, we can hardly conceive any manual more useful to the learner, be he either English or Spanish. We call the attention of all students, who are but commencing the language, to this short and portable little work; if they do not attend to us, it is not our fault, the injury be on their own heads, "No hay peor sordo, que el que no quiere oir," says the proverb, but much is lost by this wilful deafness.

The Architectural Director, being an approved Guide to Builders, Students, &c., in the Study and Execution of Architecture, &c., containing Comprehensive Tables, &c. &c. &c., with a Glossary of Architecture. Second Edition. By JOHN BILLINGTON, Architect. John Bennett, 4, Three Tun Passage, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

We have repeatedly had occasion to notice the very able manner in which this useful publication has been carried on. This, the Eleventh Number, is inferior to none of the preceding ones. There is, perhaps, no other practical work, that has, for the number of its pages, made so much science familiar.

Facts and Fictions; or, Gleanings of a Tourist; a Series of Tales. By the Author of "Rostang," &c. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

These facts and fictions form a very pleasant series. They are written in an easy, gentlemanly style; and by one, who, it is evident, has seen as much of the living, as he appears to be acquainted with the dead world. These tales certainly do not display an overwhelming mass of power, or too great an exuberance of wit, yet they are equal, amusing, and choose rather to insinuate themselves into our approbation, than command our admiration. We think that "Hartland" is the best attempt amongst these essays. Those who wish to spend a pleasant, and not a wholly unprofitable hour, would do well to peruse this little volume.

The Saxon's Daughter, a Tale of the Crusades; in Six Cantos. By NICHOLAS MITCHEL, ESQ., Author of the "Essay on Woman," &c. &c. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

This is a pleasing poem, of high, and equally sustained merit. The polish of the verses, and they are highly polished, does not deprive the narrative of healthy vigour, whilst the embellishments of poetry sit gracefully upon the form of chivalry. We cannot tell what reception this production may find amidst the present politically excited public, but we know that it deserves a very flattering one, and we particularly recommend its gentle numbers, and impassioned, yet high-toned sentiments to the fair sex.

The Free Masons. By JOHN REID. John Reid and Co., Glasgow; William Tait, Edinburgh; and Whittaker, Treacher, and Co., Ave Maria Lane, London.

This attack upon the brotherhood forms the Eighth Number of Illustrations of *Social Depravity*. Truly, they have now got into very goodly company. Our notice of this part shall be as brief as Whig popularity, after their loss of office. Mr. Reid has made out a strong *ex parte* case of suspicion against them. Justice to all parties calls upon him imperatively to go on—and on, we are sure, John Reid will go.

Le Chaméleon, Journal non Politique, Compilé à Paris. Par A. P. Barbieux, Ancien Professeur au Collège de Cantorbéry, &c. &c. Paris, Jules Didot L'Ainé, Boulevard d'Enfer, No. 4.; Hooper, 13, Pall Mall East.

We have received the first volume of this French work, and a very handsome volume it makes. To those who are sufficiently master of the language to read it fluently, we do not hesitate to say, that it is the most amusing twopenny weekly periodical extant, for it contains, not only the *élite* of all the English cotemporary literature, but that of the French also. The translations from the English do every justice to their originals. Many very curious tales and facts will be found in this publication.

Thomas's Library Atlas of Modern and Ancient Geography. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Court.

We have received the first number of this projected continuation, and find it accurately and clearly engraved, and well adapted to the handling and inspection of youth, either in schools or private families. It is remarkably cheap, seeing that there are six elaborately finished maps for one shilling. Pupils can afford to spoil as well as to study them, at the low rate of twopence a piece.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- The Village Churchyard, and other Poems.* By Lady E. S. Wortley. post 8vo. 8s. 6d.
The History of Greece. By Thomas Keightley. 12mo. 6s. 6d.
Exposition of the Nature, Treatment, and Prevention of Continued Fever. By H. M'Carmac, M.D. 8vo. 6s.
Monsieur Martin's Treatise on the French Verbs. Third Edition, 8vo. 6s.
The Practice in the Liverpool Ophthalmic Infirmary for 1834. By Hugh Neill. 8vo. 3s.
Zella, and other Poems. By S. R. Garrett, Esq. fcp. 8vo. 5s.
Tables and Diagrams, Illustrative of Chemistry and Pharmacy. By John Murray, M.D. 8vo. 3s.
Oswald's Etymological Manual. Fourth Edition, 18mo. 1s. 6d.
Chronological and Geographical Chart of the Gospel Narrative, with a Key. By R. Munpriss. 21s. on roller; 1l. 2s. 6d. cloth case.
Russell's Ancient Atlas. roy. 8vo. 10s. plain; 12s. col. hf.-bd.
Russell's Ancient and Modern Atlas. 4to. col. 24s. hf.-bd.
Collection of all the Statutes in force respecting the Relief and Regulation of the Poor, with Notes. By J. T. Pratt. 8vo. 21s.

- The Gums, their Structure, Growth, Connexions, Diseases, and Sympathies. By G. Waite. 12mo. 6s.
- Alan Gilbert's last Birthday. 18mo. 1s. 6d.
- Principles and Illustrations of Morbid Anatomy. By J. Hope, M.D., coloured Lithographic Drawings. roy. 8vo. 5l. 5s.
- The Casket of Knowledge, (Phrenology, 40 Cards complete in case). 5s. 6d.
- Daring's Horace, with English Notes. By Prof. Anthon. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
- Penruddock, a Tale. By the Author of "Waltzburgh," 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.
- Campaigns of the 28th Regiment since their Return from Egypt, in 1802. By Lt.-Col. C. Cadell. post 8vo. 9s.
- Philosophy of Health. By Southwold Smith, M.D. In 2 vols., Vol. I. 12mo. 7s.
- Arithmetic for Young Children. 18mo. 1s. 6d.
- Four Sermons on the Spirit of Holiness. By J. H. Evans. 12mo. 4s.
- Influence of Democracy on Society. By an American. post 8vo. 5s. 6d.
- Rowbotham's Pocket Dictionary of the French Language. 32mo. 3s. 6d.
- Partington's British Cyclopædia, Arts and Sciences, Vol. II. roy. 8vo. 15s.
- The Book of Revelation, with Notes. By the Rev. Isaac Ashe, A.B. 12mo 5s.
- Family Prayers. By the Author of "Explanatory and Practical Comments on the New Testament." 12mo. 4s. 6d.
- Villeroi; or, Religion founded on Principle not on Excitement. 12mo. 5s.
- John Goodwin's Exposition of the Ninth Chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, with Preface. By Thomas Jackson. 8vo. 8s.
- The Art of Book-binding in all its Branches. By J. A. Arnot. With Nine Engravings, 18mo. 6s.
- The Church at Philippi; or, the Doctrines and Conduct of the early Christians Illustrated. 12mo. 5s.
- Maund's Botanic Garden, Vol. V. bds., large, 37s.; small, 25s. Part X. bds. large, 19s.; small, 13s. No. 121, combining a Floral Register; large, 1s. 6d.; small, 1s.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Sir Grenville Temple has nearly completed the printing of his Travels, entitled "Excursions in the Mediterranean," &c.; extracts from which afforded such gratification at the late sittings of the Geographical Society. Sir Grenville appears to have explored, with peculiar care, the scites of ancient cities, especially Carthage, and has preserved beautiful drawings, as well as copies of inscriptions, from a variety of extremely interesting remains, several of which are destined to enrich the present work.

The Hon. Mrs. Norton is, we hear, engaged in the production of a Novel. From the high talents of this accomplished Lady, the announcement of the fact will be sufficient to excite the expectations of her numerous friends and the public. The scenes are said to be from fashionable life, and the title, "The Wife and Woman's Reward."

The Countess of Blessington's New Novel, "The Two Friends," is now completed, and intended for publication in the coming week.

The talented author of "The Collegians" has, we have the pleasure to state, at length resumed his pen, and transmitted to the press a new Work, entitled "Tales of my Neighbourhood."

The author of the "Tales of the Moors," has just ready for publication, a series of Tales, entitled "Selwyn in Search of a Daughter, and other Pieces," several of which have been very much admired in the pages of Blackwood.

Miss Pardoe's New Work, "The Mardens and the Daventrys," is to appear on the 4th instant. These Tales are said to be of a striking and highly interesting character.

Mr. Thomas Roscoe, Editor of the "Landscape Annual," is preparing for publication, an Excursion in North Wales, which will be embellished with numerous highly-finished plates, from drawings made expressly for the work, by Cattermole, Cox, Creswick, and Walker, of Derby.

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H

Second Edition of Mr. Inglis's Work on the Channel Islands, Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, &c. In 1 vol. post 8vo., with Illustrations, price 12s.

A Universal Gazetteer; or, Geographical Dictionary of the World. Founded on the Works of Brooks and Walker, with the addition of several thousand names not to be found in any other work, the Latitude and Longitude throughout, and the relative Distances, being most carefully examined. With Nine Engravings. By George Landmann, Esq. C.E., late a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Corps of Royal Engineers. 8vo.

A New Work, by the Author of "Sayings and Doings," "Love and Pride," &c.

The Rustic Muse. Poems. By John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant. Foolscap 8vo.

Pantika; or, Traditions of the most Ancient Times. By William Howitt. In 2 vols. post 8vo.

The Belgic Revolution. By the Author of "Herbert Milton." In 2 vols. post 8vo.

The History and Description of Fossil Fuel, the Collieries and Coal Trade of Great Britain. 8vo.

A List of nearly Two Thousand Microscopic Objects, with Remarks, and the Names of all Animals and Plants, in which the circulation has been seen under the Microscope; forming a Guide to the selection of subjects of Natural History, Botany, &c.; and also for labelling them. By Andrew Pritchard, author of "The Natural History of Animalcules," "Microscopic Cabinet," &c.

The Exile of Erin; or, the Sorrows of a Bashful Irishman; a satirical Novel. 2 vols. post 8vo.

Stonhouse's Sick Man's Friend. New Edition. 12mo. 5s.

German and English Dialogues, with grammatical Notes; to which are added, the Routes most frequented; Notices of the principal Cities in Germany and Switzerland; Tables of the difference of Miles, Value of Coins, the Regulations of the Schnell-post, &c. By John Bramsen, Professor of the German Language.

A New Edition of the Essays of Elia.

Colman's Normandy, Picardy, &c. &c. containing Views of the most picturesque Cathedrals, Churches, and other objects in Northern France.

Five Hundred Questions in Geography; being a Series of First Exercises in that important Branch of Education.

A Manual of Universal History and Chronology; for the Use of Schools. By H. H. Wilson, M.A., Modern Professor of Sanscrit, Oxford. 12mo.

The History of the Overthrow of the Roman Empire, and the Formation of the principal European States. By W. C. Taylor, B.A. T.C.D. 12mo.

The Natural and Civil History of Algiers. By B. P. Lord, M.B. M.R.C.S. of the Bombay Medical Establishment. 2 vols.

The Naval Sketch-Book, Second Series. A new Edition, with Embellishments. 2 vols. post 8vo.

A Practical Compendium of the Diseases of the Skin. By J. Green, M.D. 8vo.

A Classified Index to Cuvier's Animal Kingdom. By E. Griffith, F.A.S.

A Key to Reynard's Genealogical Chart of the Kings and Queens of England. A new Edition, with considerable Additions and Corrections, being brought down to the present Time. 18mo.

Beasley's Dictation Exercises. A new Edition, improved and corrected.

The Epistolary Guide, or New Letter Writer. By J. H. Brady. 12mo.

A Popular Dictionary of Parochial Law and Taxation, and the Duties of Parish Officers. By J. H. Brady. Revised by James N. Mahon, Barrister-at-Law. A new Edition, comprising all the Alterations produced by the New Poor Law Act, &c. 1 vol. 12mo.

The Parish Officer's Legal Adviser; or, an Authentic Guide to Churchwardens, Overseers, and other Parochial Authorities. By J. H. Brady. Revised by J. N. Mahon, Barrister-at-Law. A new Edition, amended according to the latest Alteration of the Law. 12mo.

An Historical Epitome of the Old and New Testaments, and Part of the Apocrypha; in which the Events are arranged in Chronological Order. By a Member of the Church of England. A new Edition, corrected and amended. With a variety of Engravings. 12mo.

Chemical Attraction; an Essay, in Five Chapters. I. The Laws of Combination.—II. The Electro-Chemical Theory.—III. The Atomic Theory of Dr. Dalton.—

IV. The Theory of M. Gay Lussac.—V. The Agents opposing Chemical Attraction. With an historical Introduction, and several illustrative Tables. By Gilbert Langdon Hume, of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

In the Month of March will be published, in 2 vols. 8vo., a Treatise of the Diseases of the Eye, with Remarks on its Anatomy and Physiology; founded on the Essay to which the Jacksonian Prize for the year 1831 was adjudged; and comprising the substance of the Lectures delivered at the Birmingham Eye Infirmary, during the years 1832, 1833, and 1834. By Richard Middleton, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons.

NEW MUSIC.

Three Songs. Words by MRS. HEMANS, JOHN FRANCIS, and G. H. TOULMIN. Falkner.

Mr. Crouch has been very successful in the music to these words. "The Song of Victory" of Mrs. Hemans is composed with great spirit; and the "Serenade," by Mr. Francis, will be a general favourite in the drawing-room; while the "Sea Song" of Mr. Toulmin displays much energy and feeling.

FINE ARTS.

Bertram. Engraved on copper, by W. O. GILLER, from a Sketch in clay, by J. B. LEYLAND.

Mr. Leyland's representation of "Bertram," which portrays him listening to the prior reading, is in the very spirit of Maturin; there is no great room for anything striking, and yet the effect of the three figures is good, from the quiet of each of their countenances, which breathes a softness over the whole, making the engraving win its way from the gentleness of its character. We wish Mr. Leyland every success, and doubt not he will find it, if he produces many such works as the one before us.

Mr. Moon has just published "Promise," a picture of two sisters in all the pride of girlhood's loveliness: it is a perfect gem—the engraving is soft and "beautiful beyond all beauty." He also has in preparation a view of "Venice," by Prout, as a companion to "Byron's Dream;" but the gem of the season is expected to be "The Crucifixion," by Martin, which contains a representation of the city of Jerusalem, taken from Josephus and other accredited authorities.

Leaves from the Memorandum Book of Alfred Crowquill. Dedicated by Permission to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria. Smith and Elder, Cornhill.

These leaves are of the usual pitch of drollery; the nautical leaf is better in the graphic than in the letter-press department. However, as Alfred flies at every thing, we must not be surprised if all his flights are not equally elevated. The worshipful company of physiognomies, congregated under the title of "travelling companions," are really a droll set, and quite as natural as droll. We have met most of the originals in our journey through life. The leaf of edibles we must call a dainty bit, and certainly well concocted by the provider. To the leaf of cords we can accord a string of commendations, every line of which they would deserve; but we must tie them all up in a bundle, by saying shortly that they are all good. These leaves are amusing to turn over, and we hope that Alfred Crowquill will afford us, very shortly, the opportunity of turning over a new leaf.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

THE agitation of the political has not extended to the commercial interests. There have been, during the last month, some instances of overtrading in the northern districts, that have affected prices in a temporary manner, and also some acts of speculation a little too sanguine, particularly in the article of wool. The agricultural departments seem to labour under the greatest distress, and we trust that this distress will excite the serious consideration of the present ministry, and be energetically pressed upon the notice of the present parliament. It appears, also, that the shipping interests are not in that flourishing state, either that commerce, or that the interests of a nation that depends upon its naval superiority, could wish. We much fear that the reciprocity system has not been met with that good faith and liberality by foreign nations, in which we have propounded it to them. The threatened rupture between America and France, provided that we can overcome our national pugnacity so far as to avoid meddling with either party, would not fail, if that rupture proceeded to actual warfare, to benefit our marine, and throw much of the carrying trade of both the belligerent nations into our hands. We speak here only as political economists, not as philanthropists. These fears of a maritime war have already affected the rates of insurance on American and French vessels at Lloyd's. Altogether, we see nothing desponding, though little that is exhilarating, in the mercantile state of the country. We want repose, a cessation of the experiments of theorists upon our trade, and a rigid attention to economy, all of which we confidently hope for at the hands of the present administration.

The following is the latest account of the state of the Money Market.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Tuesday, 27th of January.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 224.—India Stock, 259.—Consols, 91 quarter.—Consols for Account, 91 three-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 100.—India Bonds, 21s. p.—Exchequer Bills, 42s.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Brazilian Five Per Cent. 99 three-quarters.—Columbian Six Per Cent, 1834, 32 three-

quarters.—Dutch Two and a Half Per Cent, 54 quarter.—Mexican Six Per Cent, 41 quarter.—Spanish, (1822), 54 seven-eighths.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican, 7l., 8l. — United Mexican, 4l., 4l. 10s. — Brazilian Imperial, 36l. 10s. 37l. 10s.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—Jan. 24.—The misunderstanding between France and the United States, considerable as was the apprehension it excited in the minds of the monied classes both in London and Paris, has now so entirely lost its influence, that while the English funds have realized, upon an average, at least $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. more, the French even have re-established themselves at or about the rates quoted for them prior to the receipt of General Jackson's Message to Congress. The Three per Cent. Rentes were done at the Bourse on Wednesday and Thursday (the 20th and 21st) at 77f. 10c., the Fives at 107f. 35c. ; and in the Market here Consols have to-day left off at 91 $\frac{1}{4}$ for Money, and owing to the continued suspension of speculative business, at the same for the Account also, or $\frac{1}{4}$ per Cent. better than yesterday. The Three-and-a-Half per Cent. Reduced have again closed at 99 $\frac{1}{4}$, the new Three-and-a-Half per Cent. Annuities at 99, and the Long Annuities at 17 $\frac{1}{4}$, while the Three per Cent. Reduced have further advanced to 91 $\frac{1}{4}$. Exchequer Bills are still reported at 42s. to 43s., and India Bonds at 20s. to 22s. premium.

Bank Stock has relapsed to its reduced quotation of 222½ for Money. India ditto continues to be depressed at that of 257, as well for Money as for the Account.

The transactions of the Foreign Market have not to-day, the 24th, possessed any novelty worthy of particular notice, the various securities appertaining to that department having, with one or two exceptions, opened and again closed at their yesterday's prices. The Cortes Bonds were resumed at 54½, or ½ per cent. lower, but they eventually rallied to 55. The Three per Cent. Spanish have been too long hawked about in Paris, Amsterdam, Hamburg, and elsewhere on the Continent, to become popular in this country, and accordingly they are again without a quotation. Had they met with a better reception in the first instance we should, no doubt, have been visited before this with the Guebbard and Perpetuelles also. The scrip of the new Stock opened, as it had closed, at 7, and after much minute fluctuation, again left off at its extreme price for the day of 1¼ premium. Portuguese Stock is still ½ per cent. higher than yesterday, the Fives having advanced to 90¼, and the Sixes to 98¾. Brazilian has further advanced to 82¾, Chilian to 37½, Colombian to 33. The Two-and-a-Half per Cent. Dutch are at 54½, and the Fives at 100¾, for money; Russian at 109. The French Threes have again been done, as in the beginning of the week, at 77f., and an exchange of 25f. 40c.

In Shares, Redmoor and Union gold are still receding a little. The former have to-day been at 4l. 15s., the latter at 14l. 10s. to 15l. Anglo-Mexican have commanded 9l., Cata Aranca 5l., British Iron 31l., Real del Monte 31l. 5s. to 32l., United Mexican 4l. 15s., and London and Greenwich Railway 14l. 10s. per share.

Intelligence of the failure of a St. Petersburg house has been received within the last day or two, but although it is for a very large amount, as much it is said as 200,000l. sterling, the effect of it will not, it is hoped, be *very severely felt in London*. The Dublin firm of Gibbons and Williams was announced on Friday last to have suspended payment, the liabilities of which are estimated in round numbers at 60,000l. to 65,000l., and the assets at 35,000l. to 40,000l.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM DECEMBER 23, 1834, TO JANUARY 23, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

Dec. 23.—R. Morrison, Wilson Street, Finsbury Square, carpenter.—R. Elford, jun. Twickenham Common, veterinary surgeon.—R. Fraser, Brompton, wine merchant.—T. Driver, Pemell's Terrace, Peckham, merchant.—E. G. Wood, Liverpool, brewer.—W. Chapman, Allensmore, Herefordshire, timber merchant.—T. Pyke, Liverpool, corn merchant.—J. Baxter, Longham, Norfolk, builder.—W. Kadwell, Weston, Somersetshire, victualler.

Dec. 26.—A. Emersen, Laurence Pountney Lane, Cannon Street, lead merchant.—T. T. Dunn, Cain's Cross, Gloucestershire, wool merchant.—J. Wigglesworth, Liverpool, grocer.—J. Goodacre, Silkstone, Yorkshire, linen manufacturer.—J. Robinson, Whitehaven, bookseller.—W. Emberlin, Deddington, Oxfordshire, paper maker.—W. Shepherd, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, merchant.—B. Heighington, Darlington, Durham, wine merchant.—J. Race, Wells-next-the-Sea, Norfolk, grocer.—B. Ezekiel, Tiverton, Devonshire, draper.

Dec. 30.—H. H. Newington, High Street, Southwark, chinaman.—J. Gilbert, sen., Woburn, innkeeper.—C. Clark, Stowey, Somersetshire, chemist.—J. Parkins, King William Street, London Bridge, tailor.—R. Yates, Manchester, innkeeper.—R. Winterbottom, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, woollen manufacturer.—W. C. Winterbottom, and W. Dickson, Oldham, fustian manufacturers.—J. Vollans, sen., D. Vollans, jun., Leeds, woollen cloth manufacturers.—W. Ellis, Portsea, timber merchant.—G. Boyce, Tiverton, bookseller.

Jan. 2.—S. Ashby, Upper Thames Street, flour dealer.—J. Windross, Bishopsgate Street Without, linendraper.—H. J. A. G. Richardson, Upper Norton Street, Portland Place, commission agent.—P. D. L. Hildesheimer, New Road, Woolwich, grocer.—I. Solomon, and B. Aaron, Bristol, woollen drapers.—P. Blight, Phillack, Cornwall, grocer.

Jan. 6.—S. Speight, Brick Lane, Spitalfields, chemist.—F. Green, Clifford Street, Bond Street, auctioneer.—L. Flersheim, Birmingham, merchant.—H. Owen, Liverpool, miller.—W. Greenwood, Sutton-upon-Trent, coal dealer.

Jan. 11.—S. Hales, Newgate Street, butcher.—W. C. Newport, Bognor, Sussex, scrivener.—J. Hayward, Tottenham Court Road, butcher.—W. Brown, High Street, Camberwell, carpenter.—G. Davies, Lisson Grove, St. Marylebone, ironmonger.—T. Holbrook, Calthorpe Arms, Gray's Inn Road, victualler.—B. Shadgett, Loose, Kent, carpenter.—W. Robinson, Manchester, coach proprietor.—W. Holdsworth, Sheffield, spoon manufacturer.—T. Bassford, Bilston, Staffordshire, bookseller.—J. Marsh, Hepworth, Yorkshire, clothier.

Jan. 13.—T. Matthew, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, coach maker.—J. Sadd, Jewry Street, Aldgate, victualler.—W. Rotherham, Shoreditch, draper.—J. Simpson and J. Windross, Bishopsgate Street, linen drapers.—N. Coplin and T. Wood, King Street, woollen agents.—J. Philpott, Bell Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, innkeeper.—J. Buxton, Barnard

Castle, Durham, woolstapler.—C. C. Berry, Liverpool, merchant.—J. Strachan, Bristol, tailor.—J. Langley, Bristol, wine merchant.—J. Glover, Wallsall, ironfounder.—J. Cowan, Gosport, slater.—W. D. Price, Chepstow, innkeeper.

Jan. 16.—G. Joshua, Brownlow Street, Drury Lane, currier.—W. Inglis, Houndsditch, currier.—B. Norris, Oxford Street, chemist.—G. Bagley, and J. Evans, Lad Lane, warehousemen.—W. Richardson, Godstone, Surrey, innkeeper.—W. Stivenon, Prince's Street, Westminster, dealer in mahogany.—J. Nevatt, Petworth, Sussex, tailor.—W. Raymond, Streatham Place, Brixton Hill, shipowner.—J. Wigan, Pine Apple Place, Kilburn Priory, Edgeware Road, music seller.—F. Moore, jun. Westmoreland Place, Walworth Common, vinegar merchant.—J. Carnley, Kingston-upon-Hull, upholsterer.—J. M. Nuneaton, Warwickshire, grocer.

Jan. 20.—T. and W. Layfield, Silver Street, St. James's, tailors.—J. Harvey, Dartford, timber merchant.—T. Jones, Liverpool, broker.—

I. Miller, Liverpool, merchant.—J. Garside, Portwood, Cheshire, machine maker.—J. Edwards, Llanelly, draper.—E. Brown and J. and T. Davy, Culmpton, Devonshire, woollen manufacturers.

Jan. 23.—T. W. Sharland, Lime Street, tea broker.—A. L. Wigan, Brighton, surgeon.—H. G. Walker, Spital Square, coach maker.—S. Fitch, Hackney, victualler.—G. Miles, Gloucestershire, clothier.—J. T. Reeve, Whitechapel, licensed victualler.—W. Key, London Wall, cheesemonger.—G. Gidley, Cheapside, button manufacturer.—N. J. Lyons, South Lambeth, master mariner.—D. James, Dartford, banker.—E. Johnson, Dover Street, Piccadilly, and Charlotte Street, Edinburgh.—J. Wakefield, Worcestershire, machine maker.—H. W. King, Bristol, attorney-at-law.—J. B. Billam, Wakefield, Yorkshire, manufacturer.—A. Harvey, Penzance, Cornwall, watch maker.—J. Perry and J. Rayment, Manchester, paper dealers.—J. Park, Leeds, woollen cloth manufacturer.—M. Scholey, Kingston-upon-Hull, draper.

NEW PATENTS.

F. A. Bernhardt, of Upper Montague Street, Montague Square, Architect, for certain improvements in warming and airing buildings. December 4th, 6 months.

W. A. Noble, of Cross Street, Cherry Garden Street, Bermondsey, Surrey, Engineer, for certain improvements in applying the steam to the common and other engines. December 4th, 6 months.

J. Hudson, of Gale, near Rochdale, Lancaster, Calico Printer, for certain machinery and apparatus applicable in block printing, on silk, woollen, cotton, and other fabrics, and on paper. December 4th, 6 months.

W. Ranger, of Great Deans Yard, Westminster, Middlesex, Builder, for certain improved modes of preparing and combining various materials, whereby the moulding or forming blocks, casts, walls, or other aggregates in those said materials, may be considerably expedited, being improvements upon a patent granted to him for Ranger's artificial stone. December 4th, 6 months.

J. West, of Crayford, Kent, Blacksmith, for an improvement on forges. December 9th, 6 months.

E. Massey, senior, of King Street, Clerkenwell, Middlesex, Watch Maker, for certain improvements in the apparatus used for measuring the progress of vessels through the water, and for taking soundings at sea. December 9th, 6 months.

R. Rettfort, of the Tavistock Hotel, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, Middlesex, Gentleman, for a certain newly invented machine or apparatus, called a Physiognotype, by means of which a perfect fac simile of the human countenance can be immediately produced, or the exact copy of a bust or sculptured figure, or of a living or other subject taken. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 18th, 6 months.

J. Hansom, of Hinchley, Leicester, Architect, for an improved vehicle for the conveyance of various kinds of loads on common and other roads. December 23rd, 6 months.

J. Ferguson, of Carlisle, Manufacturer, for a certain combination of processes, whereby a new kind of dress or finish is given to certain goods. December 23rd, 6 months.

E. Galloway, of Westmoreland Place, City Road, Middlesex, Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines, which improvements are applicable to other purposes. December 23rd, 6 months.

H. Stothert, of the City of Bath, Founder, for certain improvements in ships' hearths or cabouses. December 23rd, 6 months.

J. Smith, of Bradford, York, Machine Maker, for a certain improvement on chisels or instruments for cutting or dressing stone and certain other substances. December 23rd, 2 months.

R. Beart, of Godmanchester, Huntingdon, Miller, for improvements in machinery or apparatus for making bricks. December 23rd, 6 months.

W. Crofts, of New Radford, Nottingham, Machine Maker, for certain improvements in certain machinery for making figured or ornamented bobbin net, or what is commonly called ornamented bobbin net lace. December 23rd, 6 months.

R. Simister, of Manchester, Ironmonger, for an improvement in the manufacture of such pens as are usually made of steel or other elastic metal. December 23rd, 6 months.

P. Fairbairn, of Leeds, York, Mechanist, for an improved method of preparing, slivering, or roving hemp, flax, and other fibrous substances for spinning. December 23rd, 6 months.

J. Browne, of Bridgewater, Somerset, Merchant, for an improved instrument or apparatus for ascertaining levels. December 23rd, 6 months.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1834.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Dec.					
23	30-43	30,34-30,29	N.W.		Cloudy, except the evening.
24	22-39	30,26-30,29	N.		Cloudy.
25	29-43	30,32-30,34	N. b. E.		Cloudy, except the evening.
26	33-42	30,39-30,41	N.E.		Cloudy, except the evening.
27	36-43	30,45-30,46	E. & S.E.		Cloudy, and very foggy.
28	30-44	30,47-30,49	S.E.		Generally clear.
29	25-44	30,47-30,35	S.		Cloudy, rain in the evening.
30	40-50	30,24-30,12	S.W.	,125	Cloudy, rain at times.
31	40-55	30,06-30,01	S.W. & W.	,05	General cloud.
1835.					
Jan.					
1	38-51	30,04-30,20	W.	,225	General cloud.
2	35-46	30,37-30,49	N.W.		Cloudy, sunshine frequent.
3	30-43	30,60-30,63	N.		Cloudy, except the evening.
4	24-38	30,62-30,57	N.E.		Generally clear.
5	23-39	30,48-30,44	N. b. E.		Generally clear.
6	24-37	30,37-30,30	N.E. & N.		Generally clear.
7	16-34	30,25-30,23	N. b. E.		Very foggy.
8	24-38	30,09-29,90	S.W.		Cloudy; frequent intervals of sunshine.
9	29-49	29,80-29,69	W. b. S.		General cloud; rain in the evening.
10	38-52	29,54-29,51	W.	,25	General Cloud.
11	40-54	29,49-29,48	S.W.		General cloud, rain frequent during the A.M.
12	41-51	29,49-29,58	W. b. S.	,125	Cloudy, sunshine at times.
13	42-53	29,69-29,55	S. & W.		General cloud.
14	38-52	29,46-29,43	S.E.		General cloud.
15	40-53	29,49-29,64	W. b. S.		General cloud, except the evening.
16	42-55	29,65-29,53	S. b. W.		General cloud, rain at times.
17	27-43	29,50-29,56	N.W. & W.	,3	Cloudy in the morning, otherwise generally clear.
18	25-41	29,46-29,29	W.		Cloudy.
19	33-43	29,09-29,19	N.W.		Rain in the morning; snow in the evening.
20	26-36	29,16-29,64	N.	,075	Generally clear.
21	19-34	29,89-30,06	N.W.		Morning clear; snow in the evening.
22	30-40	Stat. 30,16	N.W.		Cloudy, faint sunshine at times.

Snow during the night of the 21st, average depth one inch.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—William Yarrell, Esq. in the chair.—Balance in favour of Society on the accounts of December last, 527*l.* 6*s.*; about three thousand five hundred persons visited the gardens in the same month; eighteen candidates, including four foreign members, were elected. The check turn-stile gates at the garden have been brought into use;—the advantages of them will be a considerable diminution of the annual expenditure at the gates, and increased efficiency in registering the correct number of admissions. The steam-engine and pumps are now at work: on Monday, last week, the whole of the cisterns were filled with water; since that day the machinery has been regularly worked, and the supply has been abundant: the experience of the last few days induces the council to anticipate that the result will be satisfactory. A quantity of water, averaging twenty thousand gallons per day, was required for menagerie and garden purposes, and the sum paid for that supply from the West Middlesex Water-works Company was 50*l.* per month. The necessary outlay in these operations the council propose to regard as capital invested, diminishing by the amount heretofore paid the sum at present due to the investment fund. Auditors for the accounts of the past year were chosen.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Mr. Children, president, in the chair.—The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed; various donations of books, &c. were announced, and thanks ordered to be returned for the same. Routine business was transacted. Several remarkable new and exotic insects were exhibited, including the rare British species *Platydemia-bicolor*, Fab. and its *larvæ*, and a fine species of *Scarabæus* from Smyrna, having very long fore-legs. The following memoirs were read:—1. Report of the Entomological Proceedings at the Linnæan and other Societies during the present year; 2. Observations upon the Transformations of the *Cirripeda* and *Crustacea*, with the description of the *larva* of *Iepas anatifera*, by Mr. J. V. Thompson; 3. Memoir upon the habits of *Copris nudas*, with an account of the receptacles in which the *pupæ* are deposited, by Lieut.-Col. W. H. Sykes; 4. Observations on the Economy of the *Strepsiptera*, with the description of *Stylops Spencii*, a new British species recently discovered, by Mr. C. J. Pickering; 5. Additional Observations upon the Structure of the *Larvæ* and *Imago* in the *Strepsiptera*, by Mr. J. O. Westwood. The two latter memoirs were illustrated by the exhibition of the *Stylops Spencii*, and the bee from the body of which it had been extracted, as well as other living bees taken in company therewith; and by an extensive series of the very rare genera of *Stylops Xenai* and *Eleuchus*, and of styloped bees and wasps. A very lengthened and animated discussion took place upon the subject of the preceding communications, especially with reference to the mode of construction of the balls of the *Copris Pupa*, which were of the size of four-pound bullets; and as to the mode of deposition of the parasitic eggs of the *Strepsiptera*.

ROYAL SOCIETY.—Dr. Jennings in the chair.—On Thursday evening the meetings were resumed after the Christmas recess. The concluding portion of Mr. Lyell's paper on the proofs of the gradual rise of the land in Sweden was read. Our distinguished geologist pursues these proofs very successfully. In this part of his communication we have him commencing his inquiries on the 19th of July last year, at Gulholmen, Marschant, &c. From a comparison of the ancient land-marks, and accurate observation, he found that the water was two feet below the maximum depression of sixty-four years ago. There are no tides on this part of the coast. It is a well-known fact among the inhabitants, that the ancient port of Gothenborg was many more miles further up the country than it now is. The author presents many such corroborative evidences, but we need not follow him further. He recommends Swedish geologists to institute a comparison between the shells of the two seas, which are frequently found far inland, and at the height of two hundred feet,—and botanists to examine the different mosses found growing on the newly acquired land, with the older productions of the same class. He establishes the objects of his paper by evidence of two kinds.—1st. The testimony of the inhabitants; 2nd. The positions of the artificial marks which have been set up during the last generation; and he concludes by expressing his satisfaction that this remarkable

rise is occupying the attention of the scientific in Sweden, as it is only by such endeavours that it can be ascertained whether the land be oscillating or always in one direction,—intermittent or permanent. An extensive and well-executed delineation of that part of Sweden, visited by Mr. Lyell, was suspended in the meeting-room, and carried the auditory along with the narrative in a clear and satisfactory manner.

Mr. Lubbock in the chair.—There were read “Observations on the temperature of the sea and atmosphere,” made in a voyage from India to England in 1833, by Alexander Burnes, Esq. These observations are given in a tabular form; and the result shows a pretty close resemblance between the temperature of the sea and that of the atmosphere. Another communication was read, viz. “Remarks by Dr. Davy on Mr. Faraday’s experimental researches in electricity.” We must deal briefly with this paper. Dr. Davy complains that Mr. Faraday “is neither just to his brother (Sir Humphry) nor correct” in his general scientific deductions. He contends it is apparent from the writings of Sir Humphry Davy, that the latter was fully in possession of the knowledge of the influence of water in voltaic combination, electro-chemical action, &c. &c. A note, in answer to the foregoing, by Mr. Faraday, was then read. It was an eloquent tribute to the transcendent merits of Sir H. Davy. Mr. Faraday, in the outset, observes, that he has no right to suppose Dr. Davy does not understand the series of papers which form the grounds of his remarks; yet, from these remarks themselves, he must think so. He then directs attention to a paper, long and laborious, which he had the high pleasure of seeing published in the *Philosophical Transactions* last year, in support and confirmation of the general views of Sir Humphry, and quotes very happily the opinions expressed by Brande, Ure, and others on the subject. Finally, he observes, that the only conclusion he can come to is, that the language of Sir H. Davy is obscure, even to his brother; and if so, Mr. Faraday has no right to expect that his words should be rightly taken by the learned doctor.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—Mr. Hallam in the chair.—Mr. Smith exhibited a small ancient bottle containing liquid, and two coins, one of the Emperor Commodus, found about four feet below the surface of the ground at the castle of Bennington, near Wear. Among other presents announced, Mr. Collier presented a copy of an ancient miracle play, entitled, *The Harrowing of Hell*, now first printed from MS. Harl. 2253 (only twenty-five copies). Mr. C. considers the original certainly as old as the reign of Edward III., if not older. Sir F. Palgrave communicated a copy of a document found among some state papers at the Chapter House, Westminster; it purported to be a letter from Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, to her son, Reginald Pole, (afterwards cardinal,) when he had incurred the displeasure of Henry VIII.; the letter is forcibly indited, and expresses great parental anxiety that her son should submit to the king’s pleasure. It is written in a strong clerk-like hand, and not likely to be that of the countess; nor is it signed by her. Sir Francis, therefore, concludes, that it must have been either the draft of a letter intended to be written, (such drafts are often found,) or a fair copy made for the countess to sign, or (as has been said of a letter purporting to be written by Anne Boleyn in the Tower) a fictitious document.—A portion was read of a dissertation on the original descent of the Caribbees, by Mr. R. H. Schomberg.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—Meeting of June 7th, Rev. Dr. Spry in the chair.—The conclusion of a memoir by Mr. Cullimore, on bilingual hieroglyphics, and cuneiform inscriptions, was read.

In the autumn of last year, some drawings were transmitted to the Society from Syria, by Mr. Bonomi, representing certain tablets both hieroglyphic and cuneiform, found together among several more modern inscriptions on the rocks of Elkelb (the ancient Lycus,) near Beyrout.* Such monuments of this description, as were hitherto known to the learned, have been referred to Cyrus, and his immediate successors; the present writer, however, having discovered the name of Ramses II. on the hieroglyphic tablets, argued at length against the correctness of this view, as adopted by Grotefend, Champollion, and their followers, assigning to them the much higher antiquity of an age coeval with that of the tablet of Abydos, which we owe to the same remarkable monarch. By means of the historical and chronological evidence adduced in support of this opinion, he determined the epoch of the arts and sciences in Egypt, which continued in a state of progressive advancement

* A cast of the most remarkable of the tablets has since arrived in England.

during at least twenty-three reigns, from the age of Osirtesen I. or the beginning of the eighteenth century B.C., to Ramses II.

The writer thence proceeded to consider the parallel epoch unfolded in the Persian archaeology. This he discovers in the age of the great civiliser and benefactor of his country, King Jemsheed, which, as calculated from the calendar compiled by Jemsheed himself, corresponds to the above date, or about 1800 years. Hence the rise of literature and the arts in Egypt and Persepolis will appear to have been synchronous. Equally parallel seems likewise to have been their duration, extending to within eleven centuries of the Christian era. This was shown from arguments founded on the identity of the Egyptian and Persepolitan calendars; the former appearing to have been introduced into the east about the time of the overthrow of the race of Jemsheed. Hence, again, arises a suspicion, that to the conquering armies of Egypt we are to attribute this revolution, which occurred in a period coincident with the reign of Ramses II.; may we not, therefore, reasonably attribute the decline of the Persepolitan splendour to that eminent Pharaoh, and view Mr. Bonomi's tablets as records immediately connected with his victorious expedition?

A paper by Mr. Hamilton was likewise read, on a new reading in the fourth book of Thucydides. The passage occurs in the forty-first chapter, in the course of the oration pronounced by Pericles over those Athenian citizens who had fallen in the first year of the Peloponnesian war. The words referred to are those in which, according to the editors, the orator alludes to the monuments everywhere planted by the Athenians, "both of good and evil," *καλῶν τε καὶ ἄγαθων*, to the ravages they had committed, and the benefits they had conferred.

Nothing, certainly, can be more inappropriate to the occasion and the speaker, than this reading. The writer also stated his opinion, that the arguments and examples adduced in confirmation of it, do not bear it out. He proposes, therefore, to substitute *καλῶν τε καὶ ἄγαθων* as a probable sense, and one entirely applicable to the sentiment which never failed to be in the heart, and upon the lips of the people of Athens, when they spoke of the glory of their country, or the worth of their fellow-citizens. This reading has, besides, the support of two of the manuscripts of the historian of the Peloponnesian war.

MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

POMPEII.—A German journal states the following as recent discoveries at Pompeii. In the street lately opened from the Temple of Fortune to the Gate of Isis, and passing nearly through the middle of the town, (says our informant,) on reaching a central point, whence streets diverge to the theatres and city walls, there has been found an altar, placed before the protecting Genius of the place, in the form of a serpent. The sides of the altar are ornamented with paintings of priests offering various sacrifices. In two shops in the Street of Fortune were discovered a pair of bronze scales, and a weight shaped like a pear, a bronze dish with handles, a hatchet, and some small perforated cylindrical bones, supposed to have been used either in some female work, or for making calculations. A house behind the grand Mosaic comprises a vestibule, several sleeping-rooms, ornamented with simplicity; and a tabulum, adorned with exquisite fresco paintings, has also been explored. An elegant bronze shell, an earthen lamp, black with smoke, vessels containing colours, and a wooden chest, lined with iron and surrounded with figures formed with brass nails, were found in these apartments.

RAIL-ROAD ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.—The project for this very desirable undertaking, has been lately revived by the government of New Grenada, to which state the isthmus of Panama belongs. We understand that an agent has recently arrived in England for the purpose of obtaining contractors for the work, according to the terms of the decree of that republic of the 27th May, 1834. From a perusal of this decree, we find that the passage in question is to consist either of a common road for carriages and wagons, or an iron rail-road, as contractors may be found. The principal inducement held out to speculators consists in a grant of twenty thousand fanegadas, or about twenty-four thousand acres, of waste land upon the

isthmus, with a free possession of the products from the road for a term of years which shall not be less than ten, nor exceed fifty years. The state toll-dues, a list of which is appended to the decree, are, however, to commence with the opening of the road. Upon the waste land to be granted, colonies of foreigners may be settled, and these are to be exempted, for twenty years, from taxation, military service, and the like. Failing in contractors from abroad, it is said that Santander, the president of New Grenada, is himself sanguine enough to commence the undertaking with the resources of the state, believing that a sum of three hundred and fifty thousand pounds would be sufficient for the completion of the work. If this has reference to an iron railway, our readers will perceive that such a sum is totally, and even absurdly, insufficient for the completion of an undertaking in a country where labour is so scarce, and for which the whole of the machinery, iron work, and mechanical ability, must be brought from Great Britain, or some other of the European States. The distance from the Atlantic to the Pacific is certainly very short, from Panama to Porto Bello, being only a distance of thirty-seven miles; but then this narrow isthmus is covered with an almost uninterrupted range of mountains, of a height so stupendous as to have always been considered an insuperable bar to the junction, by a canal, of the waters of the two seas. Hitherto the projects for a canal have all been laid down as passing by the very circuitous route of the Lake of Nicaragua. No particular route is specified, however, in the decree of the 27th of May last. If properly executed and protected, there can exist no doubt of the very extraordinary consequences which would arise to the world from thus cutting off a navigation of two thousand miles round Cape Horn, to all the countries on the great Southern Ocean. Much as we should rejoice in seeing so truly noble an undertaking brought into a practicable shape, we fear, however, that in the present condition of the states of South America, the time for its proper and profitable accomplishment is really not yet come. Still we have thought it interesting to the public to be informed of the present state and probabilities of a project which, at a future day, will become of such extensive importance to the world.

NEW BALL PROJECTOR.—A French agriculturist of the name of Billot, who has assiduously cultivated the mechanical arts, has invented a machine which will discharge two thousand balls, each eight ounces in weight, per minute, or one hundred and twenty thousand in an hour, and this without the slightest intermission. The action of this formidable machine may be arrested or continued at will; the balls are discharged from four different muzzles, which may be directed upon objects at a less or greater distance from each other, or they may be brought to bear simultaneously on one and the same point. Billot's machine, however, is not capable of carrying such balls a greater distance than one hundred metres (about one hundred and ten yards); but he asserts that he can improve it, so as to impel the same balls a distance of four hundred and fifty yards, and with a velocity scarcely inferior to that imparted by gunpowder. In this case, he adds, that he will be obliged to increase its weight from eighty to three hundred and ten pounds. He does not employ either air, spring, or combustible matter in this new projectile; and his name is of some note among French mechanics as the inventor of two new levers, which are to be seen in the collection of the "*Société d'Encouragement*" at Paris.—*U. S. Journal.*

PRIZE CHRONOMETER.—The government prize for the best chronometer—an instrument so important to navigation—has this year been adjudged to Mr. Edward Baker, of Islington, whose astonishing accuracy we have heard stated by the captains of vessels, after performing long voyages under the guidance of admirably adjusted *time-keepers*.

PROGRESS OF IMPROVEMENT.—A letter from Alexandria states, that the Pasha of Egypt has invited Mr. Brunel himself, or, if he should decline the office, any engineer appointed by him, to visit Egypt for the purpose of examining the banks of the Nile, and assisting in the plan (now carrying on with so much vigour) for clearing its channels and regulating its inundations. It is also mentioned that the pasha has raised our countryman, Mr. Galloway, to the rank of a bey, and sent him to Europe to purchase materials, &c. for the completion of a rail-road from Cairo to Suez.

COAL MINES IN FRANCE.—By a letter from Boulogne, we learn that a seam of coal has recently been discovered in the neighbourhood of that place. This, the writer very justly remarks, is of greater importance in consequence of the abundance of

iron-stone in that district of France. It is, indeed, the absence or scarcity and dearness of that all-important material of fuel, which causes the immaturity of the manufactures of that country—wood, with which the furnaces and steam-engines are principally supplied, being immeasurably dearer than the price at which coals can usually be delivered in the manufactories of Birmingham, Manchester, and Leeds. The superiority of the manufactures of England, since the invention of the steam-engine, may be almost entirely attributed to the abundance of coals in this country. The recent progress of the science of geology compels us, however, to entertain some doubt whether this exclusive advantage will always remain to these islands.

THE GULPH STREAM.—We perceive from the newspapers, that a bottle has recently been picked up at South port, containing the following paper:—"Thrown overboard from the packet-ship, *South America*, by the passengers, March, 1833, in the Gulph Stream, off Cape Cod; latitude, 40. 30; longitude, 68 west. The finder is earnestly requested to publish this in the nearest newspaper to the place where it may be found, to show the currents of the ocean, as well as to oblige the passengers, and to confer a benefit on science." Upon this a correspondent observes—"It is apparent that this bottle has traversed the whole breadth of the Atlantic Ocean, from America to England—adding another to the numerous proofs which have recently appeared, that the course of the Gulph Stream extends to a much greater distance to the eastward than is usually supposed. I have long been satisfied, that navigators are in error in supposing that the Gulph Stream has lost all force in about the longitude of the Azores, as laid down in the Admiralty charts. From this error, I make no doubt that numbers of the wrecks which annually take place upon the western coast of Ireland are to be solely attributed. A few miles per day, in even the faintest current of the ocean, will, to a vessel long detained by contrary winds, make a difference of several degrees of longitude in a voyage from America to Europe. It is well known, that, almost in every instance, reckonings not kept by chronometer, bring a vessel across the Atlantic to the land in Europe altogether too soon, as expected by the navigator. It ought, therefore, to become an established doctrine in navigation, that an allowance should be made for the operation of currents long after the vessel has left the present determined limits of the Gulph Stream, and, by less gradations, to the whole western coasts of the North Atlantic Ocean."

SYMPATHY BETWEEN TWINS.—The French papers mention some rather strange points of sympathy, existing between twin brothers, now between five and six years of age. Although these children did not suffer much during the first year, it was noticed, that they suffered simultaneously, whatever was the nature and degree of the suffering. In 1831 they were both attacked with intermittent fever on the same day, which also left them at the same time. In the following year, they both had cutaneous eruptions, the symptoms and effects of which were precisely similar. In the winter, they both had bad colds and coughs, and they invariably coughed at the same time! In 1833 they both had a contagious disorder, and were attacked with it so precisely at the same time, that it was impossible to tell which had communicated it to the other. In 1834, they both had a sort of ague at the same time. Notwithstanding all these strange points of sympathy, the two boys are said not to be in the least alike; the one is very delicate, the other robust: and their characters differ as much as their personal appearance. These facts are adduced by the French anatomists, as confirmatory of the opinion, that the cause of disorders generally is to be attributed rather to air and diet, than to any peculiar conformation of body, or to any apparent strength or weakness.

WAR ON A NEW SYSTEM.—An ingenious fellow near Erfurth has, it is stated, invented a musket without touch-hole or ramrod, the construction of which is so much approved that it is likely to be adopted by the Prussian army. The only way to meet so formidable an engine will be to have muskets without barrels or stocks.

INSTANTANEOUS MAGNETIC LIGHT.—A magnetic application of the philosophical researches of Professor Faraday, and the mechanical arrangements of Professor Ritchie and Mr. Saxton, has, we are informed, been contrived by Mr. Newman, the philosophical instrument maker in Regent-street—the principle of the apparatus not requiring the use of either acids or gases, allowing the greatest facility in its employment, without being liable to be easily deranged, or affected by dampness or

changes of temperature—possessing, at the same time, as we are informed, all the power of the magneto-electric machine, and being capable also of use as a philosophical instrument, for effecting decomposition and ignition.

STEAM-IMPROVEMENT.—Steam-vessels are about to be employed, under the auspices of the King of Greece, to run between Athens, Marseilles, Smyrna, and Constantinople. The projector of this plan is an Englishman! Shade of Themistocles appear at the Piræus, and preside over the launch of the first of these vessels!

NAPLES.—The climate of Naples has this year (1834) maintained its ancient reputation; for three months past Reaumur's thermometer has not been lower than 17 above 0; and warm south winds keep the temperature generally between 20° and 22°. A new company, lately established here, meets with great encouragement. It is called *Compagnia Edilisia*: its object is to contribute to beautify the capital, and the most eminent architects and engineers of the country are at the head of it. At the theatre of St. Charles, which under the new manager displays extraordinary splendour in the decorations and costumes, Madame Malibran continues to receive the enthusiastic admiration of the public. The most recent excavations at Pompeii are for the purpose of clearing the street which leads from the Temple of Fortune to the Isis Gate. Some admirable fresco paintings have been discovered in what is called the house of Dædalus. For some time past inquisitive strangers, and natives of the country, have gone in great numbers to visit that beautiful but hitherto neglected country, the ancient Samnium, the village of the Melschi and the Orfanta, which combine the charms of the southern sky with the severe grandeur of Switzerland; and the sight of which awakens the most interesting historical recollections. Excellent roads will soon be opened to the remotest part of the kingdom.

GIBRALTAR.—On the 17th of November, after an electric discharge of vivid lightning, an extraordinary flood of rain descended upon "the Rock." So instantaneous was the deluge that much injury was done, and ten individuals were drowned in places whence escape was impracticable.

STEAM-BOATS.—A steam-boat, intended to ply between Rouen and Paris, is in the course of construction, of a form not much known in this country. The bottom of the boat, instead of being in the water, is to be floated upon two cylinders, the points of which will be always above the surface of the water. These cylinders are to be parallel to each other, and the deck, or body of the boat, will be placed upon them. The steam-engine is fixed in the middle, and the boat will have but one paddle-wheel, which is to work between the cylinders. From this peculiar construction of the vessel, the water-mark, it is believed, will never rise above one-half of the diameter at the centre of the cylinders; in consequence, there will be but a trifling friction, and the vessel will move with great velocity. Similar vessels are, we believe, in use upon some of the rivers of America.

THE CONDENSING STEAM-ENGINE.—It is said that neither the condensing engines of Messrs. Busk, Keene, and Co., nor even that of Mr. Hall, of Nottingham, can, on account of the weight of the condensing apparatus, be adapted to the sea. In high pressure engines, which are exclusively used in steam navigation, not only is the condensing apparatus dispensed with, but the quantity of water is so much less, as to form another great diminution of the weight, which is so all important in locomotive engines. In a recent advertisement, it has been stated, that high pressure engines can be built to be worked with only a twelfth part of the water required in engines of the condensing class. The use of distilled water in steam-engines on land, where weight is immaterial, is a very valuable introduction, and in some manufactories has had an excellent effect in saving the great waste of time, which was formerly required for cleaning out the deposits in the boilers. For the reasons given, however, this contrivance cannot be adapted to the sea.

THE ARCHIVIO GENERALE AT VENICE.—The city of Venice possesses the most considerable, most valuable, and ancient collection of documents in Europe. No where is there such a mass of manuscripts collected in one place as in its *Archivio Generale*, consisting of 298 rooms and galleries, the whole of which, from top to bottom, are covered with book-shelves. These shelves, if laid out in a straight line, would extend 78,238 feet! Yet they have not been found sufficient to receive the immense number of 8,664,709 volumes, or *brochures*, which are collected here, and which form 1890 separate collections. If 1000 persons were to work eight hours daily, without intermission, they would be 734 years, or 22 generations, in copying all these documents. Supposing that each has, on an average, 80 leaves, there would be 693,176,720 leaves; and, allowing each leaf to be nine inches broad, they would, if laid together breadthwise only, make a line 1,444,800,000 feet, or more than eleven times the greatest circumference of the earth!

RAIL-ROAD FROM PARIS TO POISSY.—A plan is now under consideration at Paris, the object of which is, to form a rail-road between Paris and Poissy, the great cattle market, and where the boats from Havre, on their way to Paris, usually unload during the summer months. It is proposed that the rail-road should commence at the *Quartier François le Premier* at Paris, and pass from thence through Chaillot and the Bois de Boulogne, from whence there will be a branch leading to the village of Boulogne and St. Cloud. The government, it is understood, have given their sanction to the project.

WALKING UPON WATER.—"Le Voleur" quotes a paragraph from a German paper, which states that a Swedish fisherman has made several experiments with complete success; of walking upon the water, which he does with as much ease as upon land, by means of slight tin shoes. These shoes are made in the shape of a small canoe, and are attached together, so that they can only be separated so far as to ensure the power of walking with ease.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

We are compelled to go to press before an official return has been made of the results of the late Election, but those results, we have the gratification of informing our readers, are most consolatory and inspiring to all the lovers of order and good government. The Conservative liberalism of the country has achieved a great victory over the destructive. In our next number, we shall furnish an authentic list of the names of the members returned to serve in the second reformed Parliament.

MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

SIR WILLIAM ELIAS TAUNTON, KNIGHT.

About half-past eleven o'clock on Sunday night, the 25th, Sir William Elias Taunton, Knight, one of the Judges of the Court of King's Bench, and Recorder of Oxford, at his residence, No. 28, Russell Square, under circumstances of very awful suddenness. His Lordship, it appears, had for some time past been in his usual good state of health, and had on Sunday afternoon entertained, as a guest to dinner, the professional attendant of the family, Dr. Salmon, of Broad Street, City. His Lordship retired to bed at eleven, and was shortly afterwards followed by Lady Taunton, who in a few seconds was heard to scream violently for assistance. Some of the domestics instantly ran into the apartment, and found his Lordship lying evidently dead in the bed. Her Ladyship in the mean time had swooned and fallen on the floor, from the effect of feelings that cannot be described. Dr. Salmon was instantly sent for, and speedily arrived, but of course could render no assistance, as the vital spark was quite extinct: death had apparently occurred instantaneously. His Lordship was in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and was raised to

the bench in Michaelmas term, 1830.—The deceased Judge, it appears, had a taste for repartee. The *Legal Examiner* gives a neat specimen of his talent in this department, which occurred at chambers not long since. An attorney applied to enlarge a rule for some purpose. It was granted. The opposing attorney observed, that in the whole course of his experience he had never heard of a rule being enlarged under such circumstances. "I shall have the pleasure, then," said the Judge, "of enlarging the rule and your experience at the same time."—We find that it has since seemed expedient to summon an inquest on the remains. Mr. Salmon, the family surgeon, deposed, that the cause of death was an extensive effusion of water on the brain, proceeding from existing disease of the heart, and further said, that he had never had any reason to suppose that the deceased would have been subject to such a disease. During the day of his death, nothing could have exceeded his apparent health and cheerfulness.

THE LATE PRINCE HOARE, ESQ.

This estimable gentleman, has bequeathed his excellent library (with a few exceptions to personal friends) to the Royal Society of Literature, of which he was an original and ever a zealous member. Thus will several thousand volumes be added to the already literary treasures of this institution; and, probably, by the authorised sale of duplicate copies a considerable sum of money besides. Mr. Hoare had "greatly assisted in the formation of the Society" to which he has left this valuable legacy; but that is not the whole extent of its obligation to him. While the facts are in the memory of several living witnesses, it belongs to the history of our age's literature to give them to the public. After very numerous meetings for between one and two years, and great progress in the difficult task of framing the constitution of the proposed Royal Institution, all at once a cloud was cast over the plan. Among its constant friends and attendants, one now a noble earl, a noble lord once premier of England, another noble lord once at the head of its finance, a venerable bishop of much influence, and indeed the majority of the committee, impressed with a belief that the king's mind had been changed on the subject, and particularly by the arguments in a long letter written by Sir Walter Scott, abandoned the design as hopeless, and advised that there should be no farther meetings. The learned and excellent prelate, the president to whom his majesty had confided the formation of his favourite Society to encourage and reward the literary genius of his country, was almost inclined to yield to these representations, and we believe it was at a subsequent meeting of not more than five, including him (the Bishop of Salisbury) Archdeacon Nares, Mr. Hoare, and the writer of this, that he was strengthened to persevere in his endeavour to accomplish the royal commission delivered *viva voce* to him in person, till it should be annulled by at least an equally direct regal command to desist. Soon after this (matters proceeding slowly) Mr. Hoare happily went to Brighton, where he had an opportunity through the Rev. Mr. Carr, then chaplain in the pavilion, of ascertaining his majesty's real sentiments. These he communicated to London, and it is hardly necessary to say, that as they were not only favourable but ardent and munificent, the Royal Society of Literature speedily began its career with the splendid endowment from the crown of *eleven hundred guineas a year*. That the economy of later times has led to the discontinuance of this allowance, which not only cheered the closing lives of eminent scholars and distinguished poets, but shed a lustre over the monarchy, and stimulated the highest orders of literature in England, is, in our opinion, greatly to be deplored. But still it is a consolation to find the Society flourishing on some of these grounds by its own energy; and, while we lament the loss of one of its best and of our own most esteemed friends, to record so noble a proof of his attachment to that which he so warmly served and admired when living. To Prince Hoare, next after the Bishop of Salisbury, the Royal Society of Literature owes its existence; and it is well that its first great posthumous enrichment should flow from the same source.—*Lit. Gaz.*

CHARLES LAMB, ESQ.

We have to record the death of this amiable man and gentle poet on Saturday last. Mr. Lamb was born in 1775, and educated in Christ's Hospital. He was contemporary with Coleridge and Lloyd, and enjoyed the regard and friendship of Southey, and other distinguished writers. His life was spent as a clerk in the India

House, from which he had latterly retired on a pension. His first publication was, in conjunction with Lloyd, in 1798, a small volume entitled "Blank Verses." "Rosamond Grey" speedily followed, and afterwards the tragedy of "John Woodville," the "Adventures of Ulysses," "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets," "Sonnets," &c. &c. Of his principal productions, it has been our duty to speak; and our only partial approbation of the last of them procured us a good deal of abuse. But though we adhere to that opinion, we are not blind to the beauties of Mr. Lamb's poetry; inspired by a fine feeling for our elder dramatists, and a mind sweetly tuned to the amenities and kindnesses of life. No man was more beloved by those who enjoyed his friendship. In conversation he was pointed and witty. His death was occasioned by a slight accident—a fall, by which his forehead was cut: inflammation succeeded, and the bard was released after an illness of only a very few days.—*Literary Gazette.*

JAMES MURRAY, Esq.

Died lately, at Brighton, James Murray, Esq. foreign editor of the *Times* newspaper. Our departed friend was one of the most accomplished scholars of the present day; he had also a sound judgment, and every amiable quality of the heart. He received a university education, and took his degree as a clergyman of the Kirk of Scotland. During the heat of the last war he came to London, and was engaged on the *Times*. The conductors of that paper soon discovered the talents of Mr. Murray; and he received an appointment as one of their foreign correspondents, in which capacity he visited most parts of the continent. At Lisbon, especially, he made himself singularly useful. Returning to England, he became part proprietor of the *Times*, and editor of that portion of its columns devoted to foreign policy: no man knew the politics of Europe better; hence those comprehensive articles—distinguished by an intimate acquaintance with the politics and statistics of our foreign relations—which appeared, till lately, in that journal. He died in the prime of life, sincerely and deeply lamented.

THE REV. T. M. MALTHUS.

This eminent political and excellent man died recently at Bath. He was the son of Daniel Malthus, Esq., of Albury, Berks; and was educated at Jesus College, Cambridge. His works on political economy, and especially on the principles of population, have furnished food for much controversy; but no one has doubted the originality and profoundness of his views and reasoning; and though his opinions have been fiercely assailed, his private character stands on the highest pinnacle of good report and estimation.

Married.—At Nuneham Courtenay, Lord Norreys, to Miss Harcourt.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Sir A. Malet, Bart., to Miss Spalding, daughter of Lady Brougham and Vaux.

At Mapledurham, Oxfordshire, Denis le Marchant, Esq., eldest son of the late Major-General le Marchant, to Sarah Eliza, fourth daughter of the late Charles Smith, Esq., of Sutton, Essex.

At Bathwick Church, Lieut.-Col. T. Reed, of the 62nd regiment, to Elizabeth Jane, eldest daughter, and the Rev. James Bliss, M.A., of Oriel College, Oxford, to Emily Mary, third daughter of John Clayton, Esq., of Enfield Old Park, Middlesex, and of Pulteney Street, Bath.

At Edinburgh, Thomas Gryzbouski, Esq., late lieutenant in the Polish army, to Miss Maria White Irving, second daughter of Mr. George Bremner, writer, Lothian Street.

Joseph Yorke, Esq., of Forthampton Court, Gloucestershire, to Frances Antonia, daughter of the Right Hon. Reginald Pole Carew.

Mr. Edward Price, of Waltham, Essex, to Miss E. Hopkins, of Oxford Street.

Died.—Senor Trueba Don Telesforo has lost an amiable and accomplished brother, J. M. de Trueba de Cosio, the Editor of the "Observador."

Mrs. Margaret Whitfield, widow of the late Rev. George Whitfield, of Bruce Grove, Tottenham, in the 83rd year of her age; for above 60 years a consistent and devoted member of the Wesleyan Methodist Society.

At Paris, General the Right Hon. Sir William Keppel, G.C.B., one of his Majesty's Privy Council, Governor of the Island of Guernsey, and Colonel of the 2nd or Queen's Royals regiment of Foot.

In the 83rd year of his age, Jonathan Peel, Esq., of Accrington House, Lancashire, uncle of the Right Hon. Sir R. Peel, Bart.

In Pesaro, the celebrated Cardinal Albani, apostolical legate of Urbino and Pesaro. He was born at Rome on the 13th September 1750, and was elevated to the rank of Cardinal in 1801, by Pope Pius VII.

At Bath, the Rev. Thomas Robert Malthus, Author of the great work on Population.

At Brighton, James Murray, Esq. of Regent Square, London.

THE METROPOLITAN.

MARCH, 1835.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Pantika; or, Traditions of the most Ancient Times. By WILLIAM HOWITT. 2 vols. Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria Lane.

To notice these volumes justly, they should be noticed elaborately. They are altogether of a very superior order; and their very faults partake of the grandeur of the design. They consist mostly of a series of antediluvian tales, which are introduced by a very unnecessary preface. Strike but the right chord in the human breast, and strike it strongly, and it signifies but little when and where the scene is laid. Yet, as the author has proved, we cannot travel out of humanity, and still work upon our human feelings. Mr. Howitt has failed in attempting the impossible; dress his angels, his spirits, and his demon, as he will, and as he can, we still find them all mere mortals, with nothing but his mere assertion that they are of another species, to enforce the counterfeits upon us. Dissect the most gorgeous description of an angel, and we know none more striking than some of those that Mr. Howitt has presented to us. In the first place, he has the form of a man or woman, and did the describer stop there, he would find that he had done his best; all that is superadded makes him nothing but a splendid and unnatural monster. He gives him features and members that divine wisdom never thought of combining. Alas! man has only his own world to look round upon, from which to gather his ideas. He borrows from some large fowl wings; to make them splendid he dresses them with diamonds and pearls; to make them superabundantly brilliant, he scatters through them many coloured lights, and orient or occident sunbeams. As far as consistency is concerned, he might as well make a flower-pot of his skull, and fancy ever blooming roses to vegetate there. After the author has done all this, and a thousand other exaggerations, he has not arrived a step nearer heaven, nor made the slightest ascent from the earthly world of which he is an inhabitant. For these unnatural, though puzzling and sometimes dazzling, combinations of incongruous materials, the human heart has no sympathy, only as far as these beings move, and act, and feel as mere mortals. We will now come to the details. These series of poems—for if they be not considered as such, they are nothing—have a slight tie of connexion by the means of an introductory narrative, called the “Pilgrimage of Pantika,” which

certainly, excepting the preface, is the weakest part of the book. This is immediately followed by the rhapsody "Nichar the Exile of Heaven." We do not hesitate to say that its tendency is impious, though the highly-gifted author meant to produce something fine in the very opposite direction. Nichar is an angel of a very high grade, and, seeing the beautiful creation of Him who had alone a right to create, he tries his own hand, and makes a female, who certainly, according to the author's assertions, more than rivals Eve in physical beauty. She becomes the principle of all evil—upon what grounds we know not; and then, this heavenly Frankenstein is struck with horror at the monster that he has made. Like the hero of the wild fiction to which we have just alluded, and of which it is a close imitation, Nichar employs all his energies to destroy his own work, but those energies are much weakened, as ever since his sinful deed (sinful?) he has been gradually moulting the brightest feathers of his angelic wings. He leads on the existing mortals to the combat, whilst all the devils of hell take the lady's part. Nichar is overthrown and borne down into the infernal regions, threatened and tempted. He proves *fire-proof* in his fealty, and then, for the first time, we find a passage with which we can sympathise; it is at that moment when the bolt of the Ineffable shivers the burning and adamant chains, with which Satan had bound the angel—the rush of hope, and gratitude, and bliss, to find that he is not wholly forsaken of his God. Who does not perceive that this is one of the first and best of *human* feelings? But to resume. We like not this extravagant dabbling with sublime mysteries. Were works like this to become popular, and their popularity would surely multiply them, absurdity after absurdity would be heaped up after the vain imaginations of men, and faith become totally lost in the wild and profane regions of fancy. "Ithran, the Demoniack," we look upon as absolutely offensive. We can hardly conceive any means more effective of bringing into ridicule the forms and ceremonies of the very typical religion that Jehovah vouchsafed to the Hebrews. It is founded upon the symbol of the scape-goat. Nichar is charged with driving out the goat into the wilderness, loaded with all the sins of an obstinately sinning people. He drives it very far, then becoming faint and hungry, he very naturally kills the animal, drinks the blood for want of other liquid, and eats the flesh; thus, as the author would make us believe, loading himself with the mighty accumulation of a whole year's Israelitish sin. We really must suppose that this was written to hold up the rite to derision, as being one of the most absurd of superstitions. "Beeltuthma" is a sweet and an exciting tale of woman's devotion—we can feel with her, and we find in it nothing to revolt us by its extravagance, or puzzle us by its mysticism. The "Avenger of Blood" is most powerfully written. The hero of the tale is a Jewish Don Juan, for whom, after all, we cannot help feeling a little wicked sympathy—the more especially as he is stoned to death by the sentence of king Solomon, for idolatry, himself a magnificent idolater. The "Soothsayer of No" is just what the imagination of the reader chooses to make it. It is placed on the nice line that divides the sublime from the ridiculous. "The Valley of Angels" is, for reasons we have hinted at, beyond human criticism. When these ethereal beings are most interesting, they are merely men and women. It will be seen from these remarks, that our strictures bear wholly upon the subjects, and the plan of the work. The filling in is most beautiful. We have all the sublime spirit of the antique poetry poured upon us in unlimited profusion. We have spirit-stirring eloquence, and description of scenery that must startle even the splendid imagination of Martin, for the poet, in the solid magnificence of his ideas, has far outstripped the painter. Upon a sublime subject level to the human imagination, we think that Mr. Howitt has given us a testimony, in this work, that he would take a distinguished place among our best writers.

Lectures on Intellectual Philosophy. By the late JOHN YOUNG, LL.D.
With a Memoir of the Author. By WILLIAM CAIRNS, M.A.
 John Reid and Co. Glasgow; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh;
 Whittaker and Co. London; Robertson and Co. Dublin.

This elaborate work is introduced to the notice of the reader by a pleasing and unaffected memoir of the acute metaphysician who has thrown so much light upon the palpable obscurity of intellectual philosophy, without, in our humble opinion, either dispersing or penetrating "*the dark profound*." Even the very terms by which metaphysicians agree to carry on their argument, have, in no two minds, the same precise signification. In his first lecture, the erudite professor gives us a general and lucid view of the present state of intellectual and moral philosophy, and it forms a most valuable paper; but which is still exceeded in worth by the second, which treats on the advantage of studying mental philosophy, especially as preparatory to a sound view of ethics. It should be studied to teach us humility. After these two superior introductory lectures, the author embarks us on the fluctuating wave, that remains as yet unfathomed in the misty regions of metaphysics, and shows us how the different authors, who have treated on the subject, have navigated that boundless sea; and that not one, except in his own conceit, has ever reached the haven of truth. Dr. Young goes farther with Locke than with any other; but after refuting some aspersions unfairly cast against, and rectifying some popular errors concerning him, he also is forsaken. At one time we took a passionate delight in researches of this kind; we still read works that treat upon them with pleasure; but we have come to this conclusion, that men will never agree, even upon those the first principles that should reduce metaphysics into a science. An orthodox opinion can never be established. The prejudices of ages, the intolerance of bigotry, and the indomitable pride of our common nature, all combine to prevent the subject from having a fair consideration, even by those who write upon it, which causes operate still more strongly upon those for whom the works are written. Even the author before us, of whose attempt to be cool and impartial this book affords an intrinsic and convincing proof, has rather written a system up to preconceived notions, and silently imbibed opinions, than submitted both notions and opinions to the truth of an unerring system. Of things of which there is no demonstrable and mathematical proof, the doctrine will always take the hue of our feelings. Still, we think this one of the very best books on the subject that we have ever perused; and, though we should hesitate to recommend all its dicta to be adopted as truths, it deserves a general reading, and will save many, who wish to be conversant on this abstruse matter, the trouble of studying huge volumes of very profound unintelligibility. Dr. Young never endeavours to mystify; where he cannot fathom he frankly confesses to the shortness of his line.

A Tour through North America. Together with a Comprehensive View of the Canadas and the United States, as adapted to Agricultural Emigration. By PATRICK SHERRIF, Farmer, Mungoswells, East Lothian. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Simpkin, Marshall and Co., London; Robertson, Glasgow; Curry, Dublin.

Though it would appear that works similar to this are never to cease, yet, from each we learn something. The one before us is written in the best spirit of sincerity; honesty is stamped upon every page, and practical

information is lavishly displayed through the whole book. It is by no means a finely-written volume ; and though barren, as some of the American tracts that he describes, of all the graces of literature, it is abundantly fruitful in that knowledge most valuable to the emigrant. His thorough impartiality has given the public, upon the whole, a favourable impression of the Americans : he has refuted some gross calumnies that writers have circulated, from whom better might have been expected, and palliated many things that seem monstrous in European eyes. The great fault of the book is its abundant trivialities. Of what interest is it to any one but those concerned in selling a thick volume, where Mr. Sherrif bought a new hat, or at what village in the Union he procured his linen to be washed ? The author is favourable to emigration, and gives a decided preference to the Union over the Canadas, and to the Illinois country to every other portion of the Union. This is, perhaps, the best publication for the perusal of persons in the middle walks of life. So far from the writer travelling ostentatiously, he seems to have sinned on the other side, and permitted his outward man to become almost discreditable to his country, if any discredit can be attached to the mere habiliments. The threadbare and disrupted coat through which elbows and shoulders protruded, could certainly inspire the surrounding company with nothing like awe ; and he must have heard American conversation, and studied American manners, unchecked by any restraint that a well-dressed London exquisite might be supposed to inflict. Independent of its ability, the work has great claims to attention from the homely yet extensive powers that it possesses of amusing. If we miss the finely-turned period, we are sure of the interesting fact ; and really we are gothic enough to prefer sterling information to nicely-balanced sentences. We do not think that Mr. Sherrif is likely to write another work ; yet he has, with all its faults, done this so well, that we are sure he will never want readers. We heartily wish that there were less cause for emigration, and for works of this description. Are there none of the much-vaunted political economists of the day who will set their wits to work to teach us how to make England more habitable ? We have in our own country a vast surplus of human labour, and amazing quantities of waste land. Are there no means of joining these two predicaments together ? The worst lands, if cultivated, will produce something ; and production, let the *feelosophers* (according to Cobbett) say what they will, production is wealth ; and anything like productive, even non-productive employment, is better than the absolute idleness in which thousands of our peasantry waste their lives.

The Principles of Physiology adapted to the Preservation of Health, and to the Improvement of Physical and Mental Education. By ANDREW COMBE, M.D., &c. Third Edition, revised and enlarged. Machlalan and Stewart, Edinburgh ; Simpkin and Marshall, London ; Hodges and Smith, Dublin.

The third edition of this very able work evidences its utility, and the general estimation in which it is held. Perhaps we were somewhat over cautious in our remarks upon the first edition ; but, that they were not altogether uncalled for, Dr. Combe's strictures upon them are a sufficient testimony. The doctor's argument is—and it is in general a sound one—"the more knowledge the less fear : " we still think, that in those persons not professionally or liberally educated, the degree of knowledge that they are likely to acquire from medical books, will be just equal to give them great fear, and that they will never become sufficiently scientifically edu-

cated to turn those fears that their insufficient knowledge has given them into sources of hope and solace. The force of imagination is strong, especially about the age of puberty; and we know many personal instances of the young of both sexes, in really otherwise robust health, adopting all the symptoms of consumption, merely from having seen them enumerated in professional works. While the delusion lasted, they were quite as wretched, perhaps more so, than those actually doomed; because, when they could not keep up the cheat, and the symptoms, in spite of themselves, would vanish, they remembered with a shudder, that fallacious hopes were always the attendants upon the consumptive. We assure Dr. Combe, that we have read his third as carefully as we did his first edition; and, though we joyfully confess, there is as little said in it as such a work possibly could contain, to alarm the nervous, yet, we still think, that the mere general reader should study it only under the guidance of a professional friend. We hope that the gifted author will forgive us for this apparent pertinacity, but we have a private and melancholy reason for adhering to our opinion. All other sciences, save the science of health, are invigorating, from their first elements, and, to prove this, we will quote the doctor's own words, for he truly says, "And accordingly it is well known that few students escape hypochondriacal apprehensions, when they first seriously enter on the study of diseases; and, that they become free from them almost in proportion as their knowledge advances." Now, the mass of mankind who are well educated, know just as much of physiology as these young students; and, unless they devote their time solely to the study, are very likely to remain in the first hypochondriacal phase, without ever attaining the second cheering one. "Drink deep, or taste not the Hygeian spring," is a better line than Pope's. But all these remarks do not, nor do we mean they should, detract from the merit of the work before us. It is good food to the constitution that can bear it; and we will so far recant, as to say, that gentlemen, and even *ladies*, if not very nervous, may, after thirty, learn by this work to deliberate upon when they have too much or too little perspiration, whether an occasional pain in the side be only a passing spasm, or a symptom of preliminary consumption; and, by the means of the plate, when they have a headache, refer it to the right lobe of the brain. By-the-by, this plate, or rather wood cut, is exceedingly well done, and effective for the illustration of the text. We cannot take our leave of this clever publication, without eulogizing the remarks that it contains upon the usual system of school education—the pernicious forcing and confinement during the period of ten months, and then the following dissipation of two—the one weakening the mind by too much labour, the other undoing the hard-earned advantages of that very labour, by too much neglect. Let us get a sound body; and there is but little doubt but that we shall find a sound mind to inhabit it.

St. Leon. A Drama, in Three Acts. ANON. Edward Churton, 26, Holles Street.

The structure of this play is defective, but its author shares this animadversion with Godwin, who first published the fiction. Had St. Leon been sufficiently wise to find the philosopher's stone, he would not have made so ridiculous a use of it as the novelist and dramatist have represented him to have done—after the alchymist had possessed himself of the power he consumed a life in acquiring, he made use of it like an idiot. Probability is violated in almost every scene in this play. Still, the author has made as much of it as he possibly could, without departing from the line laid down for him in the tale. The versification is easy and

natural, and some of the humour extremely quaint, and even attic. The character of De Lucque is well drawn, and well supported. It is certainly the best creation of the whole. There are a few discrepancies that we think a little care would have prevented from appearing. We may well be surprised at a sentinel at a doorway making such a scholastic reply to a demand for admittance as the following, "Nay, must?—*must* is the indefeasible right of kings, and never belonged to subjects." Again, when Don Felix tells his brother-in-law, Charles St. Leon, that he has a tale to tell that shall cast the cramps of death over his peace, Charles very properly replies, "Be brief—disclose;" but instead of letting his informer disclose and be brief, he is himself most tedious, and makes an oration of twelve turgid lines, which is big with hydras, aconite, gall, rocks, lashing surges, gurgling brine, shattered tempests of sorrows, &c. &c. All this is very well in a man in great haste, and who bids his informant be brief and disclose. There are other faults which we could point out, but we abstain—for really, all things considered, the thing is very well done, and is highly creditable to the writer.

A Catechism of the Currency. By JOHN TAYLOR, Author of "Junius Identified." Printed for John Taylor, Upper Gower Street; and Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.

This is a most sensible little work. We wish that our senators would get this catechism by heart. It is singular, that, while men see roads, canals, railways, and every thing that tends to a rapid and general interchange of commodities, tends also to commercial prosperity, that they will not admit of the same reasoning when applied to the currency. A limited currency is nothing more than another term for partial stagnation of trade. Much as we respect Sir. R. Peel, and go with him heartily in his general policy, on this point we differ with him totally. The circulating medium is not sufficient; and this insufficiency has nearly been the ruin of the landed proprietors of the country. But to return to the work before us. The reader will find it most lucidly and ably conducted, and enriched and illustrated by many excellent classical quotations. The principal remedy that Mr. Taylor advocates for our present inefficient currency, is, the substitution of a government bank paper equal to the annual amount of the taxes. We do not see very well how these fifty millions of notes are to get into circulation, as the treasury receives all, and pays away only what it receives. It receives at present in the shape of taxes, the metallic and bank currency; and these too, it pays away in salaries and other disbursements. Perhaps the fifty millions are to be advanced, upon good security, as loans, or in the discounting of bills. Would not the encouragement of private banking have the desired effect, without turning the government into a great firm of money brokers?

A Description of the Azores, or Western Islands, from personal Observation, comprising Remarks on their peculiarities, Topographical, Geological, Statistical, &c. By Captain BOLD, late of H. M. F. Majesty's Navy, &c. &c. Edward Churton, Holles Street.

Captain Boid has proved himself in this work a man of talent, and a scholar. He has furnished the public with an excellent and lucid work, upon a subject that has hitherto excited but too little attention. It appears that these islands contain upon their surface, and within their bosoms, sources of exhaustless wealth, and that now, owing to the mis-

rule of the Portuguese, they are little better than sea-girt prisons, in which a mass of wretchedness and ignorance is confined, for the purpose of allowing a few lawless and exacting rascals to play all the little and great freaks of tyranny with impunity. We would advise the English government, the first time that we have a quarrel with the Portuguese, to make these Hesperides the first objects of reprisal; and, when we once get them, to hold them with an unrelinquishing grip. The Portuguese will always retain them in their present state of semi-barbarism, thus depriving the rest of the world of those natural benefits, which, through the means of commerce, it has a right to expect. We recommend this volume to general perusal. There is mingled up with it, a good deal of interesting matter connected with the operations of Don Pedro. The Appendix being purely of a personal nature, we shall not refer to it. Among other praises justly due to Captain Boid, we must notice that he is an excellent geologist. These islands are still in an unsettled state as regards their physical construction—but hardly so much as to effect the present, or some few coming generations with any just grounds of fear. If they are only to last for a limited time, the more cogent is the reason to make the most of them whilst they remain above the surface of the ocean.

The Comic Annual. By THOMAS HOOD, Esq. A. H. Bailey and Co., Cornhill.

How many droll faces are contained under this drollest of all Hoods, in all likelihood time only will show, but one of the funniest faces, is his pre-face. In fact he actually puts, by its broad grins, all the other *Annals* out of countenance. Hood lashes them well for their anticipating mania. In his long history of the parliamentary combustion, he takes a higher ground than usual, and to us, is more than usually amusing, as he depends more upon sterling wit and legitimate humour, than upon sly assassinations of innocent and unoffending words. Not that we have any animosity to a pun; indeed, we relish one extremely, and every one knows that Hood's are extremely relishing. The "Sketches on the Road" are excellently made out; "The Debutante" is a well-matured subject. "The Run-over" ought not to be passed over slightly, and the "Discovery" should be made several times over, in order to bring to light new beauties. The "Occasional Prologue" is an excellent piece of mystifying bombast, that half the small wits about town will take for sublimity, and the acmé of fine writing. The other pieces are all of a piece with the rest, and so we shall not notice them piecemeal, but hasten to conclude, as we find the infection of punning creeping upon us. We think that Mr. Hood has done as much to increase the general stock of mirth as any author now living, and without considering whether he has used the most legitimate means, we think that what we have said is saying a great deal, and ought to satisfy the immense capabilities for praise—even of an author.

P. Virgilius Maronis Bucolica; containing an Order and an Inter-linear Translation, accompanying the Text, with a Preliminary Dissertation on the Latin Language and Versification, and References to a Scanning Table, &c. &c. By P. AUSTIN NUTTALL, LL.D. Nichols and Son, Parliament Street.

The author's preliminary dissertation proves him to be well qualified for the task he has undertaken, whilst the manner in which that task has

been completed gives a greater satisfaction than even the opening remarks could have led us to expect. The structure of the Latin verse is completely analyzed, and made so familiar to the meanest capacity, that we should consider that hereafter no difficulty could be found in attaining a competent knowledge of the various modifications of the Roman metre. The word for word and interlinear translation we conceive to be one of the easiest and most rapid means of acquiring a language. It is a most useful book, and no higher praise can be given it. We have no space for extracts.

A History and Description of the late Houses of Parliament, and Ancient Palatial Edifices of Westminster, including a particular Account of those Buildings, &c. &c. By JOHN BRITTON and EDWARD W. BRAYLEY. John Neale, 89, High Holborn.

This promised work, of which the first part now before us is the earnest, will, when completed, form a single volume of four hundred pages. This first number contains four embellishments, and thirty-two pages of letter-press. The engravings are from steel, cut in a very superior manner, and the letter-press, as far it goes, to the purpose. These palaces are now become history, and nothing remains of them but ruins that are remodelling into other forms, and the public associations connected with them. This work, therefore, was called for, and we are glad that two persons so able have responded to the summons. We wish the undertaking success, and will do what we can to promote it.

Biographical Sketch of the Rev. Edward Irving, M.A., late Minister of the National Church, London; with Critical Remarks, &c. By WILLIAM JONES, M.A. *To which are added Thirty Original Sermons, now first published from the Notes of MR. T. OXFORD, Short Hand Writer.* John Bennet, 4, Three-Tun Passage, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

This must prove a most curious and acceptable work on very many accounts, the first number of which we have just received. We understand that it will take about fifteen parts to complete the announcement contained in the title-page. This, the first part, contains forty-eight pages, twenty-four of which are devoted to the biography, and twenty-four to the sermons of this singular preacher. It appears, from this arrangement, that the two parts are to progress *pari passu*. As far as we can judge, from so small a portion, the work appears to be well done, but we shall defer our more lengthened opinion upon it, until we have seen three or four more parts.

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction, containing Original Essays, &c. J. Limbird, 143, Strand.

This, the best and the most ancient of the cheap publications, has now reached its twenty-fourth volume, which has been sent to us, embracing nearly the latter half of the last year, and a very handsome volume it makes. It is a good, companionable book, that cannot be referred to without both amusement and profit. Its merits are well known, and we are glad to contribute to them our testimony.

A Treatise on the Physiology and Diseases of the Eye, containing a new mode of curing Cataract without an Operation, Experiments and Observations on Vision, also on the Inflection, Reflection, and Colours of Light; together with Remarks on the Preservation of Sight, and on Spectacles, Reading Glasses, &c. Second Edition. By JOHN HARRISON CURTIS, Esq., Oculist, Aurist to his Majesty, &c. &c. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green and Longman, Paternoster Row.

However inclined to dilate on the excellence of this work, we must avoid the sin of repetition, as we, in common with the whole of the respectable portion of the periodical press, gave it our cordial tribute of approbation on the appearance of the first edition. Still, the new matter introduced into this second and much improved reprint, not only gives us the opportunity, but calls upon us to make a few observations, in order that the reader may perceive in what a satisfactorily progressive state is science, the more especially when men like Mr. Curtis devote their whole energy to its improvement. We must premise that all persons who are afflicted with diseases of the eyes, even if they be not acute, should have recourse to this work. Immediately the sight begins to fail, the patient may be assured that advice of some eminent oculist is not only desirable, but absolutely necessary. The approach of blindness, though sure, is often long protracted and insidious, and the sufferer should look upon spectacles, not only as affording present relief and assistance, but also as auxiliary to cure. A perusal of this book will convince him of the justice of this remark. Among other matters relative to spectacles, Mr. Curtis is anxious to impress upon all who are obliged to have recourse to them, the danger to the vision in having them too small. He very justly observes that, if the glasses are not sufficiently large to cover the circle of the orbit, the wearer is obliged to look against the frame, as well as above and below it. With this view, he prefers the large old-fashioned round spectacles, worn by our forefathers, to the small oval ones now so much in vogue. The talented oculist promulgates also, in this second edition, two inventions that are likely to become very beneficial to the human race, at least that portion of it to which civilization has yet reached. The first of these is an apparatus, with which to cure strabismus, or as the vulgar have it, squinting; it consists of a pair of spectacle frames, with imperforated sides, and fitted with convex horn, having a small aperture in front, only large enough to admit light to the centre of the pupil, so that the squinter, if he would see at all, is obliged to accustom himself to look straightforward. The second invention is that of the gauze spectacles, which are to supersede the use of coloured glasses. We have not space to relate what led to this discovery, but we can well understand how efficacious it must be in defending the eye, when travelling, from dust, the keenness of the winds, and the glare of strong lights; as far as our experience goes, and we have tried them, we find them admirable. Mr. Curtis has given the German and French names for all the diseases incidental to the eye, a thing very serviceable to the student and the practitioner. We cannot conclude without stating that this author is opposed to any rash instrumental operations upon the eye, and quotes the opinion of Mr. Walker upon one of them, who concludes thus, after noticing that it always totally failed: "It is worthy of remark, however, that justice was scarcely done to this operation, inasmuch, as the operators omitted one material point—they ought to have had a square of glass, and some putty in readiness.

Random Rhymes. By Mr. E. CARPENTER. Willoughby, London.

Really Mr. Francis ought to think himself honoured in having so many imitators—the volume before us is another tribute to the merit of his style, though it is chiefly noticeable for its imbecility and absurdity. The author, a young man who sings at the Eagle Tavern, writes for Mr. Duncombe's song books, and is the poet laureat—the pet plagiarist of the penny papers—and extremely fond of *imitating* Mr. Francis, and of stealing, not only his ideas, but actually, with the alteration of a word or so, whole lines. We remember seeing a review of this work in which the *author* was styled an “inspired young washerwoman.” In this we disagree, for we cannot discover the inspiration. To justify our assertions, we will show a few of his plagiarisms. Mr. Francis writes,

“Try what may be done by a fit.”

The singer at the Eagle amplifies—

“As fainting is much more in fashion,
A fit of hysterics I'll try.”

Mr. Francis sings,

“I've many beaux, but none propose.”

Mr. Carpenter again,

“I'd many beaux, yet no one chose,
Would I had never flirted,
Not one of them would e'er propose.”

Mr. Francis,

“I've received your last letter, dear Emma.”

Mr. Carpenter,

“Dear Charles, I've perused your last letter.”

Mr. Francis has a poem entitled “I'm going out of town;” the plagiarist indites another with the same burthen. Mr. Francis has a poem of two old women sipping tea and scandal, each verse ending, “I'm very sorry tho' ;” and the *inspired* young washerwoman has one to the same purport, ending “It's really quite distressing,” and about all he flings some of the most correct rhymes—such as “sequel and people,”—“caress him and distressing,” proving that he has given his book the best title he could, for his rhymes are *very* random ones.

In the (would be) serious poetry, he is “himself alone:” let us extract the commencement of one of his *sonnets* as a proof of our assertion.

To ———.

“I'll contemplate thy beauties—thou
Art young, and gay, and passing fair,
With curling tresses, raven hair ;
With flowing limbs and noble brow,
Swelling breast, and dove-like eyes,
Ruby lips, whose balmy blisses,
Teem with rapture, love, and kisses.”

But we have done with these effusions, merely venturing to recommend the author, for the future, to look through his productions, and expunge all that looks like a copy—and then he will be quite safe from criticism, for he will probably expunge every line he has penned.

The Romance of History. Spain. By DON T. DE TRUEBA. *With Twenty-one Illustrations.* By J. K. MEADOWS. 3 Vols. Edward Churton, Holles Street.

We have noticed, with due commendation, the first volume of this series. The two following ones have been forwarded to us, and we find them every way worthy of their predecessor. No one than the Don could have better done this task ; being not only a native, but also a talented one, of the country, the manners and incidents of which this pleasing publication so vividly portrays. Of the many short tales that make up the contents of these volumes, we hardly know to which to give the preference. This, however, we may safely affirm, that none of them are failures. The only parts that are not in keeping with the general superior tone of the work, are the metrical. Though Trueba writes very correct, and not inharmonious English, when he confines himself to prose composition, he is, as yet, not sufficiently master of our idiom to elaborate very euphonious verse. Altogether, these volumes are a very pleasing compilation, that may be taken up at any time with pleasure ; and we feel assured that they contain some very adaptable matter, both for the legitimate tragedy, and the more popular melodrama. The author is now playing a conspicuous part in the country, the annals of which he has so ably illustrated.

A few Observations on the Natural History of the Sperm Whale. With an Account of the Rise and Progress of the Fishery, and of the Modes of pursuing, killing, and "cutting in" that Animal; with a List of its favourite Places of Resort. By THOMAS LESLIE BEALE, Surgeon, &c. &c. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

This small tract forms a very valuable acquisition to natural history. The habits of this vast animal are as curious as are its shape and size ; and vast and ungainly as it appears to be, it seems to have a very great share of actual enjoyment in its existence. In many respects, as well as in form, it differs materially from the whale of the Greenland Seas, the more especially in the magnitude of its swallow, which is sufficiently large easily to engulf a well-grown man. Mr. Beale, with the limited opportunities that this animal affords for continual observation, has done much in giving the world a distinct account of it, though much yet concerning it remains still unknown. The reader will not fail to have his admiration excited when he contemplates the courage, the skill, and the powers of endurance of the South Sea whalers. We heartily wish that more of this profitable trade, or rather fishery, were in the hands of our countrymen. Wherever there are daring and enterprise, we should wish to see the British sailor in the van. We rather think that the neglect of our shipping interests in the proper quarters have led to the annoying circumstances of the Americans nearly monopolizing this very profitable fishery. An English establishment in one of the Western Islands, to form a sort of depôt, would the Portuguese permit it, would soon turn the scale in our favour.

The Manuscripts of Erdeley. A Romance. By GEORGE STEPHENS. 3 Vols. Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill.

Much praise is justly due to this work. It must become a general favourite, though we certainly cannot recommend it as *light* reading. In

fact, it is a book replete with erudition, but erudition still made subservient to impress a fearful reality upon the startling scenes that the work displays. It is an excellent commentary on the manners, and the principal characters of the age to which it refers. We shall not attempt to give even the faintest outline of the plot; but merely assure the reader that it contains as much of the wonderful, the sublime, and the true, as any publication with which we have recently met. We think that this romance is composed of those substantial materials that will outlive the popularity of a day, and be as much a favourite years to come, as it deserves to be at present. We trust that the author will not be displeased at our summary method of despatching his three volumes in a few brief lines; but, as we have only to commend, neither he, nor the world, will desire us to argue much that we do right in doing so; had we, on the contrary, to censure, we certainly should not only have said the thing is naught, but have taken up more space to prove that we said truly.

The Bridegroom and the Bride; with Miscellaneous Poems. By ANDREW PARK, Author of "A Vision of Mankind," &c. &c. Smith and Son, Glasgow; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Longman and Co., London.

This is a very sad tale, very sadly versified. The lover is murdered by a rival on his bridal eve, and the lady shortly after dies of a consumption. The public will convince the author much better than we, in what estimation he ought to hold his metre. It is *not* execrable, it is not bad; but it is so far from good, that no one will care to read it for its beauty, when, had it been fortunately but a little worse, many would have sought it for its absurdity. If the author's muse be not yet defunct, we hope for his own sake, and to use his own words, that soon in her bosom

"Fell death may fix his fatalizing dart."

That we are not judging harshly when we consign this work to the oblivion of mediocrity, let the reader reflect upon the following. It is the first stanza of a piece entitled Satan's triumphal song.

"The Earth—the Earth is my abode
Since Adam's fall the Earth I've trod;
I dwell in the heart of every one;
And he who tries my wiles to shun,
Whether old and cold, or gay and young,
Are soon subdued by my flattering tongue.
And should one artifice not do
I only need to try a new,
Spreading allurements to the eyes,
And thus I dazzle the would-be-wise.
I marvel often at my art,
I get so easily to their heart."

Could any thing be more "flat, stale, and unprofitable," on such a subject, and from such a being! The vapid repetition in the first two lines; the childish phraseology of those that follow, and the marvellous *marvel* at the last are really beneath criticism. 'Tis a simple devil, and a simple poet that sings him!

Sketch of the Political Career of the Earl of Durham. By JOHN REID. John Reid and Co., Glasgow; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; John Robinson, Dublin; Whittaker and Co., London.

This is purely a political compilation, the body of which is made up of the various speeches of the noble earl. That he is now looked upon as the champion of that portion of the empire, that their enemies designate under the term of destructive, is a source of sorrow to ourselves, and we sincerely believe of secret annoyance to himself. That he has great talents, exemplary industry, and the most unflinching and honourable principles, no one who has marked the course of his public life can deny. If we think him a little mistaken in his views, we hope that both he and his partisans will pardon us for giving that freedom of expression to our sentiments, a freedom on which they so much pride themselves. Whilst the Reform Bill was considered with deliberation, and made a subject of reflection, we went heartily with the reformers; but now that it is distinctly made a matter of feeling, nay of passion, and the watch-word for something nearly approaching to revolution, we repudiate the insidious title, and place ourselves among the most liberal in the ranks of liberal conservatism. To those who have watched the proceedings of the various parties during the last twenty years, little of novelty is offered in this volume. All the speeches, with which it is filled, have appeared over and over again in the public papers. To have the earl's opinions packed together in one view, may be an advantage, but we think that Lord Durham will, in some future time, find this advantage disadvantageous. Should he, when age has mellowed his judgment, or the billows of reform washed him not only out of his depth, but against the very rocks of anarchy and disintegration; should this or a similar predicament be his, it will be most convenient to his enemies, when he again wishes to plant himself firmly on the strand of the constitution, to pick out phrases and sentences, passages and opinions, that will inflict a bitterness even upon a virtue, and make his return to what he will then conceive to be the right path, not only thorny, but humiliating. Indeed, such is the mutability of human affairs, and still greater the mutability of the human mind, that we are continually seeing things in different lights, as their position and their circumstances with which they are surrounded change. A man may have been a conscientious reformer last year, and a conscientious conservative this, and under either character equally the friend of his country; if the scales of justice be too light on the one side, he must throw in the weight of his influence in the other. If the aristocracy bore too heavily on the community last year, the democracy may in the present, and the man is not to be termed an apostate, who affirms the truth on both occasions. But when a person is so strong, we may say violent on one side only, and he has all this violence summed up together and recorded against him, we really fear that he will find this book hereafter hangs like fetters upon his motions, and we hope, in all kindness to him, that the iron will not enter into his soul, if ever he should be called upon to stand up for his order; and not for the preservation of his order alone, but for that of the commonweal; for as affairs are now advancing, no one can tell to what precipice we may be urged before the tide turns, and men begin to reflect upon the consequences of their actions.

The Resources and Statistics of Nations. By JOHN MAC GREGOR, Esq., F.S.A. H. Bailey and Co. 83, Cornhill.

The third number now before us contains the political statistics of England, embracing the Habeas Corpus Act, the Bill of Rights, and an

epitome of the Reform Bill, with short descriptions of the public departments, and the courts of law. The editor then takes up the statistics of France in a similar manner, and gives the public much useful information on the subject. It is really a very valuable work, and deserves general encouragement.

A Manual of Entomology, from the German of Hermann Burmeister.
By W. E. SHEPHERD, M.E.D. *With Original Notes and Additional Plates.* Edward Churton, 20, Holles Street; and Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

Both the letter-press and plates of this undertaking, the first number of which has just made its appearance, are worthy the public attention. The preliminaries of the science are laid down in this part, together with the method adopted for a general and comprehensive nomenclature, so that any person meeting, either at home or abroad, with a specimen of a yet undescribed species, may know precisely under what particular head to arrange it, and thus make his discovery at once known and understood throughout the learned world. The price of the number is but a shilling, yet it contains two finely cut plates, each containing many subjects, and thirty-two pages of letter-press.

Manners; or, the Voice of an English Traveller in France. Containing Hints to Demagogues, before they Travel on the Continent. With Sketches from Life. Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper, Paternoster Row.

We really cannot make out what this is all about; it appears that it is written by some very indignant lady, who is acutely suffering under real or imaginary wrongs. In either case we are sorry for her; and the more sorry, as they seem to have urged her on to the publication of this volume. As she seems also to be in pecuniary distress, we shall forbear any strictures that the work might have given us room to make, and only say, that we shall be rejoiced to see some publication from her produced under happier circumstances, which may have a pleasing effect upon her powers of composition.

The Sacred Classics; or, Cabinet History of Divinity. Edited by the Rev. R. CATTERMOLLE, B.D., and the Rev. H. STEBBING, M.A. John Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.

This, the Fourteenth Number of this sterling English classical work, contains expositions on the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, with two discourses on Matthew xxii. 37—39, and Hebrews viii. 10, to which are added expository lectures on Psalm xxxix., by Robert Leighton, D.D., archbishop of Glasgow. These profound and pious works are introduced by an able essay from the pen of Dr. John Pye Smith; the whole forming one of the most valuable numbers of this truly national undertaking. At the present juncture, this publication must be doubly interesting, as it displays with full force the value of that church, now so virulently attacked, and which has produced many good, and godly, and great men, who, like the authors before us, have employed such talents in displaying the excellence of divine truth to their erring brethren.

The Horse in all its Varieties and Uses, his Breeding, Rearing, and Management, with Rules occasionally interspersed for his Preservation from Disease. By JOHN LAWRENCE, Author of, &c. Second Edition, with Additions. Henry Washbourne, Salisbury Square.

A most useful book this, written in a very pleasing vein. Mr. Lawrence has almost done justice to the high attributes of the noble animal of which he has written so pleasantly and so learnedly. This work should be generally read, as much for the sake of humanity as for profit. The horse, like every thing that is mortal, has but limited capabilities; to overtask which is as great an act of cruelty as it is of folly. In its treatment it will be found that profit and kindness go hand in hand. This little volume is made very amusing by the narration of a great variety of sporting anecdotes. Altogether, it is seldom that we have met with a pleasanter book; the style is familiar, and the author seems at once to enter into an amicable companionship with his reader. Dip into this book where you will, you cannot fail to find amusement, and there is also much of it that is excellent reading for the ladies.

Selections from the Poetical Works of ROBERT MONTGOMERY, B.A. of Lincoln College, Oxon, Author of the "Omnipresence of the Deity," &c. *With Introductory Remarks, and an Appendix, containing Extracts of Notes, &c.* E. Churton, Holles Street; and E. J. Mason, 444, West Strand.

We were never very ardent admirers of Mr. Montgomery's poetical talents; yet no one, and least of all ourselves, can deny, that he had some occasional sublime flights, and proved to the world that he had drunk of the true Hippocrene. To his admirers this volume must be very grateful, and certainly acceptable to all. The quarrels between Mr. Montgomery and his reviewers will never be decided till all the belligerent parties have crumbled into dust. For ourselves, we cannot think him an ordinary writer who has created so many active and attached partizans; nor a very correct one, who has laid himself open to so much castigation from his enemies. The volume before us is tastefully got up, rivalling the annuals in splendour of appearance, and certainly exceeding most of them (illustrations excepted) in the genuine worth of its contents. It forms an excellent book for a gift token, either of love or friendship.

Bibliopegia; or, the Art of Bookinding, in all its Branches, Illustrated by Engravings. By JOHN ANDREW ARNOTT. Richard Groombridge, London; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Wakeman, Dublin; Jackson, New York.

We have looked through this little work, and, without professing to be very *au fait* at this very necessary art, we think we should soon become so by the means of its pages. Indeed, any thing connected with literature deserves consideration. We notice this work principally, that we may be thought not wanting in respect to the humblest who assist in the great work of civilization, and incidentally, that it may be known to those who are curious in the bindings of their works, that a manual exists which will enable them to judge whether the tradesman, or the operatives that they have employed, have done justice to their order.

A Critical and Fac-simile Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language, founded on a correct Development of the Nature and Number, and the various Properties of all its simple and compound Sounds, as combined into Syllables and Words. By JAMES KNOWLES, &c. F. de Porquet and Cooper, 11, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden: Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Webb, Dublin.

The second part of this undertaking is now before the public, and, as far as it goes, fully bears out the promise of its title. The work has progressed to the word "dog." There are more technical and really useful terms in this Lexicon than in any other extant. We do not think that any English word, not actually obsolete, is omitted, as far as the words go; and we know that many novel ones, that are yet far from having obtained general circulation, are inserted. Mr. Knowles seems determined to keep pace with the march of intellect, and we hope that the public patronage will not lag far behind him.

A Treatise on English Grammar, Style, and Poetry; to which is added, Advice to the Student on the Improvement of the Understanding. By RICHARD HILEY. Second Edition. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers'-Hall-Court, London.

This is a school-book, and a good one. The author, with much excellent and additional matter, has followed, in a great measure, the plan of Mr. Murray. The didactic parts of the work contain some cogent remarks; and will be read with profit. The "Advice to the Student," though not devoid of merit, seems rather to have been inserted to increase the portliness of the book, than for any more appropriate reason. This series of essays do not form a natural appendage to a treatise on grammar. Good things are only good in good places.

The Frogs and their King; or the People and their Rulers, a Moral Analysis of Men and Manners adapted to the Nineteenth Century. By IGNOTUS CROAKUS. W. Edwards, 12, Ave Maria Lane; Currie and Bowman, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

There is some good meaning in this queer production, but it is very awkwardly worked out. We heartily wish the author more success than he is likely to attain, or than the excellence of his purpose deserves. There is a wide distinction between feeling the value of a truth, and being able to convey that feeling elegantly and forcibly to others. In this last respect we think that the author has woefully failed.

Sketches of Corfu, Historical and Domestic, its Scenery and Natural Productions; interspersed with Legends and Traditions. Smith and Elder, Cornhill.

This is every way an amusing and instructive book. We wish to excite for it a general attention. The tales give an interest to the scenery, and the scenery a reality to the tales, both of which are worded in a natural and pleasing style. Our commendations are not mere words of course; we repeat, that it is really a deserving little volume, and merits a very extended patronage.

Historia Technica Anglicanae, a Systematic Abridgment of the leading Events in English History, from the Earliest Notices of the Country to the present Time, with an Original System of Mnemonics. By THOMAS ROSS, Author of "The Roman History for Youth," &c. &c. John Bennet, 4, Three-Tun Passage, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

We have nothing to say upon this abridgment of the History of England, as such, and but little upon the system of curing a lad's memory with regard to the facts the said abridgment contains. Mr. Rose seems to have laid down his rule somewhat upon the principle, that if a child cannot get by heart a single verse in the Bible, to remedy the defect, make him learn the whole chapter; for example, if the scholar cannot for the life of him remember in what year the different kingdoms of the heptarchy were founded, let him commit the following euphonious verses to memory, and the difficulty is at once obviated.

" Usred-Kent-Dian the Saxons first fix'd
Upemod-Sussex-cottode the next,
Sempedo-Wessex-iardo came on,
Desers-East-Angles ropade anon.
Surdo-Northumberland-divar they fix,
Suido-Mercia-idan makes six.
Sarode-Essex-dimote alone,
Then Diaro-Egbert unites them in one.

The word *manuscript* is the key to open this mystery, and the word *he-wolf* the oil to be applied to the key before it will turn in the lock. We have not the least doubt in the world, that when a little boy can first of all remember, and then understand all this, he will never after boggle at a simple date.

The Parochial Magazine, and Historical Register. Effingham Wilson, 88, Royal Exchange.

We have received the first and second number of this newly-started periodical. It is not without talent, and contains much variety. We think that it fails in one point—that of containing more national than parochial polity. We do not also exactly admire the fierce party spirit that blazes forth in every page. However, there are many roads to popularity, and *we* certainly shall not quarrel with the editor of this periodical for the one that he has taken.

Hyacinthe; or the Contrast. By the Authoress of "Alice Seymour." James Cochran and Co., 11, Waterloo Place.

We cannot refuse to this little tale the tribute of a pure moral feeling, and the drawing of the heart to the well-springs of a rational piety. The moral that the lady so earnestly and so beautifully inculcates, that no course of life can be safe or satisfactory, which is pursued without reference to God, is one of most general application, and cannot be too much insisted upon with the young.

Emancipation Unmasked, in a Letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Aberdeen. By the Author of the "Annals of Jamaica." Edward Churton, 26, Holles Street.

This clever pamphlet contains some very serious truths that ought to be present to every man's mind at this crisis. We call the public attention to it.

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Valpy's History of England, by Hume and Smollett. With a Continuation, by the Rev. T. HUGHES, B.D. Valpy, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

The thirteenth volume brings our national history down to the year 1760. The reader, of course, is aware that this portion is by Smollett. We have no remarks to add to our former approval of the manner in which this national publication has been conducted. The present volume is precisely similar to all its predecessors in those qualities that render a book valuable interiorly and exteriorly.

The Book of Trades, a Circle of the Useful Arts. Richard Griffin and Co. Glasgow; Thomas Tegg, London.

This is a very amusing and well got-up work, and should form a part of every school-boy's library. The various plates and wood-cuts are a great recommendation to the work. Nobody can be too high or too low, to whom the information contained in this volume is not absolutely necessary.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

An Attempt to Discriminate the Style of Architecture in England, from the Conquest to the Reformation. By T. Rickman. F.S.A. 4th edition, 21s.

Dix's Treatise on Land Surveying. 6th Edition. By S. Maynard. Small 8vo. 8s.

Poll Book for the Eastern Division of the County of Suffolk, taken January 13 and 14, 1835. 8vo. 5s.

Hints for the Introduction of an Improved Course of Study in the University of Cambridge, &c. 8vo. 1s.

Village Prayers for the Use of Families. By the Rev. J. W. Brooks. 18mo. 1s. 6d.

Revealed Characteristics of God. By G. B. Kidd. 8vo. 10s.

Memoirs of a Sergeant, late in the 43d Regiment, with an Account of his Conversion. roy. 18mo. 3s.

Brady and Mahon's Dictionary of Parochial Law and Taxation. New edition, 12mo. 8s. 6d.

On the Connexion of the Physical Sciences. By Miss Somerville. 2d edition, 12mo. 10s. 6d.

Essay on the Birds of Aristophanes. By J. W. Suvern, translated by W. R. Hamilton. Small 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Sketches of a Sea-Port Town. By H. F. Chorley. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Million of Facts. By Sir R. Phillips. New edition, 12mo. 12s.

Fragments from the History of John Bull. 12mo. 5s.

Letters to a Friend on Objections against the Church of England. By the Rev. A. S. Thelwall. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

Christian Freedom, chiefly taken from Bolton's "True Bonds." 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Domestic Life in England, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. 12mo. 5s.

Smith's Moveable Planisphere. New edition. 9s. plain; 12s. coloured.

The Sees of England, Wales, Ireland, and the Colonies. By T. Sepping. 12mo. 4s.

Sketches of Scenes in Scotland, drawn in Outline. By Lieut.-Col. Murray. 4to. 21s.

History of the Cotton Manufacture in Great Britain. By E. Baines, jun. Esq. 8vo. 15s.

Questions and Answers on the Reigns of the four Georges. Square, 2s.; Key to ditto, square, 6d.

- Spratt's *Obstetric Tables*, Part I. New edition, 21s.
 Lewis's *Plates of the Muscles of the Human Body*. 4to. 15s.
Outlines of Botany. By G. T. Burnett, F.L.S. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 14s.
Treatise on the Formation, &c. of Urinary Calculus By J. G. Crosse. 4to. 2l. 2s. plain; 2l. 12s. 6d. coloured.
Parliamentary Test-Book. 18mo. 3s.
Facts, Laws, and Phenomena of Natural Philosophy, from the French of Quetelet. 12mo. 6s.
Le Bouquet Littéraire. Par L. T. Ventouillac. 18mo. 3s. 6d.
Rev. H. Blunt's Discourses upon the Doctrinal Articles of the Church of England. 12mo. 5s. 6d.
Life of T. Linacre, M.D. By J. N. Johnson, M.D. Edited by R. Graves. 8vo. 9s.
Hennebon, or the Countess of Montfort, and Bertha of Burgundy. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.
A Journey throughout Ireland in 1834. By H. D. Inglis. 2d edition, revised. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
Venn's Life and Letters. 2d edition, 8vo. 12s.
The Present of a Mistress to a Young Servant. By Mrs. Taylor. 3s. 6d.
Christian's Freedom. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Observations on the Causes and Treatment of Ulcerous Diseases of the Leg. By J. C. Spender. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
A Treatise on the Physiology and Diseases of the Eye. By J. H. Curtis. 2d edit. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Letters to a Dissenting Minister of the Congregational Denomination. By the Rev. M. A. Gathercole. 12mo. 6s. 6d.
Scott's Art of Preventing the Loss of the Teeth. 4th edition, 8vo. 5s. 6d.
Gallaudet's Child's Book of Repentance. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
Practical Piety, or Rule of Life. 32mo. 1s.
British Pulpit, Vol. II. 8vo. 8s. 6d.
Hiley's English Grammar. 2nd edition, 12mo. enlarged and improved. 4s. 6d.
A new Edition of Matthew Henry's Communicant's Companion, carefully revised and read over with one of the early Editions. Small 8vo. 4s. 6d.
The Student's Pocket Edition of Butler's Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, &c. with Two Dissertations. 18mo. 3s. 6d.
A new Edition of Clark's Scripture Promises. roy. 32mo. cloth and lettered, 1s. 6d.; or in silk, elegantly embossed, 2s. 6d.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mr. Valpy has announced for publication on the First of April next, a new and illustrated edition of Pope's Works; to be edited by Dr. Croly, with a new Life, Notes, and Critical Observations on each Poem. The Work is to be published in Six Monthly Volumes, on the plan of Byron, Scott, and Shakspeare. The Engravings are of a superior kind from drawings made expressly for the edition.

Shakspeare's Knowledge of Zoology, Botany, Physiology, Chemistry, Medicine, &c. will be displayed and illustrated by Notes, original and selected.

The Student's Pocket Edition of Bishop Butler's Sermons. 18mo.

A Selection of Games of Chess, played by Philidor, during his Visits to London, from 1786 to the period of his death in 1795, and the following eminent players of that time:—Verdoni, Dr. Bowdler, Lord Harrowby, Rev. G. Atwood, Lord Seymour, Joseph Wilson, Esq., &c. Now first published from the original MSS., with notes and variations, by George Walker.

Flora and Thalia, or Gems of Flowers and Poetry, culled and arranged by a Lady, and illustrated with Twenty-six Plates.

Sturges' Celebrated Treatise on the Game of Draughts; new edition, by George Walker.

A New Romance, by the Author of "Rookwood," entitled "Crichton," founded on the Adventures of the celebrated Scottish Poet and Scholar, the admirable Crichton.

A Novel, by the late William Godwin, Jun., entitled "Transfusion," with Biographical Introduction and Notes, by William Godwin, Esq. and Mrs. Shelley.

A Neapolitan Romance, by James Boaden, Esq., Author of "The Man of Two Lives," "Lives of Mrs. Siddons," "Mr. Kemble," &c., called "The Doom of Giallo."

Early this month will appear, in a single volume, *Old Maids; their Varieties, Characters, and Conditions.*

The Fifth Volume of the Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction is now completed, and contains such a delightful variety of attractive and rational information for young people, as cannot fail securing for this excellent work a favourite place in every library for the rising generation.

The Third Edition of the Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister is now in the press, and will contain an Answer from the Rev. Author to the Reviewers of the former editions of this able and popular volume.

A Poet's Portfolio; or Minor Poems, in Three Books. By James Montgomery, fcp. 8vo.

Travels in Ethiopia. By G. A. Hoskins, Esq., with plates.

Autobiography of an Irish Traveller. 3 vols. post 8vo.

A Complete Latin-English Dictionary, compiled from the best Sources, chiefly German, and adapted to the use of Colleges and Schools. By the Rev. J. Esmond Pridde, M.A. 1 vol. 8vo.

Mr. Swan is preparing for publication, Illustrations of the Comparative Anatomy of the Nervous System. The plates will be in 4to., and executed on steel by Finden.

An Oration on the Objects, Advantages, and Pleasures of Science, delivered on the First Anniversary of the Verulam Philosophical Society of London, February 1835. By its Founder, Henry William Dewhurst, Esq., F.W.N.H.S. President and Director, Professor of Natural Theology, &c. &c.

Elements of Geology. By H. W. Dewhurst, Esq., Professor of Natural Theology.

The Transactions of the Verulam Philosophical Society of London, for 1834—5. Vol. I.

Divine Emblems, with copper-plate and epigrams to each Emblem, after the fashion of Master Francis Quarles.

In a few days will appear a work, by Edward Thornton, Esq., entitled India, its State and Prospects. In 1 8vo. vol.

The Sketch Book of the South.

Dr. Hume Weatherhead has in the press a Treatise on the various kinds of Head-achs.

NEW MUSIC.

Our Sun of Love shall ever Shine. Words by W. H. PREDEAUX. Music by H. PALMER. Leone Lee.

A very pretty convivial song. There is feeling both in the words and the melody which is wedded to them.

The Farewell is Spoken. Music and Words by the same. Leone Lee.

A melancholy ballad of the Bayley school, though not very original: it is smooth and flowing, and as good as the general run of drawing-room compositions.

We can't Propose. Words by JOHN FRANCIS. Music by P. KLITZ. T. C. Purday.

Another of this gentleman's pleasant satires on the gentler sex: it is intended as an answer to "They don't propose;" and we expect will meet, as it deserves, an equal success.

FINE ARTS.

***The Crucifixion.* By JOHN MARTIN. F. G. Moon, Threadneedle Street.**

This is one of those sublime works upon a scriptural foundation for which Mr. Martin is so remarkable, and in which he has no equal.

The subject of the Crucifixion, in itself most wonderful and magnificent, is one which none can attempt with effect save those who possess the spirit of poetry; and this is Mr. Martin's in a high degree—to that which he touches he gives an interest and a beauty which it might otherwise want. And though this cannot be the case in the present instance, yet even here, he has been "himself alone," by striking out a new plan; and instead of rendering the "great atonement" itself his principal study, has devoted his attention to the objects around, and produced, as a whole, an effect of which it may be truly said, The minutest detail is made subservient to the grandeur of the whole.

The opening graves—the Temple—the sacred Mount of Calvary—the figures of "Mary the mother" and "John the beloved" of Jesus—all render a deep and affecting beauty in return for the interest which they themselves derive from the subject, while the whole of the engraving displays that high tone of feeling which ever has, and we believe ever will, characterize the efforts of the artist whose work we have had so much pleasure in eulogizing.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Bible, consisting of Views of the most Remarkable Places mentioned in the Old and New Testaments. From finished Drawings, by C. STANFIELD, R.A., TURNER, R.A., and CALCOTT, R. A. and other eminent Artists, made from original Sketches taken on the spot. With Descriptions of the Plates, by the Rev. THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE, B. D. of St. John's College, Cambridge, &c. John Murray, Albemarle Street; and Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

We give this title at full length as a kind of security for the justice of the praise we are compelled to bestow on this undertaking. The names of the artists are of themselves a sufficient warranty that the views and plates shall be good. This, the twelfth part, contains a view of Nineveh, by Turner, after James Rich, Esq. Scarcely the debris of this once magnificent city remains. What there is of it, and the modern Moussul, on the Tigris, make a very romantic picture. Jericho, also by Turner, after Sir A. Edmonstone, is also a very interesting and well-engraved plate; but gives us a most impotent idea of that once important city, second only to Jerusalem. Ramah, with the building called Rachel's Tomb, is also by the same person. The fore-ground is relieved by an irruption of a detachment of wolves upon a flock of sheep. The last plate of this number is a View of Damascus, which gives a good impression of that often demolished, yet still surviving city. This twelfth part supports the character, high as it is, of those that have preceded it.

Certainly, as intimately connected with the Fine Arts, as with science, we feel that we ought to mention that Mr. C. H. Adams, is, with the assistance of his Orreries, about to repeat his lectures at the King's Theatre, Opera House, every Wednesday and Friday during Lent. Not only will his visitors gain a rapid notion of the motions of the heavenly bodies, in a most pleasing manner, but also they will have afforded to them the very best manner of elevating their thoughts into piety, by a contemplation of the wonderful system of the universe, and which thoughts, though always laudable, are particularly appropriate during the continuation of Lent. No words of ours can add to the justly acquired reputation of Mr. Adams, as a most lucid and successful astronomical lecturer, and we wish him, in the approaching season, all the success that his meritorious exertions so well deserve.

The Tourist's Guide through the Swiss and Italian Cantons. Switzerland.
By WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D. Graduate of the University of Edinburgh, Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London, &c. &c. &c. Author of a "Residence at the Courts of Germany," &c. Illustrated by a Series of Views, taken expressly for this Work, by W. H. BARTLETT, Esq. George Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane.

We have received the sixth, seventh, and eighth parts, of this uncommonly splendid work. The remark has become general, that the present language of criticism has become mere sounding sentences of panegyric; but, in this case, however high may be the laudation, we defy the reviewer to write out of the language of justice. If our notice appears too vividly coloured by flattery, the fault lies with Dr. Beattie and Mr. Bartlett, for it will be a fault only in appearance, and to those only who have not seen this publication. We have no space for detail, but, when we perceive any thing on which to fasten our strictures, we shall occupy more time in discussing them. There is not a plate in the collection which would not make a splendid scene for a theatre, and afford materials and combinations for an infinite variety of pictorial displays. The engraver has well seconded the artist, and the artist has illustrated beautifully the author; and the author himself, to finish the climax, has done glorious justice to the stupendous, and wild, and beautiful genius that presides over these, the sublimest scenes of nature.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

As his Majesty, in his speech from the throne has justly observed, the country has nothing at present to complain of, as respects its outward commerce, and inland state of trade. The agricultural is now the most suffering interest in the empire; and, if some remedy be not speedily found, and when found earnestly and honestly applied, the consequences may be not only disastrous, but even ruinous to the state. Though not under an equal degree of depression, the shipping interest requires the fostering hand of the legislature. Our carrying trade is gradually, yet surely declining; and there are many causes operating to this distressing end, that rest with the shipowners, merchants, and underwriters, on which we have not at present time to descant. This one-sided free trade, has, as yet, produced but a one-sided advantage, and *that side*, we are sorry to say, has not yet been on *this side* of the channel. Still the capital and resources of the country bear up nobly against all these disadvantages; but they ought not to be overstrained, or their energies taxed too far. We look forward anxiously for the establishment of a firm and strong government, upon liberally Conservative principles, and England will soon be herself again.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Thursday, 26th of February.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 223 half, 4 half.—India Stock, 255; 6.—Consols, 91 quarter, three-eighths.—Consols for Account, 91 five-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 91 quarter, three-eighths.—India Bonds, 17s., 18s. p.—Exchequer Bills, 34s. 6d.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Brazilian Five Per Cent. 102 half.—Colum-

bian Six Per Cent. 1824, 37 half.—Dutch Two and a Half Per Cent, 57 one-eighth.—Mexican Six Per Cent, 42 half.—Spanish, (1821,) 51 three-eighths.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican, 8l., 9l. — United Mexican, 4l. 15s.—Brazilian Imperial, 36l. 10s., 42l. 3s.

THE MONEY MARKET.—There has been a very great fluctuating in the funds; but the most important took place on the division becoming known, so unfavourable to ministers, on the appointment of the Speaker. Consols fell nearly 1½ per cent. They have since rallied. The above is the state of the public securities as our going to press.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM JANUARY 27, TO FEBRUARY 20, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

Jan. 27.—T. Banks, Cheltenham, linen-draper.—Wm. Jackson and Geo. Longstaff, Wilde's Rents, Bermondsey, leather dressers.—W. Leader, Wells Street, coach maker.—J. H. Fisher, Trafalgar Square, scrivener.—J. Boothby, Strutton Ground, grocer and victualler.—G. Baker, High Hill Ferry, Upper Clapton, dyer.—J. and T. Tombs, Emerson Street, Southwark, builders.—S. J. Taylor, Fleet Street, tobacconist.—R. Blair, Hook, near Kingston, coal dealer.—R. Gray, Liverpool, commission agent.—H. Ingo, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship broker.—W. Crosley, Leeds, cloth merchant.—I. Miller, Liverpool, merchant.—W. Owen, Manchester, glass dealer.—W. Martin, Doncaster, contractor for gas works.—J. W. Phipson, Northfield, Worcestershire, dealer in metals.

Jan. 30.—P. Harley, Newington, Surrey, baker.—R. Johnson, Byker, Northumberland, merchant.—T. and J. Fisher, and M. Symonds, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, bankers.—S. Bond, Westmoreland Street, wine merchant.—H. Havers, Hadleigh, Suffolk, linen draper.—J. B. Foster, Lower Road, Islington, brick maker.—T. and T. Jennings, St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, livery stable keepers.—W. Jackson, Macclesfield, silk manufacturer.—W. Batchelor, Portsmouth, grocer.—J. F. D. Stewart, River Street, Pentonville, coal merchant.—H. W. Williamson, Cambridge, horse dealer.—T. Walker, Fort Street, Spitalfields, silk manufacturer.—W. H. Clarke, Budge Row, wine merchant.

Feb. 3.—J. Page, Hayes's Court, Greek Street, Soho, newsvender.—J. Crisp, Sydney Alley, Leicester Square, hosier.—J. Callow, St. John Street, Clerkenwell, victualler.—J. Wood, Castle Street, Holborn, flannel dealer.—J. Martin, Steel Yard, Upper Thames Street, wine merchant.—W. Langhorne, Throgmorton Street, stock broker.—J. Oldham, Friday Street, laceman.—M. A. Phillips, Dorset Square, Marylebone, schoolmistress.—G. Tuck, Cleveland Street, Fitzroy Square, grocer.—H. Harben, High Street, Bloomsbury, cheesemonger.—G. J. Kain, Blackheath Park, coal merchant.—R. Gough, Newbury, corn factor.—T. Smith, Stroud, china dealer.—D. Bennett, Walcot, Somersetshire, spirit merchant.

Feb. 6.—W. Baker and T. Little, Basinghall Street, woollen drapers.—J. Barber, Hungerford Market, victualler.—S. J. Barnes, Jernyn Street, St. James's, mercer.—J. Eggleston, Manchester, publican.—S. Willington, West-

bury-upon-Trim, Gloucestershire, innholder.—J. Lawes, Wick, Gloucestershire, miller.—J. Willis, Liverpool, merchant.—T. Gaskell, Bootle, near Liverpool, hotel keeper.—J. Walker, Leeds, woollen cloth manufacturer.—H. West, Aslackton, Norfolk, shopkeeper.—W. Penny, Bristol, brewer.—B. Williams, Aberystwith, Cardiganshire, innkeeper.

Feb. 10.—W. Cairns, High Street, Whitechapel, saddler.—A. H. Smith, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, grocer.—R. Stirling, High Street, Poplar, brewer.—T. Potter, Kidderminster, carpet manufacturer.—W. Wilson, Leeds, linen draper.—W. Okill, Liverpool, commission share broker.—J. M. Mulliner, Northampton, coach maker.—G. Weston, Nottingham, joiner.—P. Wetherell, Shouldham, Norfolk, grocer.

Feb. 13.—W. M'Namara, Houndsditch, plumber.—J. Ebers, Old Bond Street, bookseller.—E. Parr, Gray's Inn Lane, furniture broker.—W. Eccles, and J. Stalman, Hatton Garden, and Spring Gardens, tailors.—F. S. Argent, Fetter Lane, painter.—T. Brotherton, Bradford Moor, Yorkshire, shopkeeper.—J. T. Rigby, Tarlton, Lancashire, coal merchant.—W. Edgson, Irchester, Northamptonshire, butcher.—W. Humphrey, Taunton, Somersetshire, chemist.—J. Watson, Tynemouth, Northumberland, painter.

Feb. 17.—S. J. Knight, Lower Belgrave Place, Pimlico, ironmonger.—W. Satcher, Great Saffron Hill, Holborn, licensed victualler.—H. Wright, Old Broad Street, merchant.—D. W. Stephens, Emsworth, Hants, wine merchant.—A. Ritchie, Carey Street, licensed victualler.—J. S. Agar, Hammersmith, engraver.—T. Gardiner, Hunter Street, Kent Street, Southwark, cutrier.—G. Davey, Gwinear, Cornwall, miller.—J. Dickisson, Nottingham, lace manufacturer.—W. Gaudern, Earl's Barton, Northamptonshire, feltmonger.

Feb. 20.—L. Bladon, Hanway Street, tailor.—S. King, Kinnerton Street, Knightsbridge, baker.—J. T. Ayres, Tooley Street, Southwark, silversmith.—W. S. Smith, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper.—H. Nixon, Warwick Lane, carpenter.—J. Dorrington, Fordingbridge, Hampshire, plumber.—C. Hawksley, Liverpool, merchant.—T. Whitehouse, King's Norton, Worcestershire, brickmaker.—S. Jacobs, Manchester, merchant.—J. King, Cambridge, grocer.—G. Lockwood and W. Wilson, Liverpool, merchants.—J. Voss, Weymouth, Dorsetshire, grocer.—W. H. Dakin, Heigham, Norfolk, innkeeper.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—Mr. Hamilton in the chair.—Mr. Stodard exhibited a small torques of gold lately found at Boyton, in Suffolk. Mr. Kempe exhibited some very perfect sepulchral vases, containing bones and ashes, a mirror, and two glass lachrymatories, discovered in a dissenters' buryial ground in Deverel-street, Dover-road, near the course of the ancient Watling-street. This piece of ground was evidently anciently used for the same purpose as at present, that of sepulture, as similar remains are found in almost every new grave that is dug. From the coarseness of the manufacture, Mr. Kempe conjectures these vases are not Roman, but British; which opinion is strengthened by the circumstance, that no coins are found there, as is usual in Roman burial-places; and as a contrast to the British pottery, Mr. Kempe exhibited in juxtaposition some beautiful specimens of Samian ware, found on the site of St. Michael's church, Crooked-lane. He is of opinion that Watling-street was an ancient British road, raised by the Romans to a stratum or street. The mirror was broken, probably intentionally, over the remains of the female to whom it had belonged, as it was a common practice to break their swords over the deceased warriors. A further portion was read of the correspondence with Sir Thomas Wyatt, Henry the Eighth's ambassador to the emperor, from the Hoby papers.

NEW PATENTS.

ENGLISH.

A. Smith, of Princes Street, Haymarket, Middlesex, Engineer, for a new standing rigging for ships and vessels, and a new method of fitting and using it. January 12th, 6 months.

J. Stewart, of George Street, Euston Square, Middlesex, Piano-forte Maker, for improvements on the mechanism of horizontal, grand, and square piano-fortes. January 15th, 6 months.

A. Shanks, Jun., Flax Spinner, in Arbroath, Forfar, in North Britain, for certain improvements in machinery for preparing and dressing hemp and other fibrous substances. January 15th, 6 months.

J. Cherry, of the City of Coventry, Painter, Carver, and Gilder, for certain improvements in bedsteads, or apparatus applicable for the ease and comfort of invalids and others. January 15th, 6 months.

W. Houston, of Fleet Street, in the City of London, Printer, for certain improvements in type founding. January 17th, 6 months.

J. Streets, the younger, Lace Manufacturer, and T. Whiteley, Mechanic, both of Nottingham, for certain improvements applicable to that class of machinery commonly called or known by the name of warp machinery employed in the manufacturing of lace and other fabrics. January 22nd, 6 months.

J. J. Tucker, of Trematon Hall, Cornwall, Esq., for certain improvements on urns to be used for tea, coffee, and other purposes. January 22nd, 6 months.

J. Day, of York Terrace, Peckham, Surrey, gentleman, for an improvement or improvements in the construction of railways. January 22nd, 6 months.

SCOTCH.

M. Bush, of Dalmonach, Printfield, near Bonhill, by Dumbarton, in North Britain, Calico Printer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for printing calicoes and other fabrics. September 25th, 1834.

A. Stone, of Johnstone, in the County of Providence and State of Rhode Island, in the United States of America, Machinist, now residing at Liverpool, Lancaster, for an improvement in power and other looms used in the weaving of silk, hempen, cotton, woollen, and other cloth. October 3rd.

T. Searle, of Coleman Street, in the City of London, Merchant, for certain improvements in boilers for generating steam. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. October 16th.

C. M. H. Molinard, of Brewer Street, Golden Square, Middlesex, Merchant, for a certain improvement in looms or machinery for weaving fabrics. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. October 16th.

J. J. Cordes, of Idol Lane, in the City of London, Merchant, for a certain improvement or improvements in machinery for making rivets and screw blanks or bolts. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. October 16th.

J. J. Cordes, of Idol Lane, in the City of London, Merchant, for a certain improvement or improvements in machinery for making nails. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. October 16th.

J. Walton, of Sowerby Bridge, York, Cloth Dresser, for certain improvements in cards for carding wool, cotton, silk, and other fibrous substances. October 23rd.

J. B. Mollerat, now residing with Sir John Byerley, at Whitehead's Grove, in the Parish of St. Luke, Chelsea, Middlesex, Manufacturing Chemist, for certain improvements in the manufacture of gas for illumination. October 24th.

A. Hall, of Manchester, Lancaster, Manufacturer, and J. Slack, the younger, of Chorlton-upon-Medlock, in the said county, Putter Out, for improvements in the construction and working of looms for weaving by hand or power. October 31st.

C. Atherton, of the City of Glasgow, Engineer, for an improvement or improvements upon steam engines. November 14th.

J. Gibbs, of Kennington, Surrey, Engineer, for certain improvements in wheels for carriages. November 19th.

A. Craig, of Edinburgh, for improvements in steam engines. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 12th.

J. Jones, of Salford, Lancaster, Machine Maker, for certain improvements for making rovings, spinning and doubling cotton, silk, flax, and other fibrous substances. January 5th, 1835.

S. Garner, of Lombard Street, in the City of London, Gentleman, for an improvement in the art of multiplying certain drawings and engravings or impressions. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. January 7th.

G. Dickenson, of Buckland, near Dover, Kent, Paper Maker, for an improvement or improvements applicable to making of paper. January 7th.

J. Couch, of Stoke Davenport, Captain in the Royal Navy, for certain improvements in ships channels. January 15th.

J. Johnson and G. Johnson, Jun., Hatters in Leith, in the County of Edinburgh, and J. Johnson, A. Johnson, and J. Johnson, Hatters, in Edinburgh, in the afore-said County, for certain improvements in the manufacture of hats, caps, and bonnets by machinery, and for rendering the same water proof. January 14th.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1835.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Jan.					
23	31-45	30,14-30,12	W. & S.W.		General cloud.
24	38-49	30,08-30,06	S.W. & W.		Cloudy, sunshine frequent.
25	39-51	30,06-30,11	S.W.		Cloudy, sunshine frequent.
26	41-53	30,16-30,28	S.W. & W.		Cloudy, except the evening.
27	38-48	30,28-30,23	S.W.		Cloudy, except the evening.
28	37-47	30,20-30,17	S.W.		General cloud.
29	38-49	30,12-30,10	S. b. W.		General cloud.
30	36-51	30,12-30,17	W. & S.W.		General cloud, sunshine at times.
31	42-52	30,24-30,28	S.W. & W.		Cloudy, except the afternoon and evening.
Feb.					
1	39-52	30,26-30,22	S.W.		Cloudy, sunshine frequent.
2	39-47	30,15-30,07	S.W.	,075	Cloudy, sunshine frequent.
3	38-49	30,06-30,05	S.W. & W.		Cloudy, sunshine frequent.
4	38-52	30,24-30,33	S.W.		Generally clear.
5	38-49	30,13-29,95	W.		Generally clear except the evening, rain at six.
6	32-44	30,03-30,18	N.W.	,075	Generally clear.
7	30-46	29,94-29,60	W. b. S.	,025	Cloudy; rain on the preceding night.
8	31-44	29,61-29,57	N.		Clear; except the evening; rain at 11 P.M.
9	32-39	29,60-29,72	N.	,025	Generally clear.
10	29-40	30,02-30,14	N.W. & N.		Generally clear.
11	24-41	30,24-30,30	S.W.		Cloudy; frequent intervals of sunshine.
12	37-47	30,08-30,13	S.W.		Raining generally during the morning.
13	37-49	30,03-29,89	S.W. & W.	,4	Cloudy.
14	37-48	29,80-29,71	W.b.S. & S.W.	,05	General cloud, rain in the morning.
15	38-50	29,60-29,50	N.W.		Cloudy, a few drops of rain in the evening.
16	30-48	29,44-29,52	N.W.		Cloudy, sunshine frequent.
17	40-50	29,52 Stat.	W. & S.W.		Cloudy, sunshine frequent.
18	33-50	29,46-29,44	S.W.		Cloudy, rain in the morning.
19	29-43	29,40-29,37	S.W.	,1	General cloud, rain in the evening.
20	37-47	29,28-29,25	S.W.	,275	General cloud, rain in the evening.
21	30-45	29,16-29,34	S.W.	,725	Morning clear, aftern. cloudy, hail about 3 P.M.
22	39-48	29,30-29,20	S.W.		Morning clear, raining generally during the P.M.

Lightning, accompanied by two or three peals of loud and long-continued thunder, and a fall of small hail about a quarter past three, on the afternoon of the 21st. Very strong gales from the S.W. during the four last days.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

WE shall be forced to go to press before we can possess ourselves of his Majesty's speech; and ere we can again appear before the public, perhaps the destinies of this great nation may have received a bias one way or the other that will be felt to the latest posterity. What follows is an abstract of the proceedings on the opening of Parliament, with a correct list of the present Members of the House of Commons.

Abercromby, J.	Edinburgh.	Berkeley, Hon. G. C.	Gloucestershire, W.
Acheson, Lord	Armagh, co.	Bernal, R.	Rochester.
Adam, Adm. C.	{ Clackmannan and	Bethell, R.	Yorksh. E. Riding.
	{ Kinross.	Bewes, T.	Plymouth.
Aglionby, H. A.	Cockermouth.	Biddulph, R.	Hereford, city.
Agnéw, Sir A.	Wigtonshire.	Bish, T.	Leominster.
Ainsworth, P.	Bolton.	Blackburne, J. I.	Warrington.
Alford, Lord	Bedfordshire.	Blackburne, J.	Huddersfield.
Alsager, Capt. R.	Surrey, E.	Blackstone, W. S.	Wallingford.
Alston, R.	Hertfordshire.	Blake, M. J.	Galway.
Andover, Lord	Malmsbury.	Blamire, W.	Cumberland, E.
Angerstein, J.	Greenwich.	Blunt, Sir C. R.	Lewes.
Anson, Sir G.	Lichfield.	Bodkin, J. J.	Galway, co.
Arbuthnot, Hon.	Kincardineshire.	Borthwick, P.	Evesham.
Archdall, Lt.-Gen.	Fermanagh, co.	Boldero, Capt.	Chippenham.
Ashley, Viscount	Dorsetshire.	Bolling, W.	Bolton.
Astley, Sir J., Bart.	Norfolk, W.	Bonham, F. R.	Harwich.
Attwood, M.	Whitehaven.	Bowes, J.	Durham, S.
Attwood, T.	Birmingham.	Bowring, J.	Kilmarnock Burghs
		Brabazon, Sir W. J.	Mayo, co.
Bagot, Hon. W.	Denbighshire.	Bradshaw, J.	Berwick.
Bagshaw, J.	Sudbury.	Brady, D. C.	Newry.
Baillie, Col. H. D.	Honiton.	Bramston, T. W.	Essex, S.
Bailey, J.	Worcester, city.	Bridgeman, H.	Ennis.
Bainbrige, E. D.	Taunton.	Brodie, W. B.	Salisbury.
Baines, E.	Leeds.	Brocklehurst, J. jun.	Macclesfield.
Bannerman, A.	Aberdeen.	Brotherton, J.	Salford.
Balfour, J.	Orkney.	Browne, D.	Mayo, co.
Barclay, C.	Surrey, W.	Brownrigg, J.	Boston.
Barclay, D.	Sunderland.	Bruce, Lord E.	Marlborough.
Barham, J.	Kendal.	Bruce, C. L. C.	Inverness Burghs.
Baring, F.	Thetford.	Brudenell, Lord	Northamptonsh. N.
Baring, H. B.	Marlborough.	Bruen, F.	Carlow, borough.
Baring, T.	Yarmouth.	Bruen, Col. H.	Carlow, co.
Baring, A.	Essex, N.	Buckingham, J. S.	Sheffield.
Baring, F. T.	Portsmouth.	Bulkeley, Sir R. B. Bt.	Anglesey.
Baring, W. B.	Winchester.	Buller, E.	Staffordshire, N.
Barnard, E. G.	Greenwich.	Buller, C. jun.	Liskeard.
Barneby, J.	Droitwich.	Buller, Sir J. Y. Bart.	Devonshire, S.
Barron, H. W.	Waterford, city.	Bulwer, E. G. E. L.	Lincoln.
Barry, G. S.	Cork, co.	Bulwer, H. L.	Marylebone.
Bateson, Sir R. Bart.	Londonderry, co.	Burdett, Sir F. Bart.	Westminster.
Beaucherk, Maj. A.	Surrey, E.	Burdon, W. W.	Weymouth.
Beaumont, T. W.	Northumberland, S.	Burrell, Sir C. M. Bt.	Shoreham.
Beauvoir, Sir J. E. de	Windsor.	Burton, Henry	Beverly.
Beckett, Sir J. Bart.	Leeds.	Butler, Hon. Col. P.	Kilkenny, co.
Belfast, Lord	Antrim, co.	Buxton, T. F.	Weymouth.
Bellew, R. M.	Louth.	Byng, George	Middlesex.
Bell, M.	Northumberland, S.	Byng, Sir John	Poole.
Bellew, Sir P. Bart.	Louth.		
Bennett, J.	Wiltshire, S.	Calcraft, John Hales	Wareham.
Bentinck, Lord G.	Lynn.	Campbell, Sir H. P. H.	Berwick, co.
Beresford, Sir J. Bt.	Chatham.	Campbell, Sir John	Edinburgh.
Berkeley, Hon. C. F.	Cheltenham.	Campbell, W. F.	Argyleshire.
Berkeley, Hon. Capt.	Gloucester.	Canning, Sir S.	Lynn Regis.

Carruthers, David	Hull.	Dick, Quintin	Maldon.
Carter, John B.	Portsmouth.	Dillwyn, L. W.	Glamorganshire.
Cartwright, W. R.	Northamptonsh. S.	Divett, Edward	Exeter.
Castlereagh, Visc.	Down, co.	Dobbin, Leonard	Armagh Town
Cave, Otway R.	Tipperary, co.	Donkin, Sir R. S.	Berwick-upon-Tweed.
Cavendish, Hon. C. C.	Sussex, East.	Dotton, A. R.	Southampton.
Cavendish, Hon. G. H.	Derbyshire, North.	Dowdeswell, W.	Tewkesbury.
Cayley, Edward	Yorkshire, N. R.	Duffield, T.	Abingdon.
Chalmers, P.	Montrose Burghs.	Dugdale, W. S.	Warwickshire, N.
Chandos, Marquis,	Buckinghamshire	Duncombe, Hon. A.	East Retford, with Bassetlaw.
Chaplin, Thomas	Stamford.	Duncombe, T. S.	Finsbury.
Chapman, Aaron	Whitby,	Duncombe, Hon. W.	Yorks. N. Riding.
Chapman, M. L.	Westmeath, co.	Dundas, Hon. J. C.	Richmond.
Charlton, E. L.	Ludlow.	Dundas, R. A.	Ipswich.
Chatterton, J. C.	Cork, city.	Dundas, Hon. T.	York.
Chetwynd, Cap. W. F.	Stafford.	Dunlop, C.	Glasgow.
Chichester, J. P. B.	Barnstaple.	Durham, Adm. Sir P.	Devizes.
Chichester, Lord	Honiton.	Dykes, F. L. L. B.	Cockermouth.
Churchill, Lord	Woodstock.		
Clay, William	Tower Hamlets.	East, J. B.	Winchester.
Clayton, Sir Wm.	Marlow.	Eastnor, Viscount.	Reigate.
Clements, Viscount	Leitrim, co.	Eaton, R. J.	Cambridgeshire.
Clerk, Sir George	Edinburgh, co.	Ebrington, Viscount	Devonshire, N.
Clive, Hon. R. H.	Salop, South.	Edwards, J.	Montgomery.
Clive, Lord	Ludlow.	Egerton, Lord F. L.	Lancashire, S.
Clive, Lt.-Col. E. B.	Hereford, city.	Egerton, Sir P. de M. G.	Cheshire, S.
Cobbett, William	Oldham.	Egerton, W. T.	Cheshire, N.
Cockerell, Sir C. Bt.	Evesham.	Ewart, W.	Liverpool.
Codrington, C. W.	Gloucestershire, E.	Ellice, Rt. Hon. E.	Coventry.
Codrington, Sir E.	Devonport.	Elphinstone, H.	Hastings.
Colborne, N. W. R.	Wells.	Entwistle, J.	Rochdale.
Cole, Hon. A. H.	Enniskillen.	Estcourt, T. G. B.	Oxford University.
Cole, Viscount	Fermanagh, co.	Etwall, R.	Andover.
Collier, John	Plymouth.	Euston, Earl of,	Thetford.
Compton, C. S.	Hampshire, South.	Evans, Colonel	Westminster.
Conolly, Col. E. M.	Donegal, co.	Evans, G. H.	Dublin co.
Conyngham, Lord A.	Canterbury.		
Cookes, T. Henry	Worcestershire, E.	Fancourt, Maj. C. St. J.	Barnstaple.
Cooper, Josh. E.	Sligo, co.	Fazakerley, J. N.	Peterborough.
Cooper, Hon. A. A. C.	Dorchester.	Fector, J. M.	Dover.
Coote, Sir C. H.	Queen's County.	Fellowes, Hon. N.	Devonshire, N.
Copeland, Aldn.	Coleraine.	Fergus, J.	Kirkaldy District.
Corbett, T. G.	Lincolnshire, Lindsey division.	Fergusson, R. C.	Kircudbright.
Corry, Hon. H. T. L.	Tyrone, co.	Ferguson, Sir R. A. Bt.	Londonderry, city.
Cowper, Hon. W.	Hertford.	Ferguson, G.	Banffshire.
Crawford, W. S.	Dundalk.	Ferguson, Sir R. C.	Nottingham.
Crawford, W.	London, city.	Ferguson, R.	Haddingtonshire.
Crawley, Samuel	Bedford.	Fielden, J. F.	Oldham.
Crewe, Sir G. Bart.	Derbyshire, South.	Fielden, W.	Blackburn.
Cripps, Joseph	Cirencester.	Finch, G.	Stamford.
Crompton, Samuel	Thirsk.	Finn, W. F.	Kilkenny, co.
Curteis, E. Barrett	Rye.	Fitzgibbon, R. H.	Limerick, co.
Curteis, Herbert B.	Sussex, East.	Fitzroy, Lt.-C. Ld. C.	Bury St. Edmunds.
		Fitzsimon, C.	Dublin, co.
D'Albiac, Sir C.	Ripon.	Fitzsimon, N.	King's co.
Dalmeny, Lord	Stirling, Burghs.	Fleetwood, P. H.	Preston.
Damer, G. L. D.	Portarlington.	Fleming, Major J.	Hants, S.
Dare, R. W. H.	Essex, South	Foley, E. T.	Herefordshire.
Darlington, Earl	Salop, South	Folkes, Sir W. J. H. B.	Norfolk, West.
Davenport, John	Stoke-upon-Trent.	Follett, Sir W.	Exeter.
Denison, J. E.	Nottinghamsh., S.	Forbes, Lord	Longford.
Denison, W. J.	Surrey, West.	Forbes, William	Stirlingshire.
Dennistown, Alex.	Dumbartonshire.		

Forester, Hon. G. C.	Wenlock.	Heneage, E. S.	Great Grimsby.
Forester, C. S.	Walsall.	Henniker, Lord	Suffolk, E.
Fort, John	Clitheroe.	Herbert, Hon. S.	Wiltshire, S.
Fox, Lt.-Col. C. R.	Stroud.	Herries, J. C.	Harwich.
Fremantle, Sir T. Bt.	Buckingham.	Heron, Sir R. Bt.	Peterborough.
French, Fitzstephen	Roscommon.	Hill, Sir R.	Shropshire, N.
Freshfield, J. W.	Penryn.	Hill, Ld. A. M. W.	Down, co.
		Hindley, C.	Ashton.
Gaskell, D.	Wakefield.	Hobhouse, Sir J. C.	Nottingham.
Gaskell, J. M.	Wenlock.	Hodges, T. T.	Rochester.
Geary, Sir W. R. P.	Kent, W.	Hodges, T. L.	Kent, W.
Gillon, W. D.	Falkirk Burghs.	Hogg, J. W.	Beverley.
Gisborne, T.	Derbyshire, N.	Holland, E.	Worcestershire, E.
Gladstone, T.	Leicester.	Hope, H. T.	Gloucester.
Gladstone, W. E.	Newark.	Hope, Capt. Hon. J.	Linlithgowshire.
Glynne, Sir S. R.	Flint.	Hoskins, K.	Herefordshire.
Goodriche, F. L.	Stafford.	Hotham, Lord	Leominster.
Gordon, R.	Cricklade.	Howard, E. G. G.	Morpeth.
Gordon, Hon. W.	Aberdeenshire.	Howard, R.	Wicklow, co.
Gore, W. O.	Shropshire, N.	Howard, P. H.	Carlisle.
Goring, H. D.	Shoreham.	Howick, Lord	Northumberland, N.
Goulburn, H.	Cambridge Univer.	Houldsworth, T.	Nottinghamsh. N.
Goulburn, Serj. E.	Leicester.	Hoy, J. B.	Southampton.
Graham, Sir J.	Cumberland, E.	Hughes, W. H.	Oxford, city.
Grant, C.	Inverness.	Hume, J.	Middlesex.
Grant, Col. F. W.	Elginshire.	Humphery, J.	Southwark.
Grattan, H.	Meath, co.	Hurst, R. H.	Horsham.
Grattan, J.	Wicklow, co.	Hutt, W.	Hull.
Greene, T. G.	Lancaster.		
Gresley, Sir R.	Derbyshire, S.	Ingham, R.	South Shields.
Greville, Sir C. J.	Warwick.	Inglis, Sir R. H.	Oxford University.
Grey, Hon. C.	Wycombe.	Irton, S.	Cumberland, W.
Grey, Sir G. Bt.	Devonport.		
Grimston, Lord	Hertfordshire.	Jackson, J. D.	Bandon.
Grimston, Hon. E.	St. Alban's.	Jephson, C. D. O.	Mallow.
Grosvenor, Lord R.	Chester.	Jermyn, Earl	Bury St. Edmunds
Grote, G.	London, city.	Jewis, J.	Chester.
Guest, J. J.	Merthyr Tydvil.	Johnston, A. jun.	St. Andrew's Dist.
Gully, J.	Pontefract.	Johnstone, J. J. H.	Dumfriesshire.
		Johnstone, Sir J.	Scarborough.
Halford, H.	Leicestershire, S.	Jones, W.	Denbigh.
Hall, B.	Monmouth.	Jones, Capt. T.	Londonderry, co.
Halse, J.	St. Ives.		
Hallyburton, Hon. D.	Forfarshire.	Kavanagh, T. B.	Carlow, co.
Hamilton, Lord C.	Tyrone, co.	Kearsley, J. H.	Wigan.
Handley, H.	Lincolnshire, S.	Kelly, F.	Ipswich.
Hanmer, Sir J. Bt.	Shrewsbury.	Kemp, T. R.	Lewes.
Hanmer, H.	Aylesbury.	Kennedy, J.	Tiverton.
Harcourt, G. G.	Oxfordshire.	Kerr, D.	Downpatrick.
Hardinge, Sir H.	Launceston.	Kerrison, Sir E.	Eye.
Hardy, J.	Bradford.	Kerry, Earl of	Calne.
Harland, W. C.	Durham, city.	King, E. B.	Warwick.
Harvey, D. W.	Southwark.	Kirke, P.	Carriekfergus.
Hawes, B.	Lambeth.	Knatchbull, Sir E.	Kent, E.
Hawkes, T.	Dudley.	Knightley, Sir C. Bt.	Northamptonsh. S.
Hawkins, J. H.	Newport.	Knox, Hon. Col. J.	Dungannon.
Hay, Sir J. Bart.	Peebleshire.		
Hay, Lt.-Col. A. L.	Elgin District.	Labouchere, H.	Taunton.
Hayes, Sir E. S. Bt.	Donegal, co.	Lambton, H.	Durham, N.
Heathcote, J.	Tiverton.	Langton, W. G.	Somersetshire, E.
Heathcote, G. J.	Lincolnshire, S.	Lawson, A.	Knareborough.
Heathcote, Sir G.	Rutlandshire.	Leader, J. T.	Bridgewater.
Heathcote, R. E.	Stoke-upon-Trent.	Lee, J. L.	Wells.
Hector, C. J.	Petersfield.	Lefevre, C. S.	Hants, N.

Lefroy, T.	Dublin University.	Murray, J. A.	Leith.
Lefroy, A.	Longford, co.	Musgrave, Sir R. Bt.	Waterford, co.
Lemon, Sir C. Bt.	Cornwall, W.		
Lennard, T. B.	Maldon.	Nagle, Sir R.	Westmeath.
Lennox, Lord A.	Chichester.	Neeld, J.	Chippenham.
Lennox, Lord J. G.	Sussex, W.	Neeld, J.	Cricklade.
Lewis, W.	Maidstone.	Nicholl, J. jun.	Cardiff.
Lewis, D.	Carmarthen.	Noel, Sir G. N. Bt.	Rutlandshire.
Leycester, J.	Cork, city.	Norreys, Lord	Oxfordshire.
Lincoln, Earl of	Nottinghamsh. S.	North, F.	Hastings.
Lister, E. C.	Bradford.		
Littleton, E. J.	Staffordshire, S.	O'Brien, C.	Clare.
Loch, J.	Wick Burghs.	O'Brien, W. S.	Limerick, co.
Locke, W.	Devizes.	O'Connell, D.	Dublin.
Long, W.	Wiltshire, N.	O'Connell, J.	Youghal.
Lopes, Sir R.	Westbury.	O'Connell, M. J.	Kerry, co.
Lowther, J. H.	York, city.	O'Connell, Morgan	Meath, co.
Lowther, Col. H. C.	Westmoreland.	O'Connell, Maurice	Tralee.
Lowther, Lord	Westmoreland.	O'Connor, F.	Cork, co.
Lucas, E.	Monaghan, co.	O'Connor, D.	Roscommon.
Lumley, Lord	Nottinghamsh. N.	O'Dwyer, A. C.	Drogheda.
Lushington, C.	Ashburton.	O'Ferrall, R. M.	Kildare, co.
Lushington, Doctor	Tower Hamlets.	Oliphant, L.	Perth.
Lygon, Hon. Col. H.	Worcestershire, W.	O'Loghlen, M.	Dungarvan.
Lynch, A.	Galway, town.	O'Neil, J. B. R.	Antrim, co.
		Ord, W.	{ Newcastle-upon-
			{ Tyne.
		Ord, W. H.	Newport.
		Oswald, J.	Glasgow.
		Oswald, R. A.	Ayrshire.
		Ossulston, Lord	Northumberland, N
		Owen, Sir J. Bt.	Pembrokeshire.
		Owen, H. O.	Pembroke.
		Paget, F.	Beaumaris.
		Palmer, Maj.-Gen. C.	Bath.
		Palmer, R.	Berkshire.
		Parker, J.	Sheffield.
		Parnell, Sir H.	Dundee.
		Parrot, J.	Totnes.
		Parry, L. P. J.	Carnarvon.
		Pattison, J.	London, city.
		Patten, J. W.	Lancashire, N.
		Pease, J.	Durham, S.
		Pechell, Capt. Sir S.	Brighton.
		Peel, Sir R.	Tamworth.
		Peel, Edmund	{ Newcastle-under-
			{ Lyne.
		Peel, Col. J.	Huntingdon.
		Peel, W. Y.	Tamworth.
		Pelham, Hon. C.	{ Lincolnshire,
			{ Lindsey Division.
		Pelham, J.	Shrewsbury.
		Pemberton, T.	Ripon.
		Pendarves, E. W. W.	Cornwall, W.
		Penruddock, J. H.	Wilton.
		Pepys, Sir C. C.	Malton.
		Percival, A.	Sligo, co.
		Perrin, L.	Cashel.
		Philips, M.	Manchester.
		Phillips, C. M.	Leicestershire, N.
		Phillips, G. R.	Kidderminster.
		Pigot, R.	Bridgenorth.
		Pinny, W.	Lyme Regis.
Maclean, D.	Oxford, city.		
Macleod, R.	Sutherland.		
Mackenzie, A. S.	Ross & Cromarty.		
Mackinnon, W. A.	Lymington.		
Macnamara, Maj. W.	Clare.		
Maher, J.	Wexford.		
Mahon, Lord	Hertford.		
Marjoribanks, S.	Hythe.		
Mangles, J.	Guilford.		
Manners, Ld. R. W.	Leicestershire.		
Marshall, P. H.	Carlisle.		
Marsland, Major T.	Stockport.		
Marsland, H.	Stockport.		
Martin, T. B.	Galway, co.		
Martin, J.	Sligo.		
Matthew, Capt. C. B.	Athlone.		
Maule, Hon. Fox	Perthshire.		
Maxwell, H.	Cavan, co.		
Maxwell, J. jun.	Lanarkshire.		
Meynell, Capt. H.	Lisburn.		
M'Cance, J.	Belfast.		
Methuen, P.	Wiltshire, N.		
Miles, P. J.	Bristol.		
Miles, W.	Somersetshire, E.		
Miller, W. H.	{ Newcastle-under-		
	{ Lyne.		
Milton, Viscount	Northamptonsh. N.		
Molesworth, Sir W.	Cornwall, E.		
Montague, Visc.	Huntingdonshire.		
Mordaunt, J.	Warwickshire, S.		
Moreton, Hon. H.	Gloucestershire, E.		
Morgan, C. M. R.	Brecknock.		
Morpeth, Lord	{ Yorkshire, West		
	{ Riding.		
Mosley, Sir O.	Staffordshire, N.		
Mostyn, Hon. E.	Flintshire.		
M'Taggart, J.	Wigton Burghs.		
Mullins, F. W.	Kerry, co.		

Plumptre, J. P.	Kent, E.	Shaw, F.	Dublin Univer.
Polhill, Capt, F.	Bedford.	Sheil, R. L.	Tipperary, co.
Pollen, J. W.	Andover.	Sheldon, E.	Warwickshire, S.
Pollington, Lord	Pontefract.	Sheppard, T.	Frome.
Pollock, Sir F.	Huntingdon.	Sibthorp, C. D. W.	Lincoln.
Ponsonby, Hon. J.G.	Derby.	Simeon, Sir R. G.	Isle of Wight.
Ponsonby, Hon. W.F.	Dorsetshire.	Sinclair, G.	Caithness.
Potter, R.	Wigan.	Smith, Hon. R. J.	WycombeChipping.
Poulter, J.	Shaftesbury.	Smith, R. V.	Northampton.
Power, J.	Wexford, co.	Smith, A. T.	Carnarvonshire.
Power, P.	Waterford, co.	Smith, B.	Sudbury.
Powell, Col. W. E.	Cardiganshire.	Smith, J. A.	Chichester.
Poyntz, W. S.	Midhurst.	Smith, J. A.	Hertfordshire.
Praed, J. B.	Buckinghamshire.	Smyth, Sir G. H. S.	Colchester.
Praed, W. M.	Yarmouth.	Somerset, Lord G.	Monmouthshire.
Price, S. G.	Sandwich.	Spiers, A.	Richmond.
Price, Sir R. Bart.	Herefordshire.	Spiers, Captain,	Paisley.
Price, R.	Radnor.	Spry, Sir S. T. Knt.	Bodmin.
Pringle, A.	Selkirkshire.	Stanley, E.	Cumberland, W.
Pryme, G.	Cambridge.	Stanley, E. J.	Cheshire, N.
Pryse, P.	Cardigan.	Stanley, Hon. H. T.	Preston.
Pusey, P.	Berkshire.	Stanley, Lord,	Lancashire, N.
		Steuart, R.	Haddington Dist.
Rae, Sir W. Bart.	Buteshire.	Stewart, J.	Lymington.
Ramsbottom, J.	Windsor.	Stewart, P. M.	Lancaster.
Ramsden, J. C.	Malton.	Stewart, Sir M.S. Bt.	Renfrewshire.
Reid, Sir J. R.	Dover.	Stormont, Lord	Norwich.
Rice, Rt. Hon. T. S.	Cambridge.	Strickland, Sir G.	Yorks. W. Riding.
Richards, J.	Knaresborough.	Strutt, E.	Derby.
Ridley, Sir M. W. Bt.	Newcastle-upon-T.	Stuart, Lord J.	Ayr District.
Rickford, W.	Aylesbury.	Stuart, Lord D. C.	Arundel.
Rippon, C.	Gateshead.	Sturt, H. C.	Dorsetshire.
Robarts, A. W.	Maidstone.	Sullivan, R.	Kilkenny, city.
Robinson, G. R.	Worcester, city.	Surrey, Earl of	Sussex, W.
Roche, W.	Limerick.	Sutton, Sir C. M.	Cambridge Univer.
Roche, D.	Limerick.		
Roebuck, J. A.	Bath.	Talbot, C. R. M.	Glamorganshire.
Rolph, R. M.	Penryn.	Talbot, J. H.	New Ross.
Ronayne, D.	Clonmel.	Talfourd, Sergeant	Reading.
Roper, J. B.	Huntingdonshire.	Tancred, H. W.	Banbury.
Ross, C.	Northampton.	Tapps, G. W.	Christchurch.
Rundle, J.	Tavistock.	Tennant, E. J.	Belfast.
Rushbrooke, Col.	Suffolk, W.	Tennyson, C.	Lambeth.
Russell, Ld. C.J. F.	Bedfordshire.	Thomas, Lt.-Col. H.	Kinsale.
Russell, C.	Reading.	Thomson, C. P.	Manchester.
Russell, Lord	Tavistock.	Thompson, P. B.	Yorks. E. Riding.
Russell, Lord J.	Devonshire, S.	Thompson, W., Ald.	Sunderland.
Ruthven, E. S.	Dublin, city.	Thornley, T.	Wolverhampton.
Ruthven, E. jun.	Kildare, co.	Tollemache, Hon. A.G.	Grantham.
Ryle, J.	Macclesfield.	Tooke, W.	Truro.
		Townley, R. G.	Cambridgeshire.
Sanderson, R.	Colchester.	Townsend, Lord J.	Helstone.
Sandford, A.	Somersetshire, W.	Tracey, C. H.	Tewkesbury.
Sandon, Lord	Liverpool.	Trelawney, W.L.S.	Cornwall, E.
Scarlett, R. C.	Norwich.	Trench, Sir J.	Scarborough.
Scholefield, J.	Birmingham.	Trevor, Hon. A.	Durham, city.
Scott, Sir E. D.	Lichfield	Trevor, Hon. Col. G.	Carmarthenshire.
Scott, J. W.	Hants, N.	Troubridge, Sir E. T.	Sandwich.
Scott, Lord J.	Roxburghshire.	Tulk, C. A.	Poole.
Scourfield, W. H.	Haverfordwest.	Turner, T. F.	Leicestershire, S.
Scrope, G. P.	Stroud.	Turner, W.	Blackburn.
Seale, Lt.-Col. J. H.	Dartmouth.	Twiss, H.	Bridport.
Seymour, Lord	Totnes.	Tynte, C. K. K.	Bridgewater.
Sharpe, Gen. M.	Dumfries District.	Tynte, C. J. K.	Somersetshire, W.

Half a dozen individuals then set the thing going, but had little expectation of seeing so much progress made in so short a space of time. The founders of this club were Messrs. Clint, Medwin, (Byron's friend,) G. Walker, the writer on Chess, and their immediate Chess acquaintances. The celebrated match by correspondence, still pending between this society and the Paris Club, has undoubtedly contributed to the prosperity of the former; though from the peculiar advantages consequent upon unusually low terms of entrance, and the opportunities of witnessing Chess played by the first London amateurs, the club can need no adventitious circumstances to fix it on a permanent and prosperous foundation. We see by the papers, that his Excellency, Namik Pasha, the Turkish ambassador, favoured the Westminster Club with a visit a few weeks back. Such an event is worthy of record, as marking the march of liberal ideas among even Orientals. His Excellency was met by the president and council, and presented by Mr. George Walker with the printed laws of the club, as well as a printed statement of the particulars, &c. of the above-named match, by correspondence, still going on with Paris. The ambassador declined playing himself, but conversed familiarly with the members, in the French language, on Chess and other topics. He informed them that the same rules of the game were observed in Constantinople as in this country, with this exception, that, on first starting, the pawn is not allowed to move more than one square. The Pasha's secretary played a single game with one of the members of the Westminster Chess, and won it; but our informant shrewdly suspects the Turk was considerably indebted in so doing to some prompting he received from a distinguished Oriental scholar, one of the best players in the Westminster Club, who was looking on, and conversing the whole time in the Persian language. It is curious to find how very similar the practice of Chess is in every country where it is played. In Hindoostan the difference of the rules is almost nominal, since it consists chiefly in each party being compelled to play a certain number of stipulated moves before they can take any piece. What does this amount to, but to placing the pieces in a different position to what we do, at commencing the game? In China the board is divided by a river, but here again the game is practised with some very slight modifications from our own. We love Chess as well for its intrinsic beauty, as for its antiquity and the classical associations with which it is connected, and instead of the two existing Chess Clubs in London, viz. the London Club, and the Westminster Club, we wish there were a dozen. By-the-by, why don't the Society for the Suppression of Vice launch forth a Chess Institution?

MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

LORD NAPIER.

Died at Macao, at half-past ten o'clock on the night of Saturday, the 11th of October, 1834, the Right Hon. William John Lord Napier, of Merchiston, a Baronet of Nova Scotia, Captain of the Royal Navy, and his Britannic Majesty's Chief Superintendent in China. His Lordship expired of a lingering illness, brought on by the arduous performance of his duties at Canton, aggravated by the treatment received from the Chinese Government, who, when on his passage, in a sick state, to Macao, was kept in his boat (not being allowed to land) for three days, though he was then in a high fever. His lordship was born on the 13th of October, 1786.

Married.—At Abergely, North Wales, the Right Hon. Viscount Frankfort De Montmorency, to Georgina Frederica, daughter of Peter Fitz Gibbon Henekey, of Merion Square, Dublin.

At Hartburn Church, Northumberland, by the Rev. John Hodgson, having been previously married according to the rites of the Roman Catholic religion, Henry Montonnier Hawkins, Esq., eldest son of the late Anthony Montonnier Hawkins, Esq., M.D., of the Gaer, Monmouthshire, to Jane, only daughter of James Fenwicke, Esq., of Longwitton Hall, Northumberland.

At St. George's, Gilbert Abbott a Becket, Esq., of the Hon. Society of Gray's Inn, to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of Joseph Glossop, Esq., of Berkeley Street, Piccadilly.

The Queen of Portugal's marriage with the Duke de Leuchtenberg was celebrated on the 30th of January.

Died.—At Newlyn, near Penzance, the Rev. W. Aver, aged 67.

At Leamington Priory, Warwickshire, the Countess of Fingall.

At South Place, Knightsbridge, in his 78th year, the Right Hon. Lord de Dunstanville.

Mrs. Ellis, wife of the Rev. W. Ellis, Foreign Secretary to the London Missionary Society, aged 41.

At Tunbridge Wells, Jane, relict of W. Balcombe, Esq., formerly of St. Helena, and late Colonial Treasurer of New South Wales, with whose family Napoleon spent many of his latter hours.

In Bath, Mrs. Henrietta Carolina Bentley, grand-daughter of Dr. Bentley, of Trinity College, Cambridge.

At Cheltenham, Edward Bartley, Esq.

In Clavering Place, Newcastle, in the 81st year of his age, Robert Hopper Williamson, Esq., barrister-at-law.

THE METROPOLITAN.

APRIL, 1835.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Unfortunate Man. By CAPTAIN F. CHAMIER, R.N. Author of "The Life of a Sailor." Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

Many causes have delayed our review of this work, which has now been some time before the public. The success of naval authors has, in many instances, been very great, owing to the one great charm of originality; in other points, we believe them to be more defective than others. An article has lately appeared in one of the periodicals, in which among our present naval writers, Captain Chamier has been singled out with an acrimony that looks like personal hostility. This might cause only a smile of contempt, were it not that very many who peruse the charge, will never see the work so unjustifiably abused. We would wish no other refutation of all the absurdities advanced under the title of a critique, than a perusal of the work maligned. We invite the public to read this work, not only for the sake of justice, but for the fund of amusement, and the no small portion of instruction, that they will derive from it. The "Unfortunate Man" is certainly not an unfortunate hit. It commences with a rich vein of pleasantry, that covers a stratum of sharp satire, that will not only bear reading twice, but parts of it also deserve studying. After revelling for some time amidst a profusion of imagery, the author conveys the reader amidst grander and sterner scenes, and, with a bold and unsparing hand, throws back the veil that covers all that is worst and most fearful in our fallen natures. Our innate wickedness is a terrible, yet a sublime study; that it is not general in all the enormity that Chamier portrays it, is no proof that it is not accurately true. And the great fault in the book is, that it is too true; but such exhibitions, if viewed in the proper light, have a strong moral tendency, for they say to the conscience in the deep still voice of conviction, "Such wouldst thou be, if the temptation were near, and the guardian angel of morality and religion away." But the author, with great tact, dwells not too long upon such dismal speculations. He takes better natures, and places them under more favourable lights, and surrounds them with happier contingencies. It is then that he really wantons in the

playfulness of a genuine, yet not over-strained humour. The character of the good and testy bachelor uncle, Banana, is a personation evidently drawn from life, and with more than an Hogarthian fulness. The other characters are extremely natural. The good are never made provokingly excellent. No one knows better than the author that the best of us owe as much to accident as to our innate integrity, to enable us to triumph over what is evil, and to persevere in our performance of what is just. The first love of the "Unfortunate Man," is as good as she possibly could be under existing circumstances; for circumstances will be always found to be the arbiters of our destiny. A common hand would have made the young lady a common-place heroine; faithful because she was upright, and honourable and confiding because she was in love. Captain Chamier has, however, offended against the precision of the times, in making another very natural, but which he never intended to be, a very perfect character, Lieutenant Mizen, in love with, or rather making love to, at the same time, the mistress and the maid. This is bad taste; still in justification it must be observed, that the author made this deviation in Lieutenant Mizen, the consequence of the one great calamity of his existence; which risked to him the loss of his happiness in the rejection of his mistress, and the loss of his life by the hand of her justly-incensed brother. The whole three volumes is a portraiture of actual life—life brilliant with the most glowing colours, and rich with the best worldly instruction. Yet, with all these high qualities, the novel is far from being "a perfect monster." The incidents want due connexion, and a common tendency to a proper dénouement. The hero seems to have no object; he is made too much a mere peg, upon which to hang vivid descriptions, and interesting events. He neither makes us love or fear for him. Mizen, and especially Banana, nearly take the sceptre of superiority from his hand. There is also another most lamentable defect: which is not uncommon, the first volume is infinitely better than the last. Take it as a whole, the work will rank high among the best fictions of the age. It contains more wit than twenty fashionable novels; and as much genuine humour as would set up forty disappointed critics as good writers on their own account. We look forward to its continuation with the certainty of deriving pleasure from its perusal; and we leave to disappointed authors all the pleasure and all the promotion of which they are capable—that of becoming illiberal and ignorant critics.

We have made some of the foregoing remarks in consequence of an article which we have referred to, in the last Number of the United Service Journal; and although from the character of the editor we must acquit him of writing any thing so coarse and malignant, we do think that he has shown a degree of carelessness in allowing its insertion. For ourselves, we are indifferent; we take abuse from such pens as *homage*, but we cannot help pointing out, that if some little alteration does not take place, the United Service Journal may be productive of very serious injury. It will not only inflame the minds of individuals against each other, but *disunite* the two services. In the article referred to, there is a sweeping censure upon the whole of the naval writers, and at the same time, there is an examination of their respective merits. Now the latter is invidious, and may create much heart-burning, and the former, with the knowledge that the editor is a soldier, will not be very satisfactory either to the authors or their naval friends, who have no notion of being drilled in such a martinet style. But not only on this, but on other points, the United Service Journal has already created some ill-will. Discussion is valuable, as it elicits truth, but that discussion should always be in temperate language; but this is not the case in this periodical, where we may say, there is a roped ring always ready for any pugnacious gentleman who may think proper to throw up his hat. The

affair between Captains Scott and Chamier would never have taken place, had the first letter of the former been softened down previous to insertion, as it most certainly ought to have been. It should be remembered, that words are but air, and pass away—they can be retracted, explained away, apologized for, or not repeated; but when once in print, there is no retreat, and all that is offensive remains recorded for ever. The ill-will and exasperated feelings arising from this arena, to which all are invited, have already been talked of, and increase daily. We say this in good feeling and good fellowship; we foresee that if continued, it will be prejudicial to both services; and even now, we almost wish that there was a war, which would give to that periodical the more agreeable task of recording the courage and conduct of both services, instead of (unintentionally we believe) administering to their disunion. Whatever may be the merits of Captain Chamier, he can no more be lowered by such an attack as the one we refer to, than he can be raised by the injudicious puffing of his publisher. These unfair proceedings may be practised in the trade, but they are *infra dig.* in a journal edited by one whose character stands so high, and who must, upon reflection, feel that he is responsible for its contents.

We have made these remarks, with the sincere hope that they may be the last that we shall make upon any cotemporary journal, as we wish to set the good example of discouraging such petty hostilities.

The Princess; or, the Beguine. By LADY MORGAN, Author of "O'Donnel," &c. 3 Vols. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

This is a brilliant specimen of that rare description of work, after the rapid perusal of which, (for from the intensity of the interest which it excites, it is impossible to read it slowly,) one is apt to sit still for a space, with folded arms, lost in deep speculation. The thinker then discovers that, whilst he conceived that he was reading merely an exciting novel, he has received many searching and important lessons upon that most essential of all sciences, the polity on which depends the happiness of millions, and on that extensive and liberal code of morals, that would make all classes better, by teaching that none are, or ought to be, objects of degradation. Whilst these reflections are gradually taking root in the mind, another will arise more individual to the work: and that is the harmony of its design, and the beautiful accordance of its various parts, producing the conviction that the social principles her ladyship wishes to develope, are in themselves, not only sound, but, in these times of general inquiry, necessary to be adopted. We differ, by many shades, and those by no means faint ones, from the political faith which the authoress professes, yet we should hold ourselves as among the meanest who glory in the livery of faction, did we hesitate to do justice to merits, that, in her peculiar line of writing, few can equal, certainly none surpass. To examine this political novel a little, and but a little, on account of the very limited space to which we confine ourselves in our critical notices, we must particularly call the attention of the reader to the brilliant opening of the work. The gilded heartlessness, the elaborated emptiness, of those who arrogate to themselves the title of the exclusive, (excluded from how much that is really good and noble,) are displayed with a genuine wit and a splendid sarcasm, that we look upon as one of the finest examples of pure comedy. It is a pity that those flutterers

in the inner circle of fashion cannot imbibe a little the of spirit of their describer to relieve the mere dulness of their eternal pretension. Could they but render themselves half so amusing as they are described in this work, they would be less insufferable to themselves, and not quite so intolerable to others. The whole character, even to the minutest parts, of the "Princess" is astonishing, and proves that truth, when directed to worthy and exalted ends, may create more of that wonder that is allied to admiration, than the boldest and most shining fallacies. No argument, however cogent, no essay, however elaborate, could have carried so complete a conviction that it is infinitely more praiseworthy to build, than to boast a noble name, than does the whole course of the life, through all its natural vicissitudes, of this princess-artist, or, to give due honour even in an epithet, this artist-princess. As this work is written to exemplify a principle, and to prove a theory, it will take a much higher rank in our literature than the mere novel of amusement. To say that this is the best of Lady Morgan's works, is giving it a very distinguished eulogium, but did we express how *much better* we think it, we should not be rightly understood, or our motives ungenerously construed. We now turn to remark upon two defects of the "Princess," that stand out in most annoying relief, and which are made the more striking by the intense light that surrounds them. Her ladyship can write pure and elegant English, but she will not. When she makes her fashionables deal out their affectation, in a tri-linguar jargon, she wittily makes their inanities more inane—but why, in her purely narrative parts, use it herself? No one doubts that she understands the Italian, the French, and the Latin languages—why does she seem so anxious, that she fears that the reader may forget it, even in the short space that he occupies in reading a half dozen sentences? Were but she free from this absurdity, we can hardly conceive a style more captivating than is hers. This defect is general to all her writings. The next one we have to mention, is particular to the work before us. One-third of the whole is little more than a highly wrought guide-book. Excellently written it certainly is, but it hangs heavily on the interest of the tale, and clogs its progress with something like the weight of pedantry. This extraneous matter, and a little of the excess of the raptures, so prodigally lavished on the fine arts, would make a very excellent separate book. But, after all, in this latter instance, we are only complaining of a superabundance of good things, which, though it may evince our taste, shows but little gratitude to the highly-gifted and generous provider. To conclude, we say it as seriously as advisedly, we have never read a novel founded on actual and modern events that we liked so well, and we fear that we never shall again, until Lady Morgan writes us another.

Valpy's History of England, by Hume and Smollett. With a Continuation, by the Rev. T. HUGHES, B.D. Valpy, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

Mr. Hughes has now taken up our English history in this continuation, and, as far as impartiality is concerned, he may be held to be equal to any of his predecessors. He is certainly neither so philosophical in his arguments, nor elegant and spirited in his style as Hume, though undoubtedly a more faithful chronicler of events, but we think that he excels Smollett, for Mr. Hughes is neither so loose, rambling, or inconsecutive as that too careless writer. The author has made a profession of prin-

ciples in his preface, than which nothing can be better or more easy to make, or to which he will find it more difficult to adhere. This profession is followed by a preliminary essay, the contents of which had been much better worked up with the body of the history. We have then the reign of the third George, up to the year 1766. We think that in the text we often find that the sentences are eked out to an unreasonable length, with parts not strictly dependent on each other, in continuation. Take the following for an example.

“ Every diplomatist concerned in the treaty of Fontainebleau appeared actuated with a sincere desire of peace; which object was no longer impeded by the interested designs of the king of Prussia, because the British ministry had declined a renewal of that article in the annual treaty which bound them to conclude no peace without his concurrence; while the intervention of Spanish claims, which proved so great an obstacle to an adjustment last year, now produced a contrary effect, by affording an extraordinary facility to the settlement of equivalents and compensations: moreover, as Great Britain had sent out formidable expeditions into various parts of the globe, and the possessions of France and Spain lay exposed, almost defenceless, to attack, a spur was thus added to the ministers of both those powers to bring negotiations for peace to a conclusion.”

With all deference to the author's acknowledged talent, we think, that had this long-winded and disjointedly-joined sentence been divided into four, it would have been less puzzling to the reader, and more elegant in composition—the breathing place, at the word “ moreover,” is but a poor substitute for the relief of the full stop, that the mind there requires. We have, by no means, taken the worst specimen we could have found, for there are others of nearly double the length, some parts of which are totally inconsequent to the others. We know well, that there is a certain dignity of style that ought to be thrown around the Muse of History, like a mantle of state; but the train of it should not be made so long as to be either cumbrous or ungraceful. In order to show that we make these remarks in no captious spirit, we will here repeat, that in the higher attributes of fidelity and sound constitutional principles, Mr. Hughes stands so eminently high, that hardly any degree of eulogium that designated them would be misplaced. If our friendly animadversion be uncalled for, Mr. Hughes will be sensible that the blow will revert on us, and he will suffer nothing by it; but if it be just, we have that reliance on the good sense of the periodical press, that their remarks will be corroborative of ours, and the author, by endeavouring to remove slight defects, will bring his record to that state of perfection, which we think he is capable of doing, that the events of a great nation have a right to demand, and which his care for his literary reputation must make him so ardently desire. We cannot speak very highly of the frontispiece, “ the Death of Chatham,” nor of the illustration in the title page. The appearance of both is hazy, and the parts ill defined—our impression is, perhaps, a late one, and over-worn.

The Two Friends. By the COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. 3 Vols. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

This surprisingly facile, yet elegantly-written work, is addressed to two distinct classes of readers; and both of them will find in the novel that which they prize most. There is nothing, after all, like laying a good, sound, and solid basis, on which to elaborate the structure; and this her ladyship has done most completely. We well know that the

many regard only the embellishments that catch the eye at first sight, and never think of examining into the correspondence of the several parts, the unity of the design, and least of all, into the solidity of the foundation. But there are a judicious few who regard all these latter, in a literary composition, as chief merits; and without possessing which, they would look upon the whole as nothing better than a fragile elegance of lath and plaster, gaudily coloured, but which would disappear before the first shoot of criticism, or be hurled to the earth by the first cold shower of considerate judgment. Before these, the moral seeking and severely examining, the author may appear with an honest confidence. She has written to the understandings of her readers, and offered them a good lesson for the direction of conduct, if it be read rightly. She has shown that two very contrary, but both good principles, if carried to an extreme, are equally inimical to human felicity. These principles are impersonated in the two principal male characters of the story. They are both gifted with nearly the same innate advantages; but being each acted upon by different extrinsic circumstances, that have driven them forward too rapidly, they mutually find their peace of mind gone, and their happiness nearly wrecked, and lost for ever. The one being of the world, lives solely for the world, is obedient to its dictates, and acts in conformity to all its prestiges and absurdities. He is too habituated to its government, and is too indolent in his own nature to fling off the gilded, yet galling yoke. Its prevalent vices becomes his, not because he is naturally vicious, but because, in the set he moves, it is fashionable to be thought so. He intrigues without passion, he games without cupidity, and dissipates without ostentation; the consequence of all which is, that he becomes dreadfully miserable; and it is not till the sharp pang of real anguish attacks him, that he is aroused and shakes off his debasing lethargy. The contrast to this, and a beautiful one it is, carries high and stern principle into the very precincts of asceticism. Presuming on an attainable perfection, or a too refined notion of it, he seems to forget that frailty is the twin brother of humanity; and his justice hardens into a rigidity that is only a shade less dark than absolute cruelty. He, too, is made to see the errors of his judgment, and to confess there is much real good in the world, though much of it walks abroad under strange disguises. All this is developed gradually, and with an art so natural, that many will never suspect that they have been made wiser; whilst, if they have read attentively, they cannot fail to become so. For those who seek only excitement and amusement in a novel, this is the very book, *par excellence*, for them. It is replete with scenes of the quaintest humour; and there is a sly, lurking wit, that breaks upon you unexpectedly, in a hundred instances, and which tickles the fancy in a manner that the broader joke could never accomplish. Nor are the pages without a proper share of well-expressed pathos. When the characters speak, they speak as individuals, each in his proper diction. The parts that are purely narrative, are chaste specimens of elegant writing, and neither weary by tediousness, nor disgust by affectation. The little objections that we feel bound to make are, that one or two of the incidents are almost common-place, (the last fault that we should have expected from Lady Blessington,) and some of the rencontres in the third volume too much managed. But the defects are graced by so many attendant beauties, that few perhaps will discover them, or if discovered, permit them to be so termed. The scenes of what is called high life, are highly and faithfully wrought; and prove that all men are of the same nature in all positions, even to the details of modification. The "Two Friends" will make for themselves thousands.

A Treatise on Headaches: their various Causes, their Prevention, and Cure. By G. HUME WEATHERHEAD, M.D. Member of the Royal College of Physicians, Lecturer, &c. &c. &c. S. Highley, 32, Fleet Street; Maclachlan and Stewart, Edinburgh; and Hodges and Smith, Dublin.

For those who read much, and more especially for those who write, this little, learned work, must possess a feeling interest. Who ever had a head worth wearing, that has not often found it ache confoundedly? With some persons we have certainly met, who have boasted that they carry heads that have never ached in their lives. We have looked upon those, not favoured few, and should have wondered if they could. The internal structure of a turnip is not so easily disorganized as that of a nicely-adjusted chronometer. Does any one suppose that such heads as Locke's, or Newton's, or Shakspeare's, never ached? We know that Lord Byron's never ceased to do so, excepting when his brains were swimming in gin and water. Now why do we say all this? Purely for consolation to those who may read, and we wish every one may, the doctor's really clever little work. We there find it laid down that headache is either, in itself, a very fatal disease, or the symptoms of one. To this we reply, "true;" but if it leads to death, it is as general as true; yet our heads, we trust, may yet ache on as before, and we live. But we are scarcely courteous in treating so able a work as this before us with any thing approaching to levity. We assure the reader that it deserves his most serious attention, and that a perusal of it will not only let him quickly into the secret of his own peculiar case, (for we presume his head has ached, aches, or will ache,) and happily thus be the means of relieving him from present distressing pain, and, perhaps, by calling an early attention to his symptoms, even be the means of prolonging his life. The doctor has classified this multi-formal disorder under six heads, aching ones of course. That is to say—the dyspeptic, the nervous, the plethoric, the rheumatic, the arthritic, and the organic headaches. Our caput is splitting at the mere nomenclature, though we could just now very appositely add one more to the number. Dr. Weatherhead then proceeds to give a pathological description of each in a manner so lucid, yet, at the same time, scientific, that no one can mistake the symptoms, so that he may know his enemy though concealed in his stronghold, and knowing, vanquish him. We look upon the introductory observations as emanating from a very superior mind, for they open new views to the metaphysician as well as the physiologist. We never before saw the difference between instinct and reason so clearly defined, or so ably accounted for. We think a treatise exclusively on the subject, from his able pen, would not only redound to the doctor's honour, but be a benefit to the world at large. This book we heartily recommend.

The Necessity of a National Church Considered, in a Series of Letters to Sir Robert Peel, Bart. By the Rev. CHARLES CATOR, M.A. Baldwin and Cradock, Paternoster Row.

These Letters contain truths which we should be happy to call "undoubted." We recommend them to the perusal even of the enemies of the Establishment; and we think that, if the heart be not totally depraved, even among them, this work will make some converts.

Biographical Sketch of the Rev. Edward Irving, M.A., late Minister of the Scots' Church, London; with Critical Remarks on his principal publications, elucidating their Beauties, and pointing out their Defects. By WILLIAM JONES, M.A. *Author of the Memoirs of Rowland Hill, &c.* To which are added *Thirty Original Sermons preached by Mr. Irving, during the first Three Years of his Residence in London, and which in an especial manner, drew the admiration of Poets, Philosophers, and Statesmen.* Now first published from the accurate Notes of MR. T. OXFORD, Short Hand Writer. John Bennet, 4, Three-Tun Passage, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

We give the title of this publication at length, as it indicates what the purchaser has to expect. The third number has now made its appearance. Like the former numbers, it is divided into parts, biographical and preceptive. Of the biographical part we must say, that though written with elegance and energy, it is too much like the homage of a disciple, than the fair statements of a witness. Of the sermons we have something more to say, which we shall defer till we read more of them. We never heard him preach, which we regret. We therefore can judge of his writings only as compositions; we cannot have reference to the look, tone, or the action, that often elucidates, and sometimes surpasses words; but we must candidly confess, that our present impression of this singular man is, that he turned his religion into poetry, and his poetry turned him mad.

Poems, with Illustrations by LOUISA ANNE TWAMLEY. Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

These are cast-iron times. Men curl the lip when they hear speak of poetry; no measures now interest them but those which are brought forward in the House of Commons—sweet song is drowned by the clank of the steam-engine, and the winged horse of Parnassus is well nigh banished from all masculine thought, by locomotive carriages and rail-roads. In this temper of the times, we much fear, Louisa Anne, that you have been warbling sweet verse like Orpheus, to stocks and stones, but with only half his success. There are some few, whose feelings are not yet blunted by this eternal social struggle that is going on for wealth, for notoriety, and for power, who can appreciate the grace, the beauty, and the sweet feeling of these poems. We fear that they are too chaste and too good to become popular. They buoy up no particular interest, support and flatter no passing event, nor are they struck with the madness of party spirit. They have for their recommendation nothing but elegant thoughts beautifully elaborated. How then should they succeed? There is not even a line in them that contains a little pardonable excess of warm imagery to solace the voluptuary, or a single sneer at religion to cheer the infidel. This volume is made for better times. We sorrowfully predict that it will not remunerate the many-talented authoress. But we call on all that have their hearts in the right place, to prove us false prophets. Miss Twamley has also great claims for commendation as an artist, for she both draws well, and etches clearly and with spirit, of which all the plates that illustrate the poems are satisfactory proofs, with the exception of the view of Tintern Abbey, of which the distance appears, to use a technical term, woolly. Perhaps we possess but a faulty impression. The getting up of the volume emulates the beauty of an annual.

The Works of William Cowper, his Life and Letters. By WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ. *Now first completed by the Introduction of Cowper's Private Correspondence.* Edited by the REV. T. S. GRIMSHAW, A.M., Rector of Burton, Northamptonshire, and Vicar of Biddenham, Bedfordshire, Author of the "Life of the Rev. Legh Richmond." Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

Nothing is farther from our purpose than to mix ourselves up with the squabbles of publishers. We are so perfectly independent of them all, that we sometimes think that many of them, on that very account, look upon us ill-favouredly. No one can doubt the high standing and respectability of our own; yet we have never praised a work that they have given to the world, which had not justly won that praise by desert; and we have castigated many of their books, and neglected more, which we have deemed obnoxious to reprehension, or that merited the contempt of silence. This is well known, and therefore our actions cannot be misconstrued, when we state, that in their rivalry with another respectable house, instead of having committed any wrong, we think that they have conducted themselves with perfect fairness to their opponents, and have done good service to the public in persevering in bringing out their edition. After all, it is an affair that the readers will decide. The best and cheapest will assuredly bear away the palm from the other—though we think that there is ample room for both. If the Dissenting interest (a most extensive and powerful one) patronize the publication of Messrs. Saunders and Otley, some members of the Established Church, for the sake of the talented poet and civilian, Dr. Southey, will probably lean towards the edition that he edits; for he has stood forward often successfully to fight their cause, and has repeatedly thrown himself into the conflict, when their interests, their faith, or their formula have been attacked. But still, the two works will not be the same. That edited by Dr. Southey will have, no doubt, an elegantly written biographical notice appended to it, which will abound with philosophical views, and discriminate research. But it cannot be so complete as the one edited by the Rev. T. S. Grimshawe, as there are two whole volumes of matter from the pen of Cowper himself, which the other edition cannot have, as the copyright of this forbidden part of the religious poet's works is vested in Messrs. Saunders and Otley. Now in this part are those domestic letters, which give us the very best evidence as to facts, views, and states of feeling. They are essentially an auto-biography. With many they will more than weigh against the polished periods of Dr. Southey. It is true, that Dr. Southey can make use of them, in writing this life; but, in the present delicate position of the adverse booksellers, he will not do so. He is a man of honour, and, what is still higher, of Christian probity. To borrow incidents or illustrations from those letters, would be an act of base piracy; for it is in those dearly purchased documents, in this strictly private property, that Saunders and Otley found their hopes of success. Certainly, they have not neglected every other means of ensuring it, as far as the printer, the binder, and the illustrator are concerned. Indeed, the embellishments are some of the best specimens of the fine arts, and, as they have spared no expense in making their work perfect, we trust that the public will value it accordingly, and that they will meet with a liberal return. The editor also that they have employed, is felicitously well gifted to do justice to the work. He is already favourably known as a clerical biographer; and, from his connexion with the Cowper family, possesses many facts concerning the poet that have been handed down to the present time orally. We cannot help also mentioning, that when Saunders and Otley became aware that Messrs. Baldwin and Cradock were engaged in a similar undertaking, they

offered to unite the two, and to sacrifice their own editor, in order that the benefits of Dr. Southey's talents might be added to their own exclusive matter; a proposition that appears fair and honourable in itself, and which seems to have had in contemplation the interest of their rivals and of the public, infinitely more than their own. As to the merits of Cowper himself, we shall speak more at length when we see the second volume; and we assure our readers, that when the edition of Messrs. Baldwin and Cradock comes forth, if we should think that it deserves the preference, we shall candidly and unhesitatingly say so; and no one is more assured of this than are our publishers themselves.

Scenes and Stories. By a CLERGYMAN IN DEBT. Written during his Confinement in the Debtor's Prison. 3 Vols. Bailey and Co., Cornhill, London.

We hardly ever read a performance so unequally written. Scenes brilliant with wit, are succeeded by vamped-up Joe Millers of the stalest standing, and hits of humour, of which Smollett might have been proud, are placed in juxtaposition with puns that are insufferably bad, and slang that is still worse. We should almost suppose the volume to have been written by different hands, with one strong master one predominant. Much of this publication is highly interesting and anecdotal, and the snatches of biography that it contains are excellent. Its moral tendency is also of the best description, and many a useful lesson of life is contained in its pages. The principles that it works out are better served by this publication, than by all the essays, thoughts, and pamphlets, that we have yet seen. It is wonderful that this remnant of feudal barbarism, imprisonment for debt, should have so long remained in practice. We think, that with its abolition, every species of fraud allied to swindling, and much, very much of reckless improvidence will disappear. It has not sufficiently struck the public, that a debt, if it be a crime, or rather, if it be in the power of the creditor to constitute it as such, has in its commission two parties concerned, and we are sure that the lender has more than his share of it. If it be the debtor's misfortune that he cannot pay, how dares any one punish him for it, and the state too, by depriving society of an efficient member, and most likely a domestic circle of its happiness, and, in some cases, its very sustenance? If the debtor will not pay, where was the creditor's caution before he parted with his money—and where is his remedy now it is gone? Revenge we see, but no remedy. The whole scheme is absurd. The process strikes deeply at social morality; it has already called into a disgusting existence classes of men, who subsist upon the slime of legal iniquity, classes who can have no moral perceptions, whose bread is the misery of others, and whose drink their tears, and the more destitution and wretchedness they can create, the more they thrive and fatten. A system must be bad that calls into existence and fosters a horde of wolves, that ravage upon that part of society that good government ought to protect—the unfortunate. If Sir John Campbell's bill pass, there will be a cry from these humane jackals for compensation. Compensation! It all lies the other way. It is not the plunderers, but the plundered who ought to be compensated. The former should be made to disgorge the fruits of their peculations. Let those who have not yet made up their minds on this subject, read the work before us. As a tale, it is full of interest, and it has a raciness about it, notwithstanding its defects, that places it far above the usual routine of the novels that appear with the spring, and go away long before the swallow.

The Natural Son, a German Tale; Descriptive of the Age of the Emperor Rodolph II. Translated from the German of Spindler. By LORD ALBERT CONYNNGHAM. 3 Vols. John Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street.

A vigour, almost always true to, yet sometimes beyond, nature, is the principal characteristic of this singular work. In it but few of the prejudices of society are sought to be flattered. The prescriptive deference that mere honorary accidents are so jealous of asserting as their due, are either denied, or the claimants, or their claims, held up to ridicule, in the persons who put them forth. "The Natural Son" is made, by Providence, rich in all the gifts of nature—indeed, with a few defects inherent in humanity, he stands gloriously forth the innate noble, and he is continually thrown in contact, and contrast with the factitious one. Yet the stigma of his birth for ever confronts him in the hour of his prosperity, and, like a strong and evil genius, dashes him down from the high place that his talents and virtues have enabled him to assume, into the lowest abyss of degradation. In spite of all this, he eventually triumphs over and forgives his deadliest enemies, and retires, with amassed riches and the hand of the woman that loves him, into republican Switzerland, where he hopes that feudal tyranny shall no longer oppress, or feudal hauteur dare to insult him. To prove the folly of estimating a person by other than his intrinsic and individual merit, we conceive to be the main end of the story. The passion of revenge, through all its dark phases, is the next most important point elucidated. The author has also thrown his work completely into the costume of the time in which the scene is laid. In reading it we no longer feel ourselves modern. The mist of the dark ages gradually grow around us as we plunge into the tale, and we begin to have local feelings, and interests of party. The agency of the supposed witch, and of Dr. Dee, make rather too great demands upon our faith, but we do not stop to inquire too minutely into the probability, when we consider that we are viewing an age when the greatest improbabilities were daily coming to pass. The low villainy of some of the characters is almost disgusting, but we tolerate it on account of the fidelity with which it is portrayed, and the moral that it is instrumental in developing. The ladies have the most to complain of in this work; they certainly, even the best of them, do not appear to the greatest advantage. However, we cannot withhold our admiration from the reformed Magdalen, who so well fills the character of the virtuous wife, the affectionate parent, and the judicious philanthropist. The character of the vacillating and weak emperor is well drawn. We wish that we had more of him. The highest praise is due to his lordship for the elegance of the translation. He has made it *English*, and very superior English too. He has done his task so judiciously and so naturally, that it never occurs to the reader that he has before him a translation. In the transfer from one language to the other, we have intrinsic evidence that neither the spirit nor the brilliancy of the work has evaporated. We rather suspect that a little English strength has been added, and that the process of refining has not been wholly neglected. But such as it now is, it is both pure and powerful, and we heartily recommend it to the tastes of all our friends.

India; its State and Prospects. By EDWARD THORNTON, Esq. Parbury and Allen, London.

To do this work justice, the critique upon it should be nearly, or quite as long as the text criticised; for it involves almost every question that

is interesting to the British empire, even to our internal policy. The author is a man of reflection, and of much experience; and many sound views are entertained, and ably insisted upon in this treatise, but we think, that he leans too much towards the system lately pursued by the East India Company, and is a little too much the defender of monopoly. The best way to effectually serve our fellow subjects in India, is to make them subservient to the interests of their fellow subjects in Europe, by making them consumers of our various productions, and giving them a taste for our luxuries, and stimulating them to that degree of refinement that makes them necessary to their comfort. This cannot take place until the absurdity of the various castes be removed. To attempt it by coercion would be as foolish as it would be unjust and tyrannical. It can only be done by example and a more intimate social intercourse, and this would be speedily brought about by permitting Europeans to buy land, and settle in the country as freely in India as in any other part of the British dominions. We know that this is counter to the policy advocated by so many, and which has existed so long. However, India can be of service to us only in two ways—either by a mutual commerce, which would equally benefit both parties, or by drawing from it a revenue in the shape of taxes, which will never do England much good, but which will assuredly do India much harm. Neither of these things can be done to any extent without the resources of the country are called into activity by European enterprise, talent, and industry. When we first visited their coasts we found them nothing better than a nation of slaves ruled by tyrants in a state of gorgeous barbarism. We have already conferred inestimable blessings upon the country, by introducing among its inhabitants something like a fair administration of justice, we have prevented the wars and horrible massacres that were continually desolating the country, by the quarrels of their petty princes—but we cannot, must not stop here. Improve them by a gradual amalgamation with ourselves, and, then we shall cease to fear any attempts upon the vast part of the globe that they inhabit, either by Russia by land, or by any, or by all, the maritime powers combined, by sea.

However much this opinion may militate against that of Mr. Thornton, we assure him that it is offered with diffidence; and that we have the welfare of India as much at heart as any who have written upon the subject. To be at all acquainted with the merits of the question, his very able work should be studied; for it is written both with perspicuity and elegance, and with a knowledge of the subject that must command respect, though we often come to a different conclusion from that which this able writer advocates. His chapter upon the judicial system is of the first order; and on that subject the most fastidious can find nothing to object to in all that he advances. A good book, upon a vital subject, is this “Treatise upon India;” and ought, and we trust will, excite general attention.

The Galley; a Poem in Two Cantos, descriptive of the Loss of a Naval Officer and five Seamen, off St. Leonard's, November the 20th, 1834. By the Rev. EDWARD COBBOLD, M.A., Rector of Long Melford, Suffolk. T. and W. Boone, New Bond Street.

We had almost determined to pass these verses over in silence, being something displeased with the following expression in the reverend gentleman's preface, in which he states, that he hopes “it (the work) may steer safely through the *shallows* of *illiberal* and *vindictive* criticism.” Is not this tantamount to expressing an eulogium, and that no slight one, on his own production? He surely will not call the language of

laudation, when applied to his rhymes, either *shallow* or *vindictive*. It can, therefore, apply only to language of censure; and if his "Galley" calls it forth, he has a ready-made epithet wherewith to designate it—*shallow* and *vindictive*. We, and all our brethren of the periodical press, should we reprove his production, must submit to the distinguishing mark of shallow, because Mr. Cobbold has measured our depth; and as we are measured by his own standard, of course we are found wanting—but why *vindictive*? Is Mr. Cobbold sufficiently and favourably known to excite any such feeling as envy? Or why should we seek to *revenge* upon him the too common fault of writing bad verse? For ourselves, if we are shallow, we submit to the dispensation; but vindictive we are not, even when we say, that this poem evinces more pretension than ability in the author, that he writes ungrammatically, and that his frequently putting whole verses in italics, and so many words in capitals, to mark beauties that nobody sees but himself, is a very puerile affectation. The description of the Marine Parade at St. Leonard's, consisting of eighteen lines, is all printed in italics, except where words in capitals intervene; and thus the passage ends with a pretty little bit of bathos of which Dennis himself might have been proud. Let the reader bear in mind that it is all printed in italics. Speaking of the houses along the beach, thus he says or sings—

Spontaneous growth had risen; or air
And sea with giant strength,
Had wafted many a building there,—
And rang'd them forth in order fair,
A mile or more in length!

The tuneful divine may well put a note of admiration at the end of that magnificent concluding line. *En passant*, we may remark that the sea phrases—the author's *marine parade*—are curiously ill applied. The concluding stanzas are the best: they breathe a holy and truly christian spirit of resignation to the divine will, and glow with something like the pure spirit of poetry. *Au reste*, we have said our say.

The British Wine Maker, and Domestic Brewer; a Complete Practical and Easy Treatise on the Art and Management of British Wines, Liquors, and Domestic Brewing. By W. ROBERTS. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London.

As we do not know how to concoct home-made wines; and as perhaps we shall never learn even to drink them, though looking at these recipes we are almost tempted to try, Mr. Roberts, in this matter, must be paramount master—we cannot gainsay any of his statements; and even the assurance and pretensions of a confirmed reviewer, will not enable us to controvert any of his dicta. However, we find this work intelligently written, for we have actually read many of his pages; but, in order to have obtained from us a sincere and undoubted panegyric, the author should have sent us, with his book, a bottle of each of his wines and liqueurs, which would only have amounted in number to one hundred and thirty-two, without including any beverage made by brewing. The reader will perceive that we need not be so much alarmed at any future prospect of a continental war; for we find that every possible and impossible foreign wine can be manufactured at home. The book we certainly think valuable, and recommend it to all good housewives.

The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., including a Journal of his Tour to the Hebrides. By JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. To which are added, *Anecdotes by Hawkins, Piozzi, Murphy, Tyers, Reynolds, Stevens, &c., and Notes by various Hands.* 8 Vols. Vol. I. John Murray, Albemarle Street, London.

This is Murray's Life of Johnson, and every one knows that this is saying a great deal; for it is an earnest that the best talent that money and influence can procure, will be employed to make the work worthy of the great lexicographer, and of the public that so much admires him. A volume of this work is to be produced on the first of every month, and the first specimen has now made its appearance. It has a frontispiece of the doctor in the act of asseveration, (for he always asseverated,) which is an excellent likeness, as far as our impressions of this mighty character go, and which is clearly and beautifully engraved. Besides this, there is a very superior vignette title-page, after Stanfield, by E. Finden, which contains a view of the house in which Johnson was born, in the Market Place at Lichfield. So much, and this much good, for the embellishments. After a preface that quotes very unnecessarily several eulogies from various leading periodicals, Boswell's work begins at once, with his advertisement to the first edition of Johnson's Life. Every body knows all about that. It is one of the most pleasing pieces of biographical tittle-tattle upon record. We are wheedled into an affection for the biographer, whilst he demands our admiration for his subject. The getting up of the volume is just what it should be—neat, well-bound and excellently printed—within the reach of the means of the scholar, and yet sufficiently elegant to take its station with grace among the splendid books of the gentleman's library. The success of the undertaking is certain.

Oriental Illustrations of the Sacred Scriptures, collected from the Customs, Manners, Rites, Superstitions, Traditions, Parabolical, Idiomatical, and Proverbial Forms of Speech, Climate, Works of Art, and Literature of the Hindoos, during a Residence of nearly Fourteen Years. By JOSEPH ROBERTS, Corresponding Member of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

This is a work of wonderful coincidences, and proves that we are all of us of one common family; and that the Bible is not only the best book for divine purposes, but the truest record of history that man ever possessed. There can be no doubt that all heathen nations, the Hindoo especially, are idolaters that have strayed away from the worship of the true God; and that they never had an original religion of their own, though what they have made of that which they do possess, is, at present, the very antipodes of the Christian faith; nor does it much more approach to the Hebrew persuasion. Not only for scriptural advantage, but also for a clear insight into the very curious manners, rites, and superstitions of the Orientals, this book is invaluable. We recommend it to the attention of all classes, though we do not think the times are yet ripe for making that general crusade of proselytism which the good and pious author so earnestly recommends. Civilize the Hindoos by all possible means, and, as they grow wiser, they will soon become ashamed of the absurdities of their very symbolical and voluptuary faith. We do

not think this will be brought about either by preachment or missionaries. Zeal always arouses zeal, and the ignorant slave cannot distinguish between the inspiration of the gospel, and the wild fanaticism of the half-mad dervishes. Zeal too can be simulated, when not really felt by the unbeliever, though the advantages of science and knowledge never can. We have heard of a Brahmin of high caste having renounced his absurd dogmas, upon viewing the insect world through a microscope; and thus proving to him the absurdity of his endeavours not to destroy life, though he had resisted the sound arguments of the enlightened divine, and the energetic and spiritual eloquence of the zealous missionary to convert him. Absurd faiths can only flourish amidst general ignorance. In conclusion, we have only to repeat our wish for the widest circulation to these Illustrations; for they will tend to strengthen the wavering in their faith, solace the true believer, and startle, if not convert, the infidel.

State of the Nation, Causes and Effects of the Rise and Fall in value of Properties and Commodities, from the year 1790 to the present Time, with Tables of Taxation, Loans, &c. &c. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

The causes of all the mischiefs that are now so actively at work, in transferring property from one class to another, and destroying much of it in the transfer, are all well exposed in this clever and deep-seeing work. The money-broker, and the lawyer, are silently yet certainly getting most of the estates of the kingdom into their hands. Look at some of the richest members of the peerage, sprung from law lords, if such they are not actually themselves, and in the House of Commons the gorged loan-mongers not only usurp there the seat of the country gentleman, but do, in too many instances, his country-seat also. These silly persons, in top-boots and buckskins, permitted Pitt to borrow vast sums upon their estates, and now, that lenders are requiring that the interest should be punctually paid in Sir Robert Peel's new golden currency, the good souls look very much surprised when they find that they are ruined. Argue the matter for ever, that is the whole secret. Though the author of this work does not come actually to this conclusion, he is not far short of the right mark. But as to the remedy. Oh fie! it is neither more nor less, than that of clipping the coin. He would make, by act of parliament, (as if any act of parliament could regulate the price of any commodity, gold and silver among the rest,) the crown-piece pass for eight shillings, and the sovereign for thirty. A similar effect would just be produced by clipping the coin in the same proportion, and ordering it to pass for its former value. If we may believe Gibbon, and other clear-sighted writers, this tampering with the coin precipitated the downfall of the Roman empire, and has always been looked upon as an act of open robbery in the perpetrators. How would the fundholder like, when he received his dividends, to get only five hundred sovereigns instead of eight hundred? Would he take much consolation in being told, that the five hundred sovereigns were, by the sovereign powers of an act of parliament, equal to eight hundred? Could he buy the same quantity of French wines with the nominal as with the real eight hundred pounds sterling? Heaven knows that we have no wish to favour the fundholder to the disadvantage of the other national interests. Tax him openly to what amount you choose, but let us not juggle away his property under a false pretence. With the exception of the strange remedy that is proposed, we like the work: we wish, with the author, to see a more extensive currency—to see the landed interest flourish, and the home market

in activity. But no hocus-pocus—no thimble-rigging. Is the sovereign here?—No. Is it there?—No. It is no where—would at length be the upshot of this sort of sleight-of-hand legislation.

The Reproving Angel. A Vision. By CATHERINE GRACE GODWIN. Author of "The Wanderer's Legacy," "Sappho," "A Dramatic Sketch," &c. Sampson and Son, Lamb's Conduit Street.

This is a beautiful little poem. In it piety, borrowing the wings of poetry, descends like a dove upon the turbid soul, and fans it to peace and resignation. We intreat for it the perusal of the right-minded. We know nothing of the authoress—we have absolutely no other reason for our commendations, than that, the best, which arises out of the work. It only contains forty-four stanzas, not even enough to weary those who abhor verse, if any thing so excellent could weary. We premise that it is serious, and, of course, would not suit the scoffer. We had rather that he should abstain from reading it, until his eyes be a little opened to that light that he so obstinately and foolishly rejects. Notwithstanding our rule to the contrary, we can hardly resist the temptation to quote, to do which, we should have no difficulty, as we could not select any part that is not worthy of it. We regret much that we are unacquainted with the other works of this lady, for we should think that they cannot but be superior, judging from the one before us.

A Manual of Entomology, from the German of Dr. Hermann Burmeister. By W. E. SHEPHERD, M.E.S. *With Original Notes and Additional Plates.* Edward Churton, 26, Holles Street.

This the second number goes on well, but as yet, deals only in generals, and teaches the student how to arrange the various insect tribes under their several heads. The study of the minute living world, if followed up laboriously, and by men of the first talent, may tend to solve many a dark physiological and metaphysical problem. It seems almost natural to look at the breathing creation under its simplest forms, and thereby establishing some indisputable fact, from thence to work upwards. On this account, as well as for its individual merits, we wish well to this periodical; and we assure the Editor, that it excites more interest with us, than does many a more imposing-looking volume.

The Parliamentary Pocket Companion for 1835; including a Compendious Peerage, &c. &c. Commenced in 1832, and continued Annually. Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria Lane.

A very necessary and portable accompaniment. There is as much useful information condensed in this little affair as possible; and we believe that it is as generally accurate as it is possible that a work of this description can be. Men and manners fluctuate so surprisingly, that this publication should appear monthly instead of annually, in order to keep pace with them.

Heinrich Stilling. Part I. *His Childhood, Youthful Years, and Wanderings.* Translated from the German of JOHANN HEINRICH JUNG-STILLING, late Professor in the Universities of Heidelberg and Marburg, and Private Aulic Counsellor to the Grand Duke of Baden. By SAMUEL JACKSON. Hamilton, Adams, and Co. Paternoster Row.

The first part of this book is exquisitely pastoral, and the beautiful simplicity of nature was never made to appear more beautiful than it does in the unsophisticated characters of the Stilling family. From his youth upwards, Heinrich appears to have been marked by the hand of God, as one chosen to vindicate his ways, and to show how a true Christian could bear up against all evils, pass unscathed through all trials, and meet with pious resignation all tribulations. This biography has certainly an evangelical odour about it, but we do not use the term disparagingly. It is a book for the serious, and a book to make the unthinking become so. We have read it with pleasure, and, we trust, with advantage.

Arcana of Science and Art ; or, an Annual Register of useful Inventions, Improvements, Discoveries, New Facts in Mechanics, Chemistry, Natural History, and Social Economy ; abridged from the Transactions of Public Societies, and from other Scientific Journals, British and Foreign, of the past Year, with several Engravings. Eighth Year. J. Limbird, 143, Strand.

The title speaks for the utility of the work. Every one, who wishes to keep pace with the march of events, should make himself acquainted with the contents of this, the most useful of annuals. The arts and sciences pioneer the way for the pursuits of elegant literature, and are the precursors of all social improvement. Not to be fully acquainted with what is going on among them is, we think, a greater folly and neglect, than to be ignorant of classical learning. The volume before us is a compendium of every thing that ought to interest the world, a sort of tabular monument set up in the high road of civilization, on which is inscribed the progress of past centuries. The matter it contains is well got up, and by no means eked out by unnecessary verbiage. Concentration and perspicuity are its attributes, and to those principally the book owes its excellence.

The Sacred Classics ; or, Cabinet Library of Divinity. Edited by the Rev. R. CATTERMOLLE, B.D., and the Rev. H. STEBBING, M.A. John Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.

This, the fifteenth number, is opened by a really superior introductory essay by Mr. Cattermole. It is at once argumentative and illustrative ; and every way worthy to usher in the fine specimens of gospel eloquence that follow. These are various sermons particularly adapted for Christian consideration during Lent. We are truly glad to see the name of honest and pious John Wesley taking his station of honour among the eminent archbishops and bishops of our established church, in this publication. It proves that it has the interests of the whole Christian community at heart, and that it would extend the pale of salvation to all who looked up to our Saviour only, as the inscrutable Being who shall open it to the good.

Tracts, Legal and Historical; with other Antiquarian Matter, chiefly relative to Scotland. By JOHN RIDDELL, Esq., Advocate. T. Clarke, Law Bookseller, 38, George Street, Edinburgh.

A curious book this, and one well deserving of public attention. It would be the height of presumption on our part, in a cursory notice like this, to dispute, or even to doubt, any of these facts, though some of them are so singular that they verge upon the marvellous. The time, the talent, and the strong discriminative powers as to the sifting of evidence, and ferreting out a conclusion, would make any contradiction presumptuous, without we were in possession of some document, or had bestowed an exclusive attention to the subject, to enable us to meet Mr. Riddell, on any one point. We earnestly recommend this work to all who delight in antiquarian and historical research, nor will it be found wanting in interest to the general reader. Those parts relative to the Scottish records are peculiarly acute and well digested.

The French Language its own Teacher; or, the Study of French divested of all its difficulties, upon a Plan entirely Original, and directly opposed to the prevailing mode of Teaching Languages. By RENE ALIVA, Author of the "Anti-Spelling Book." Edward Churton, 26, Holles Street.

Any plan that can compel the French language to teach itself, must be very original indeed. We have looked through the work, and we wish that it had the same property as the French language, and that it would teach us to understand it—that is to say, as to the miracle that, unassisted, it is to perform. Notwithstanding our obtuseness, we can perceive that there are some good points belonging to it; but it professes too much, and we feel assured, that without the assistance of a master, no written words or syllables can convey to the ear the nice inflexions necessary to a correct pronunciation.

A History of British Fishes. By WILLIAM YARREL, F.L.S. Illustrated by Wood-Cuts of all the Species, and numerous Wood-Cuts. John Van Voorst, Paternoster Row.

This publication ought to become generally interesting. It is exceedingly well edited, and the wood-cuts are of a superior description. It is also got up in a manner that deserves elegant binding when the work shall be completed. It is to consist of fourteen numbers, one of which will appear on the first of every month; and it is from the success of the first one, that is now before us, that we augur so well of the undertaking.

The Druid's Magazine. Willoughby.

The periodical, though the organ of a peculiar body, possesses claims upon public attention, inasmuch as the merits of its literature are of a very fair order, and many charitable institutions are connected with it. There is a good deal of ability displayed in some of the literary articles, and the work altogether deserves success.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

India; its State and Prospects. By Edward Thornton, Esq. 8vo. 10s.
 Meek on the Passion Week. 12mo. 4s.

- Spiritual Despotism. By the Author of "Natural History of Enthusiasm." 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Poems, with Illustrations by Louisa Anne Twamley. cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- Hardy's Register of East India Ships, with Supplement. 12mo. 17s. 6d.
- Supplement to Register of East India Ships. 12mo. 5s.
- Topography of Thebes, and General View of Egypt. By I. G. Wilkinson, Esq. 8vo. 30s.
- Tour on the Prairies. By the Author of "The Sketch-Book." cr. 8vo. 9s. 6d.
- Key to Kenrick's Introduction to Greek Prose Composition, Part II. 8vo. 4s. 6d.
- Bostock's History of Medicine. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- The Dancing Mania. 12mo. 6s.
- The Rev. J. Marshall's (of Edinburgh) Sermons. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Thomson's Materia Medica. 8vo. 21s.
- Keith on the Evidence of Prophecy. 13th edit. 12mo. 7s.
- An Historical and Descriptive Catalogue of Manuscripts in the Library of the late Dr. Adam Clarke. By J. B. B. Clarke. royal 8vo. 21s.
- Rev. J. F. Denham's Spelling and Reading Book. 2nd edit. 12mo. 1s. 6d.
- Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics. By Dr. A. T. Thompson. 2nd edit. 1 vol. 8vo. 21s.
- An Essay on the Archæology of our Popular Phrases and Nursery Rhymes. By J. B. Ker. 2nd edit. Vol. I. 12mo. 6s.
- Treatise on the Growth of Cucumbers, Melons, &c. By J. Smith. 2nd edit. 12mo. 4s.
- Nine Sermons on the Lord's Prayer, for Young Children. 18mo. 1s. 6d.
- Rev. Thomas Bissland's Sermons at St. Paul's, Winchmore Hill. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Anthologia Sacra; Christian Aphorisms, &c. 18mo. 3s. 6d.
- Visit to Iceland in 1834. By John Barrow, jun. post 8vo. 12s.
- Epidemics of the Middle Ages, from the German of Dr. Heckner. Translated by Dr. Babington. Part II.
- Sydney Beresford, a Tale of the Day. 3 vols. post 8vo. 24s.
- Sketch of the History of Medicine. By Dr. J. Bostock. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- The Book for the Million. By the Author of "The Young Gentleman's Book." 12mo. 5s. 6d.
- The Spirit of Holiness, Four Sermons. By J. H. Evans. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
- National History and Views of London, from Original Drawings by Eminent Artists. Edited by C. F. Partington. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s., cloth; large paper, proof, 2l. 2s., or with coloured map of London, 3l. 3s. mor.
- Pierce Falcon, the Outcast; a Novel. By Emma Whitehead. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 16d.
- Theological Library, Vol. XI. "Le Bas's Life of Bishop Jewell." fcap. 8vo. 6s.
- Rev. Edward Greswell's Exposition of the Parables, Vols. IV. and V., in 3 Parts. 8vo. 1l. 6s.
- Jardin's Naturalists' Library, Vol. VII., "Fishes," Vol. I. 12mo. 6s.
- Sir W. Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel. Illustrated Edition. fcap. 8vo. 9s.
- Select Memoirs of Port Royal, to which is appended Lancelot's Tour to Alet. Fourth Edition, greatly enlarged. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.
- Heinrich Stilling's Childhood, Youthful Years, and Wanderings. Translated from the German. By S. Jackson. 12mo. 6s.
- The Doctrinal Errors of the Apostolical and Early Fathers. By William Osburn, jun. 8vo. 10s.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Our readers will be gratified to learn that Mr. Bulwer has in the press a new work entitled "The Student."

The literary circles are now on the *qui vive* for the appearance of the Hon. Mrs. Norton's new Novel, "The Wife." It is said to be a domestic story of deep interest.

The admirers of Captain Marryat's graphic productions, "Jacob Faithful" and "Peter Simple," will be pleased to learn, that his very clever "Tales of a Pacha," are about to appear in a collected form.

The new work by the Author of "The Collegians," recently announced, will appear forthwith; it is to be entitled "My Neighbourhood."

Dr. Hogg has just committed to the press his interesting Travels in the East

His opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of the countries through which he has passed have been very peculiar.

"Harry Culverley," we understand to be the title of the new work, nearly ready for publication, by the Author of "Cecil Hyde."

Sir Grenville Temple's Travels, "Excursions in the Mediterranean," are, we understand, now completed.

Mr. N. P. Willis, the American Poet, has just put forth a volume, entitled "Malanie and other Poems," it is edited by his friend Barry Cornwall.

A new edition of the popular novel of "Anne Grey," edited by the author of "Granby," is in preparation. Also, a new edition of Captain Marryat's "Jacob Faithful."

The first and second volumes of the "Rev. W. Grimshawe's Complete Edition of Cowper," are now ready, beautifully embellished by the Findens. They are printed uniformly with the works of Byron, Crabbe, &c.

Rainbow Sketches; consisting of Comic and Serious Tales, Poems, &c., by John Francis, Author of "Sunshine; or, Lays for Ladies;" &c. Embellished with Lithographic Illustrations, by M. B. S.

Observations on the Natural History and Productions of British Guiana. With suggestions on Colonization and Emigration to the Interior of that Country. Founded on a long Residence. By John Hancock, M.D.

The Book of Family Prayer, by the Editor of the "Book of Private Prayers."

Travels in Northern Greece, with Maps, Plans, &c., by W. M. Leake, F.R.S.

Corn Law Rhymes; the Third Volume of the Works of Ebenezer Elliott will appear in the ensuing month. Amongst its contents will be found some of the earliest productions of this talented Writer, without any political allusions, which were almost unheeded at the time of their publication—Southey alone addressing him to this effect: "There is power in the least serious of these tales, but the higher you pitch your tone the better you succeed. Thirty years ago they would have made your reputation; thirty years hence the world will wonder that they did not do so."

Martinet's Manual of Pathology; edited by Jones Quain, M.D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the University of London. A new Edition, with numerous Additions.

Turkey—Mr. Auldjo is about to publish a "Journal of a Visit to Constantinople," with Illustrations by George Cruikshank.

The Mechanics of Law-Making, by Arthur Symonds, Esq.; intended for the Use of Legislators, and all other Persons concerned in the Making and Understanding of English Laws.

A new work, by the Author of the "Usurer's Daughter," called Provincial Sketches.

The Author of "Makanna" announces a novel, founded on the fearful realities, in which Miss Blandy and the Hon. Captain Cranstoun were so deeply involved.

The Artist; or, Young Ladies' Instructor in Ornamental Painting, Drawing, &c. consisting of Lessons in Grecian Painting, Japan Painting, Oriental Tinting, Pencil Poonah, Transferring, Inlaying, and Manufacturing Ornamented Articles for Fancy Fairs, &c. By B. F. Gandee, Teacher. Embellished with a beautiful Frontispiece and Title Page, printed in Oil Colours, by Baxter, and numerous other Illustrative Engravings.

Rambles in Northumberland and on the Scottish Border, interspersed with brief Notices of interesting Events in Border History. By Stephen Oliver, the Younger, Author of "Scenes and Recollections of Fly-Fishing."

Caroline, or the Pleasures of a Birth-Day. Illustrated by Six Engravings on Wood. By M. M. Rodwell, Author of "Geography of the British Isles."

The Spoiled Child Reclaimed. Illustrated by Six Engravings on Wood. By M. M. Rodwell, Author of "Geography of the British Isles."

NEW MUSIC.

Friendship's Offering. By F. NICHOLLS CROUCH, Member of the Royal Academy of Music.

Mr. Crouch is already favourably known to the public as a composer. We have, on former occasions, had the pleasure of bearing our testimony to the ability dis-

played in his productions; and those which are now before us bear evidence that the time which has elapsed since the period referred to, has been occupied most advantageously in the cultivation of powers naturally good, and devoted to the science.

In looking over a volume of new songs, it is so seldom our good fortune to find any thing worth remembering, that to meet with a little really good music is quite a treat to us. It is not often that we are induced to try a second time that which we are in some degree bound to examine a first; but in Mr. Crouch's music there is an originality of style, and a deep pathos in the sentiment, which cannot be felt by merely skimming it through; he evidently studies the feelings of the poet, and as far as music can give the meaning of the words, most certainly Mr. Crouch succeeds.

The volume contains six vocal pieces, most of them highly dramatic and effective. No. 3, "Oh! gaze upon the moon," is our favourite. It possesses a melody of much beauty, and is one of those sweet, unaffected ballads, (both in words as well as music,) which calls forth our attention and pleases us, whether we will or no. Would we had more such. No. 6, "Night Song of the Helmsman," a cavatina, quite a morceau. The subject is novel, and quite original: the helmsman singing to the night-watch, while his messmates are sleeping. We admire the accompaniment, but more particularly the harmony of this song: it is at once simple, most effective for the subject, and comprehensive, without running into extraneous modulations, which require every bar to be studied. No. 5, "Old Father Land," is a fine nervous lay, and stirs the soul within a man, making old age rally, and youth fire, for our native shores, native hills, and native birth-place. No. 1, is a pure English ballad, quite of the old school, having no further pretensions than a set of simple words, and quite as easy, though sweet melody.

The Guitar Serenade is of that class of music which will make its way from the music shop to the portfolio; but having reached there, we fear it will share the fate of very many similar compositions, that of never being allowed again to see daylight.

"The Muleteer," a good descriptive song, but difficult: it has too many double flats and sharps in it to please the generality of amateur vocalists. Mr. Crouch has evidently written the two latter, more for the sake of variety, and of giving something catching to mix with the volume.

The Poor Voter's Song.

The sentiments contained in this song are, at all events, good, though it may be doubted which party are most given to that bribery which it so strenuously execrates. In the present stirring state of politics it is likely to become popular.

FINE ARTS.

We must congratulate the Members of the Royal Academy with having, since our last, associated to themselves that superior and promising artist, Clarkson Stanfield. We think him destined to become one of the greatest painters the country has ever possessed. All his works bear the impress of genius. As he was the first that brought painting in distemper to the perfection it has now obtained, he will carry the same comprehensive view into his oil compositions, and form another era in the history of the arts. We have visited the Suffolk Street Gallery of the Society of the British Artists, and, taking the exhibition in the aggregate, pronounce it to be decidedly a good one. This association of gentlemen deserves, and will obtain, the country's patronage; for it is to that alone that they have to look, and feeling thus, they put forward their best energies to deserve it. We must defer going into the detail of the pictures exhibited in this gallery until our next number, when we promise to ourselves the pleasure of noticing individually the many good ones with which it abounds.

Meadows' Dioramic Tableaux.

These four views, now exhibiting at 209, Regent Street, are well worthy a visit, whether we regard them as a beautiful specimen of the arts, or as objects awakening

and perpetuating a lively interest for a great historical event. Two of these tableaux represent the House of Lords and the House of Commons in all their pristine splendour. They are faithful representations, and the illusion is so complete, that we cannot suppose that any thing is before us but a reality, that has length, breadth, and depth, and not a flat surface. The third view is the conflagration seen from the Surrey side of the Thames. We first see the view in that hazy twilight that always reigns over gas-illuminated London; gradually the flames break forth, the smoke rolls in heavy volumes westward, and the whole scene eventually stands out fiery red with the conflagration. It is all magically conducted. The last view is that of the next day's ruins. The whole exhibition is so excellent, that it leaves us nothing to wish for but that it was completed on a larger scale.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Bible, consisting of Views of the most Remarkable Places mentioned in the Old and New Testaments. From finished Drawings, by C. STANFIELD, R.A., TURNER, R.A., and CALCOTT, R. A. and other eminent Artists, made from original Sketches taken on the spot. With Descriptions of the Plates, by the Rev. THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE, B. D. of St. John's College, Cambridge, &c. John Murray, Albemarle Street; and Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

This spirited publication has now advanced to the thirteenth part, and commences with a view of the cedars of Lebanon. We find by the letter-press, that the cedars on this mount are now reduced to seven. The prophecy will soon be fulfilled. The next engraving is a view of the Mamertine Prison at Rome, in which St. Peter was confined. There is nothing remarkable in this subterranean vault, and it derives its interest solely from the associations connected with it. It is drawn by that clever artist, Linton, on the spot. We have next the Areopagus of Mars Hill, with the Temple of Theseus, Athens. This delightful view is by Stanfield, and is really a gem of art. The last engraving is a View of Porteoli, the modern Pozzuolu, a romantic view of itself, and striking for its very singular effect of sunlight. It is a place both of great natural and architectural beauty. This is altogether a very superior number.

Illustrations of the Bible, from Original Paintings, made expressly by RICHARD WESTALL, Esq., R.A. and JOHN MARTIN, Esq. With Descriptions by the Rev. HOBART CAUNTER, B.D. Edward Churton, 26, Holles Street.

We have received the eleventh number of this continuation, and we find that it improves in the execution of its cuts. Daniel in the Lions' den, after Westall, comes very nearly up to the clearness of an engraving on copper. Esther's Feast is also good. In the impression of Ruth gleaning in the field of Boaz, the lady's countenance is wofully swollen on one side, and discouragingly ugly she is. God answering Job from the Whirlwind redeems the faults of the last. The Fall of Babylon is very good, and the Death of Ezekiel's wife respectable. The Fall of Nineveh deserves also commendation. So much cannot be said of the last cut. All these strictures have entirely reference to the execution—all the designs are good, and deserve a much better vehicle with which to convey them to the public; but then they are so cheap!

North Wales Illustrated. Wanderings through North Wales. By THOMAS ROSCOE, Esq. Author of the "Landscape Annual." Embellished with highly-finished Engravings, by W. REDCLIFFE, from Drawings made expressly for the purpose, by CATTERMOLLE, COX, and CRESWICK. Simpkin and Marshall, and Charles Tilt, London; Menzies, Edinburgh; Wake-man, Dublin; &c. &c.

This tour commences with great spirit, and no small share of beauty, produced by all the parties concerned in it. The letter-press is really elegant, and, as powerfully to the mind as do the plates to the eye. The View of Curnant Maur is wildly romantic, and the different parts are touched in with grace and freedom. The

Death of Llewellyn is a good composition. And the Vale of Llangollen is more like an Italian view, with its lofty arched aqueduct in the middle distance, and its ballustraded terrace in the foreground, than a scene in almost hyperborean climes. If this periodical proceed as it has commenced, its success is certain.

Leaves from the Memorandum Book of Alfred Crowquill. Dedicated by Permission to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria. Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill; and Ackerman and Co. Strand.

Alfred's leaf of cordials and spirits, is quite a relief and a cordial to our spirits. We have no space to particularize. All his drams are good, whether of *Noyeau* or *Old Tom*. His next leaf is a humorous compound of oddities, all of them drawn with much spirit. The next page is also equally witty. The seven ages are the cause of mirth through the whole number. We think that this excellent Quill improves in its delineations, and should have a better word than Crow before it.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

THE internal trade of the empire, with the exception of the returns and the prospects of the farmer, wear a favourable aspect. At the latter end of last month great improvement had taken place in the woollen trade. The free trade with China seems as yet to work well. The arrival of the first ship direct has given very encouraging prospects; the teas were of good quality, and sold for remunerative profit to the speculators. Great apprehensions are entertained for the returns from the West Indies, as the crops do not promise to be so abundant in the gathering as they are on the ground, owing to the disinclination to any thing like severe labour on the part of the negroes. Numerous companies of white servants are emigrating to those islands under very auspicious circumstances, to substitute free for enforced labour. We hope the results of the experiment will be beneficial to all parties. Our shipping interest still languishes. In this department we are undersold by nearly the whole maritime world. Truly, the country requires to be relieved of the pressure from without, and a stable government is the only thing that will make men attend to their own affairs, and then all will go on well again for Old England. The following is the latest state of the money market, quoted from the Times.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Tuesday, 24th of March.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 220 half, 220.—Consols, 92.—Consols for Account, 92 one-eighth.—New Three and a Half per Cent., 99 three-quarters.—India Bonds, 23s., 21s. p.—Exchequer Bills, 38s., 39s. p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Brazilian, 87 half.—Columbian Six per

Cent. 1824, 37 five-eighths.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent, 55 seven-eighths.—Mexican Six per Cent, 44.—Spanish, 65.

SHARES.

United Mexican, New Scrip, 9l. 10s.—Brazilian Imperial, 41l. 10s., 42l.

THE MONEY MARKET.—Some increase in the demand for money, and an unpleasant feeling at the Stock Exchange in consequence of the tone of last night's debate in the House of Commons, caused a dullness this morning in the markets for nearly all descriptions of public securities. It was not followed, however, by any material decline in price, and late in the day there was more firmness than at the commencement of business. The transactions generally were on a small scale. Of the speculative stocks Portuguese and Spanish have attracted the greater share of attention: for the former it appears that a market is opening on the continent, sales of it having been effected readily to a large extent both in Paris and in Frankfort. A

demand for it on a smaller scale exists at Hamburgh. The price of Spanish stock is, on the whole, well maintained, though it is a point not disputed that Spain, in order fully to re-establish her credit, must be a borrower in this market, or in those of the continent, for some years to come. The concluding quotations of the securities chiefly dealt in to-day were as follows:—Consols for the Account, 92 to $\frac{1}{2}$; Exchequer Bills, 38s. to 40s.; Portuguese, 94 $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$; Spanish 65 to $\frac{1}{2}$; Scrip, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$.

By the advices from Hamburgh the price of gold is 433 per mark, which at the English Mint price of 3*l.* 17*s.* 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* the ounce for standard gold, gives an exchange of 13. 9, and the exchange at Hamburgh on London at short being 13. 10, it follows that gold is 15.32 per cent. lower at Hamburgh than in London.

The premium on gold at Paris is 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ per mille, which at the English Mint price of 3*l.* 17*s.* 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* the ounce for standard gold, gives an exchange of 25. 34. and the exchange at Paris on London at short being 25. 45, it follows that gold is 11.25 per cent. lower at Paris than in London.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM FEBRUARY 24, TO MARCH 20, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

Feb. 24.—J. Goulden, Hope Street, Hackney Road, carpenter.—W. Mitchell, Strand, lodging house keeper.—J. Betts, Spital, near Windsor, victualler.—R. Dean, Milner Place, Lambeth, builder.—S. Huddleston, Manchester, saddler.—E. Crick, Leamington Priors, printer.—G. Nippen, Northampton, upholsterer.—J. Jorie, Holywell, Flintshire, ale brewer.—M. Rete-meyer, Liverpool, salt dealer.—L. Cambridge, Bristol, ship owner.—J. Williams, Salford, innkeeper.—G. Bryce, Manchester, pawnbroker.—T. Dawe, East Stonehouse, painter.—W. Archer, Messing, Essex, grocer.—J. Pinson, Norwich, linendraper.—P. Cox, Fairford, Gloucestershire, builder.—J. Mechelen, Clifton, Gloucestershire, publisher.—J. Lupton, Bishop Thornton, Yorkshire, oil merchant.

Feb. 27.—J. W. Pope, Wood Street, Cheap-side, carpet warehouseman.—L. Allen, Pinner Green, Middlesex, innkeeper.—J. Collinson, Thomas Street, Blackfriars, hat manufacturer.—W. Adams, Brown's Lane, Spitalfields, brewer.—E. Barnard, Little Baddow, Essex, cattle salesman.—J. Goodburn, Brighton Place, New Kent Road, silversmith.—N. Slee, Prince's Street, Blackfriars, leather dresser.—J. and T. Burrow, Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, grocers.—D. T. M'Carthy, Bristol, stationer.—P. Bird, Cowbridge, Glamorganshire, grocer.—T. Baynton, Cheltenham, dealer in horses.—J. Coates, Manchester, merchant.—J. Turnbull, Tynemouth, Northumberland, cabinet maker.—B. Wright, Liverpool, ship broker.—J. Fox, Liverpool, wine merchant.—J. Williams, Chester-le-Street, Durham, linendraper.—T. and R. Forster, Trygal, Northumberland, flour dealers.

March 3.—J. West, Keate Street, Christchurch, victualler.—T. Buswell and R. Wood, Derby, joiners.—W. Taylor, Great Yarmouth, surgeon.—J. Hoyle, Manchester, victualler.—J. Wright, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, jeweller.—M. Plook, Kingswood Hill, Gloucestershire, carrier.—S. R. Wilmot, Bristol, brewer.—B. Hogg, Jun., Leeds, cloth manufacturer.—J. Holden, Whalley, Lancashire, cotton spinner.—W. V. Wilkes, Birmingham, factor.—I. and G. Smith, Stoke-upon-Trent, tailors.—E. Knappe, Walsoken, Norfolk, cattle salesman.—G. Brown, Marlborough, Wilts, ironmonger.—G. A. Ray, Ramsgate, lodging-house keeper.—P. Hatton, Heaton Norris, Lancashire, innkeeper.—J. Deacon, Reath, Yorkshire, corn factor.—W. James, Brighton, grocer.—S. Crosby, Coventry, dyer.

March 6.—B. Parnham, High Street, Shadwell, sailmaker.—J. Bates, Clapham, linen-

draper.—W. Askham, Eckington, Derbyshire, surgeon.

March 10.—R. Cole, Basinghall Street, scrivener.—A. Hider, Otford, Kent, cheesemonger.—I. Shields, Bridge Road, Lambeth, wire worker.—W. Holloway, Dorset Street, Clapham Road, brewer.—S. Tipper, Landogo, Monmouthshire, paper manufacturer.—R. Barnard, Hollingbourne, Kent, paper maker.—J. Bulman, Great Tower Street, porter merchant.—J. Carter, Coleman Street, woollen warehouseman.—W. P. and W. Williams, Bexley, Kent, drapers.—J. Turner, Honiton, Devonshire, tea dealer.—N. Thomas, Manchester, upholsterer.—P. Abrahams, Leeds, jeweller.—W. H. Cross, Leeds, victualler.—J. Cooper, Liverpool, joiner.—J. Allport, Stourbridge, Worcestershire, upholsterer.—T. Crowther, Openshaw and Ardwick, Lancashire, joiner.

March 13.—H. Rowed and J. W. Green-shields, New Bond Street, Westminster, tailors.—J. P. Hicks and C. E. Hicks, Eastington, Gloucestershire, clothiers.—F. Sandon, Newgate Street, druggist.—J. Penn, Leamington, Warwickshire, bookseller.—J. Smith, Wheatley, Oxfordshire, surgeon.—D. Roberts, Pwllheb, Carnarvonshire, draper.—T. Bumpus, Jun., Northampton, grocer.—T. Rothwell, Manchester and Blackburn, cotton manufacturer.—W. Pleace, Bristol, victualler.—A. Hickson, Doncaster, grocer.—J. and W. Robinson, Burslem, Staffordshire.—J. Norman, Burslem, Staffordshire.

March 17.—J. S. and W. Eveleigh, Union Street, Southwark, hatters.—B. Shirley, Blackfriars Road, dealer in earthenware.—W. E. Browne, Brompton Grove, merchant.—R. B. Cooke, Worcester, stone mason.—J. Burnell, Wortley, Yorkshire, clothier.—R. Trotter, Tynemouth, Northumberland, shipowner.—S. Mitchell, Sheffield, merchant.—T. Herbert, Llanelly, Breconshire, grocer.—W. Taylor, Gateshead, Durham, builder.

March 20.—H. Pettifer, Little Paltney Street, Soho, cheesemonger.—G. W. and G. Manwaring, York Place, Lambeth, engineers.—W. A. Noble and J. Edington, Globe Stairs, Rotherhithe, engineers.—G. Telfer, Phoenix Wharf, City Basin, coal merchant.—B. Musson, Manchester, grocer.—R. and G. Bowerman, Ensham, Oxon, carriers and corn dealers.—J. Bowerman, Oxford, chemist and druggist.—R. Farr, Doncaster, hardwareman.—C. Pugh, Newtown, Montgomeryshire, ironmonger.—R. C. Hughes, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, hotel proprietor.—J. Whitworth, Birmingham, plumber.

NEW PATENTS

ENGLISH.

W. E. Wright, of Regent Street, in the City of Westminster, Gentleman, for certain improvements in tea and coffee urns and tea kettles. January 27th, 1835, 6 months.

J. Gibbs, of Kennington, Surrey, and J. Gatley, of Whitechapel, Middlesex, Engineers, for certain improvements in machinery for cutting wood and other materials. January 27th, 6 months.

W. Morgan, of the Kent Road, Surrey, Esquire, for certain improvements in steam-engines. January 27th, 6 months.

J. Budd, of Liverpool, in the County Palatine of Lancaster, Merchant, for a certain improvement or certain improvements in printing silk, cotton, calico, or other fabrics, and in the manufacture of blocks, cylinders, or rollers used for such purposes. January 27th, 6 months.

I. Dodd, of Horsely Iron Works, in the Parish of Tipton, Stafford, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery for cutting and shaping wood and other materials. January 29th, 6 months.

B. and J. Cook, of Birmingham, Brass Founders, for certain improvements in beds and mattresses. January 31st, 6 months.

J. Bethell, of Mecklenburg Square, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements in apparatus for diving and working under water, and inspecting from above objects which are beneath the surface of the water. January 31st, 6 months.

T. Roberts, of His Majesty's Dock Yard, Plymouth, Master Shipwright, for an improved mode of joining pieces of timber together end to end, which improved mode is applicable to the purposes of making the masts and top-masts of ships, also for making piles, and for certain other purposes wherein timber is required to be lengthened, whereby an immense saving will accrue, inasmuch as masts can be lengthened or made from common fir timber, top-masts from shorter and less expensive sticks, and piles made to any required length. February 6th, 6 months.

C. Cleveland, of Falcon Square, in the City of London, Clerk, for certain improvements on pens, on pen-holders, on apparatus for the supply of ink to pens, and on apparatus for the making of pens. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. February 9th, 6 months.

J. Halstead, of Burr Street, St. Catherine's, Middlesex, Sail Maker, for a new and improved paddle-wheel for steam-vessels, which wheel is also applicable to mill-machinery of every description moved by water. February 9th, 6 months.

J. Leeming, of Manchester, in the County of Lancaster, Worsted Spinner, for certain improvements in the construction of water-wheels and of paddle-wheels. February 9th, 6 months.

R. Hill, of Tottenham, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements in certain methods of letter-press printing by machinery. February 12th, 6 months.

E. Norris, of Walworth, Surrey, Gentleman, for an improved machine for letter-press printing. February 12th, 4 months.

T. Alcock, of the Parish of Claines, Worcester, Lace Manufacturer, for certain improvements upon certain machinery for making bobbin-net lace, being further extensions of certain improvements for which letters patent were granted to him on the 8th of December, 1832, part of which extensions are for the purpose of producing ornamented bobbin-net lace. February 12th, 6 months.

J. Hendry, of Wormwood Street, in the City of London, Surveyor, for an improved method in laying, or a new combination in the construction of, floors in buildings. February 16th, 6 months.

J. Price, of the Parish of Gateshead, Durham, Flint Glass Manufacturer, for certain improvements in railways, and in the means of transporting carriages from one level to another. February 16th, 6 months.

S. Burrell, of Birmingham, Warwick, Manufacturer of Gilt Toys, for an improved method of manufacturing buttons for clothes. February 16th, 6 months.

S. Slocum, of the New Road, St. Pancras, Middlesex, Engineer, for a certain improvement or improvements in machinery for making nails. February 16th, 6 months.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 32' 32" N. Longitude 8° 51" West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1835.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Feb.					
23	35-51	29,17-29,34	S.W.	,325	Cloudy, except the evening.
24	32-46	29,48-29,62	S.W.		Generally clear.
25	33-49	29,66-29,46	S.W.		Cloudy, with frequent rain.
26	38-49	29,36-29,29	S.W.	,375	Cloudy, with frequent rain.
27	34-49	29,32-29,42	S.W.	,425	Cloudy, with frequent rain.
28	28-46	29,56-29,72	N.W.	,025	Generally clear.
March					
1	27-43	29,28-29,74	S.W.	,05	Cloudy, with frequent rain.
2	28-43	30,00-29,95	N.W.	,1	Cloudy.
3	34-46	29,90-29,82	N.W. & W.		Cloudy.
4	30-49	29,76-29,58	W. & N.W.		Showers in the afternoon.
5	26-43	29,50-29,40	W.	,05	Cloudy, rain in the evening.
6	37-47	29,34-29,44	W. & S.W.	,1	Cloudy, rain frequent during the day.
7	29-45	29,45-29,36	S.W.	,125	Cloudy, rain frequent during the day.
8	28-46	29,30-29,65	W.	,275	Generally clear.
9	32-47	29,30-29,11	S.W.		Frequent rain.
10	31-51	29,04-29,61	S.W.	,2	Clear, except the evening.
11	40-51	29,55-29,47	S.W.	,15	Rain frequent during the day.
12	43-54	29,71-29,74	W. b. S.	,1	Rain frequent during the day.
13	40-54	29,60-29,48	S.W.	,6	Generally clear.
14	39-48	29,35-29,26	S.W.	,175	Generally clear, rain in the morning.
15	37-48	29,20-29,24	S.W.	,075	Cloudy, with frequent rain.
16	35-50	29,76-29,98	N.W.	,2	Cloudy.
17	40-49	22,80-29,73	S.W.		Cloudy, rain at times.
18	39-49	29,83-29,99	N. b. W.	,06	Cloudy, rain at times.
19	32-43	30,11-30,17	N.E.	,025	Cloudy, sunshine frequent.
20	28-45	30,21-30,23	E.		Generally clear.
21	38-48	30,24-30,21	N. b. E. & N.	,125	Rain frequent during the day.
22	39-47	Stat. 30,21	N.E.	,175	Rain frequent during the day.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—MARCH 1, 1835.

HOUSE OF LORDS, Feb. 24.—This day the Session of Parliament began. The King opened it in person. His Majesty read, in a clear and firm voice, the following speech:—

“ My Lords and Gentlemen,

“ I avail myself of the earliest opportunity of meeting you in Parliament, after having recurred to the sense of my people.

“ You will, I am confident, fully participate in the regret which I feel at the destruction, by accidental fire, of that part of the ancient Palace of Westminster which has been long appropriated to the use of the Houses of Parliament.

“ Upon the occurrence of this calamity, I gave immediate directions that the best provision, of which the circumstances of the case would admit, should be made for your present meeting; and it will be my wish to adopt such plans for the permanent accommodation of the two Houses of Parliament as shall be deemed, on your joint consideration, to be most fitting and convenient.

“ I will give directions that there be laid before you the report made to me by the Privy Council in reference to the origin of the fire, and the evidence upon which their report was founded.

“ The assurances which I receive from my allies, and generally from all foreign princes and states, of their earnest desire to cultivate the relations of amity, and to

maintain with me the most friendly understanding, justify on my part the confident expectation of the continuance of the blessings of peace.

“The single exception to the general tranquillity of Europe is the civil contest which still prevails in some of the northern provinces of Spain.

“I will give directions that there be laid before you articles which I have concluded with my allies, the King of the French, the Queen of Spain, and the Queen of Portugal, which are supplementary to the treaty of April, 1834, and are intended to facilitate the complete attainment of the objects contemplated by that treaty.

“I have to repeat my regret that the relations between Holland and Belgium still remain unsettled.

“Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

“I have directed the Estimates for the ensuing year to be prepared and to be laid before you without delay.

“They have been framed with the strictest attention to economy, and I have the satisfaction of acquainting you, that the total amount of the demands for the public service will be less, on the present, than it has been on any former occasion within our recent experience.

“The satisfactory state of the trade and commerce of the country, and of the public revenue, fully justifies the expectation that, notwithstanding the reductions in taxation which were made in the last session, and which, when they shall have taken full effect, will tend to diminish the existing surplus of the public revenue, there will remain a sufficient balance to meet the additional annual charge which will arise from providing the compensation granted by Parliament on account of the abolition of slavery throughout the British dominions.

“I deeply lament that the agricultural interest continues in a state of great depression.

“I recommend to your consideration whether it may not be in your power, after providing for the exigencies of the public service, and consistently with the steadfast maintenance of the public credit, to devise a method for mitigating the pressure of those local charges which bear heavily on the owners and occupiers of land; and for distributing the burden of them more equally over other descriptions of property.

“My Lords and Gentlemen,

“The information received from the Governors of my colonies, together with the acts passed, in execution of the law for the abolition of slavery, will be communicated to you. It is with much satisfaction that I have observed the general concurrence of the colonial legislatures in giving effect to this important measure; and notwithstanding the difficulties with which the subject is necessarily attended, I have seen no reason to abate my earnest hopes of a favourable issue. Under all circumstances, you may be assured of my anxious desire and unceasing efforts, fully to realize the benevolent intentions of Parliament.

“There are many important subjects, some of which have already undergone partial discussion in Parliament; the adjustment of which, at as early a period as is consistent with the mature consideration of them, would be of great advantage to the public interests.

“Among the first, in point of urgency, is the state of the tithe question in Ireland, and the means of effecting an equitable and final adjustment of it.

“Measures will be proposed for your consideration, which will have for their respective objects, to promote the commutation of tithe in England and Wales, to improve our civil jurisprudence, and the administration of justice in ecclesiastical causes, to make provision for the more effectual maintenance of ecclesiastical discipline, and to relieve those who dissent from the doctrines or discipline of the church, from the necessity of celebrating the ceremony of marriage according to its rites.

“I have not yet received the report from the commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of municipal corporations, but I have reason to believe that it will be made, and that I shall be enabled to communicate it to you at an early period.

“I have appointed a commission for considering the state of the several dioceses in England and Wales, with reference to the amount of their revenues, and to the more equal distribution of episcopal duties—the state of the several cathedral and collegiate churches, with a view to the suggestion of such measures as may render them most conducive to the efficiency of the established church; and for devising the best mode of providing for the cure of souls, with reference to the residence of

the clergy in their respective benefices. The especial object which I have in view, in the appointment of this commission, is to extend more widely the means of religious worship according to the doctrines of the established church, and to confirm its hold upon the veneration and affections of my people.

"I feel it also incumbent upon me to call your earnest attention to the condition of the church of Scotland, and to the means by which it may be enabled to increase the opportunities of religious worship for the poorer classes of society in that part of the united kingdom.

"It has been my duty, on this occasion, to direct your consideration to various important matters connected with our domestic policy.

"I rely with entire confidence on your willing co-operation in perfecting all such measures as may be calculated to remove just causes of complaint, and to promote the concord and happiness of my subjects.

"I rely also, with equal confidence, on the caution and circumspection with which you will apply yourselves to the alteration of laws which affect very extensive and complicated interests, and are interwoven with ancient usages, to which the habits and feelings of my people have conformed.

"I feel assured that it will be our common object, in supplying that which may be defective, or in renovating that which may be impaired, to strengthen the foundations of those institutions in church and state, which are the inheritance and birth-right of my people, and which, amidst all the vicissitudes of public affairs, have proved, under the blessing of Almighty God, the surest guarantees of their liberties, their rights, and their religion."

The Earl of Hardwicke moved the address of thanks to his Majesty. He proposed a dutiful address in answer.—Lord Gage seconded the address.—Lord Viscount Melbourne afterwards rose, and commented in strong terms on the strange deficiencies in the royal speech. The noble lord then read the amendment, which will be found at the conclusion of Lord Morpeth's speech in the House of Commons.—The Duke of Wellington immediately rose, and entered into an explanation of the causes of the dissolution of the late ministry, which he positively asserted was owing solely to the difficulty consequent on Lord Althorp's removal from the Commons to the Lords.—The debate was then closed in the House of Lords by an effective speech from the Earl of Mulgrave, in opposition to the address, and by the qualified adhesion of the Earl of Ripon and the Duke of Richmond to the new administration.—The question was then put on the amendment, which was negatived without a division. The original address was then agreed to. The following day the answer of the king was read :

"I thank your lordships for your loyal and dutiful address. I receive with the greatest satisfaction your assurances of cordial co-operation with me in the adoption of all those measures that are calculated to promote the happiness and concord of my subjects."

Feb. 26.—Lord Brougham laid several bills connected with election bribery and clerical pluralities on the table of the house, saying that he did not mean at present to press on these measures, but that his conduct should be guided by what he saw likely to be done.

March 2.—The House met, but nothing took place of any interest, if we except an intimation from the Marquis of Westminster, to the effect, that he should not at present bring forward the question of voting by proxy ; and that with regard to whether he should or should not submit to the House the question of the emancipation of the Jews, he was entirely in the hands of the parties interested in it.

March 3.—Nothing of importance.

March 4.—No house.

March 5.—Their lordships again met, and Lord Radnor moved, pursuant to notice, for copies of certain oaths taken in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, Feb. 24.—The Speaker having read a copy of the king's speech, as delivered in the House of Lords, Lord Sandon rose for the purpose of moving the address.—Mr. Bramston seconded the address.—Lord Morpeth then rose, and after a speech of considerable length, concluded thus :—"I must leave the issue in the hands of the House, merely adding my humble hope that all we plan, and all we execute, may be so overruled as to promote the real and lasting welfare of the country. I have now, sir, the honour of proposing an amendment. I am desirous to move, that, after the words 'To promote the concord and happiness of my

subjects,' in the last paragraph but two, these words be inserted:—' To assure his Majesty, that his Majesty's faithful Commons acknowledge, with grateful recollection, that the Acts for amending the representation of the people were submitted to Parliament with his Majesty's sanction, and carried into a law by his Majesty's assent; that, confidently expecting to derive further advantages from those wise and necessary measures, we trust that his Majesty's councils will be directed in a spirit of well-considered and effective reform; and that the liberal and comprehensive policy which restored to the people the right of choosing their representatives and which provided for the emancipation of all persons held in slavery in his Majesty's colonies and possessions abroad, will, with the same enlarged views, place, without delay, our municipal corporations under vigilant popular control, remove all those unfounded grievances of the Protestant Dissenters, and correct those abuses in the Church which impair its efficiency in England, disturb the peace of society in Ireland, and lower the character of the Establishment in both countries. To represent to his Majesty, that his Majesty's faithful Commons beg leave submissively to add, that they cannot but lament that the progress of these, and other reforms, has been interrupted and endangered by the unnecessary dissolution of a Parliament earnestly intent upon the vigorous prosecution of measures to which the wishes of the people were most anxiously and justly directed.'"—Mr. Bannerman rose and seconded it.—Mr. Grote then spoke strongly for the amendment, and Mr. Gladstone against it.—Mr. Poulter followed, in opposition to ministers.—Mr. Trevor and Colonel Sibthorpe spoke for the ministers, and Mr. Clay rose to oppose them, and went into the question of principle in the various changes that had taken place.—Mr. Cresset, Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Kearsley followed for the ministers, and Sir Samuel Whalley, with Mr. Barry, spoke against them.—Dr. Bowring then rose and attacked the policy of the Tories and the intimations in the King's speech.—Sir Robert Peel thought it right to address the House that night; and of himself personally he said, "I stand here in the fulfilment of a public duty, shrinking from no responsibility which properly belongs to me, and not influenced by any arrogant pretensions to defy or disregard the opinion of the majority of this House, but resolved to persevere to the last, so far as may be consistent with the honour of a public man, in maintaining the just prerogatives of the crown, and in fulfilling the duties which I owe to his Majesty and my country." Sir Robert then went over the whole ground of public occurrences during the last month of Earl Grey's government, the derangement of parties consequent on that noble earl's resignation, and the altered circumstances of the public service. He spoke of the difficulties of forming the Melbourne ministry. Sir Robert then enlarged on the several topics of the address. He ridiculed the union that had been formed against him, and quoted a letter of Mr. O'Connell to Lord Duncannon. After some questions from Lord John Russell, which drew from Sir Robert an intimation that the question of the commutation of tithe in England would be brought on at an early day, and the question of the Irish tithe would be before the house in a few days, the debate was adjourned to the following day.

Feb. 25.—The order of the day for resuming the adjourned debate was read, and Mr. G. Robinson opened it by a speech in favour of ministers.—Capt. F. Berkeley afterwards rose, and said he should vote for the amendment.—Lord Stanley succeeded this speaker, and intimated that he would hereafter lead a party of his own in the House of Commons. He then expressed his disapprobation of the conduct of the Duke of Wellington, with reference to his assumption of the offices of state; and told the House how dissatisfied he was with the prospect of municipal reform, and that, in that point, he quite agreed with the amendment. His lordship went on, in still stronger terms, to lecture the premier on this point, and said there was, also, in his thinking, another ground of suspicion. He then discussed the grounds of the dissolution, and objected, at some length, to the vagueness of the amendment, especially in the words which should declare the House's readiness "to correct those abuses in the church which disturb the peace of society in Ireland." His lordship summed up his criticism on the amendment in these words, and as a reason for voting against it. "I can look upon the amendment which has been proposed to the address in no other sense but as a motion either to overthrow the government or else to obtain the triumph of the House against it, without any intention of that triumph being followed up by any ulterior steps beneficial to the country." In conclusion, his lordship said—"I believe that the adoption of that amendment would tend to produce, in the present state of political parties, a consequence most disastrous for the country, and most disastrous for the steady, secure, and immediate advance of the cause of re-

form. I mean the instant overthrow of the existing administration."—Doctor Lushington rose next, and spoke strongly for the amendment.—Mr. Sheil rose, and stated, in emphatic terms, the difference between the late administration and the present, on the question of the Irish church.—Mr. Lechmere Charlton, for the address, succeeded to Mr. Sheil; and Mr. Henry Grattan followed in support of the amendment.—Col. Percival replied to several statements of Mr. Grattan's, with reference to late significant intimations of "Protestant ascendancy;" and when he had concluded, Lord John Russell rose, and adverted to the gross inconsistencies of the Tory party; and to the conduct of Sir Robert Peel in opposition, more particularly with reference to the consideration he had claimed for himself on that score, and proved on what false grounds he claimed it. His lordship then went into the circumstances which preceded the breaking up of the ministry, and denied the pretences of the Tories respecting Lord Althorp. The noble lord proceeded afterwards to defend the projected policy of the Melbourne ministry, and to protest against the insinuations flung out against its weakness in the speech of the premier. He then reprobated the conduct of the Duke of Wellington, and reiterated the various questions on which he could feel no confidence whatever in the present administration.—Mr. Goulburn, the Home Secretary, rose after him, and referred to the sentiments expressed by Lord Lansdowne and Lord Brougham on the subject of the appropriation of any surplus revenue of the Irish church to any other than church purposes; contending that the difference between different members of the late government upon that point proved that there must have been a considerable degree of disunion among them.—Mr. Baring followed this gentleman. On the conclusion of his speech the house adjourned to next day.

Feb. 26.—The debate was resumed by Mr. Mullins, who spoke in favour of the amendment.—Mr. Grove Price spoke for the address, and Mr. T. Duncombe against it.—Sir James Graham rose afterwards, and explained his reasons for voting with the ministers.—Mr. Shaw and Mr. O'Dwyer afterwards said a few words, and the House divided, when the numbers appeared—for the amendment, 309; for the original address, 302; majority against ministers, 7.

Feb. 27.—When the House assembled, Sir Robert Peel rose and said, "I have good reason to believe that the late division was not accidental, and that it was a fair intimation of the sense of this House; and that if I were to take the sense of the House on the present occasion, I have no reason to believe that there would be any other result. That being the case, I have no intention to attempt to subvert the decision of last night, and if the effect of my determination will be to prevent any further discussion or debate, I shall be amply satisfied."

March 2.—The Speaker communicated the answer of his Majesty to the address, and Sir R. Peel moved that the thanks of the House be presented to his Majesty.—The answer was as follows:—

"I thank you sincerely for the assurances which you have given me, in this loyal and dutiful Address, of your disposition to co-operate with me in the improvement, with a view to the maintenance, of our institutions in church and state. I learn with regret that you do not concur with me as to the policy of the appeal which I have recently made to the sense of my people. I never have exercised, and I never will exercise, any of the prerogatives which I hold, excepting for the single purpose of promoting the great end for which they are entrusted to me—the public good; and I confidently trust that no measure, conducive to the general interests, will be endangered or interrupted in its progress by the opportunity which I have afforded to my faithful and loyal subjects, of expressing their opinions through the choice of their representatives in Parliament."

After being read, it was ordered for insertion on the journals, Mr. Hume having previously expressed his dissatisfaction with its terms.—Sir R. Peel then moved for the appointment of a select committee to consider and report upon the building of new Houses of Parliament.—The motion was agreed to, and the committee appointed.—In answer to Mr. S. Rice, Sir R. Peel said it was the intention of Government to revive the committee of last session, appointed to inquire into the military expenditure of the colonies: and on the motion of Sir R. Peel, Mr. Bernal was unanimously re-elected chairman of committees; the minister taking occasion to assure the House that he never had entertained a thought of recommending any other gentleman to that office, though he remarked, amid the cheers and laughter of the opposition, what might have been the fate of another proposition he would not stop to inquire.—The House then having gone into committee of supply, a resolution

that a supply be granted to his Majesty was agreed to without opposition, on the motion of Sir R. Peel.

March 3.—After several petitions had been presented, Mr. Poulett Thompson rose to put several questions connected with the illegal importation of corn, to Lord Chandos and Mr. Baring, from both of whom, in reply, he drew forth a distinct disclaimer of having thrown any imputation upon the late Government in reference to the fraudulent importation of foreign corn into this country.—Mr. O'Connell next rose and asked whether any alteration was contemplated in the law of libel.—The Attorney-General replied in the negative; but expressed his readiness to support the proposition of any honourable member for the reform of certain parts of the law.—Mr. O'Connell then gave notice of his intention to move for leave to bring in a bill to alter the libel law.—Mr. O'Dwyer's notice next came under the consideration of the House, "That there be laid before this House a copy of any order recently issued to officers commanding troops in Ireland, directing 'that in future military parties shall not be granted to assist in the collection of tithes without special directions from the officer commanding in chief; and directing that, in the event of any collision between the King's troops and the populace, the improper practice hitherto pursued at times, of firing over the heads of the peasantry, be discontinued, and that the troops shall always fire with effect,' or words to this import." Considerable discussion ensued, in the midst of which Lord John Russell rose to offer a suggestion to the right hon. gentleman opposite, whether the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hussey Vivian, having, as he understood, no objection to give publicity to the order, some order might not be issued, or some regulation established in Ireland, by which this order might be promulgated and made generally known to the public. If this were done, he thought the House would be satisfied; and that the order itself, being of a confidential nature, or of a description which it was not usual to produce, could not fairly be required to be laid before the House.—This suggestion was ultimately agreed to, and Mr. O'Dwyer withdrew his motion, on the understanding that another order, applicable to all parts of the United Kingdom, would be issued.—Mr. Gisborne then made the motion of which he had given notice, for the more effectual prevention of bribery at elections.—The Attorney-General refused his assent to the resolution on the ground that it could not be carried into practical effect with any beneficial result.—Mr. Gisborne consented to postpone it.—The report of the committee of supply was brought up and agreed to; and, on the motion of Sir G. Clerk, the financial accounts of the year were ordered to be printed.

MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

BRIEF NOTICE OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE RIGHT HONORABLE WILLIAM LORD NAPIER.

When the melancholy intelligence of Lord Napier's decease reached Canton, the last number of the "Register" was already in the printer's hands, and neither the time nor the feelings of the temporary editor would allow of any other notice being given than a bare announcement of the afflicting event. If we omitted to recount the virtues of the character of the deceased, or dwell in detail on the deep sorrow of the British community, sympathized with in no measured degree by all foreigners in China, let it not be supposed that the lamented nobleman died unwept, or that we were wanting in appreciation of the estimable qualities which both in a public and private view had so strongly won the general regard, and now aggravate a sense of the public and private loss. In truth, the whole subject, with its attendant circumstances is too deeply painful and tragical in its nature to be dilated on with that composure which should befit the occasion, and we shall therefore pass on to a narration of some of the events of his lordship's active life (for which we are indebted to a friend) which, however meagre, cannot fail to be perused with affecting interest.

Descended from a family celebrated for talent and of a name at this day affording in our navy and army instances of courage, enterprise, and success in various parts of the world second to none; yet should these fail in gaining it celebrity, certain it is that the name of Napier and Logarithms must go down together to the latest posterity.

The late Lord Napier selected the navy as his profession at the age of sixteen, and served as midshipman in the "Imperieuse," with Lord Cochrane,—was in Basque Roads, and got some of the favours generally attending Lord Cochrane's officers, being severely wounded whilst cutting out ships from shore. Lord Napier shared in the battle of Trafalgar, on board the "Defence," Sir George Hope, in

the "Sparrow-hawk," Captain Rogers, and with Sir John Warren, in the "Foudroyant," and was for a long period of years engaged in serving his country; some notion of the constancy and severity of which may be formed when the fact is known, that in the twelve following years he was able to spare only six weeks to pass with his family in Scotland. On the peace in 1815, Lord Napier retired from active service; but before settling on his family estates, though then twenty-nine years old, he spent his first winter in a course of study at Edinburgh University, and then began a series of agricultural pursuits with quite as much energy and success as he had followed his profession. Joining the difficult objects of improvement of his estate with the comfort and happiness of the peasantry, he succeeded in making himself beloved by his father's tenants and esteemed and respected by the whole neighbourhood. His lordship wrote a treatise on the system of agriculture adapted to the pastoral district he resided in, which treatise is favourably noticed in the "Edinburgh Review," and the benevolent success of his other plans is recorded in the "Spectator" newspaper. Literary rewards from such "honest Chroniclers" being above what royalty can bestow, because they never attend except on merit.

His lordship succeeded to his father in 1823, was recalled to his profession in 1824, when he commissioned the "Diamond," of fifty guns, and was with her on the South American station for two years and a half.

On his return he was chosen one of the sixteen Scotch peers, and took his place in the House of Lords during three parliaments. His votes on the Catholic question and the Reform bill, though with the present spirit of the age, being contrary to the conservative feeling of the Scotch nobility, he lost his election for the last parliament. Lord Napier was appointed one of the lords of the bed-chamber almost immediately after the succession of his present majesty.

In religion Lord Napier followed the Presbyterian faith which had been very early adopted by his ancestors, and his lordship's father presided as his Majesty's commissioner for many years in the general assembly of the church of Scotland; the late lord, though a strict follower of the faith of his fathers, was most liberal to all. Though liberal also in politics, he was never violent, and abhorred all party spirit.

His pure and straightforward love of justice, and patient attention in weighing the value of conflicting arguments eminently qualified him for the judicial functions with which he was invested here.

Much of his lordship's spare time was bestowed on astronomy and the higher branches of mathematics, stimulated thereto by the fame of his illustrious ancestor. Whatever he gave his mind to he did it ardently. Much energy and perseverance in all pursuits were the prevailing features of his character, with a placidity of temper and benevolence that were singularly engaging.

His lordship married his present lady in March, 1816, and leaves a family of two sons and six daughters; the present nobleman is now fifteen years old.

His lordship was of a vigorous constitution, a spare frame, and his turn for pursuits in the open air, simple tastes, and abstemious habits, gave his family a right to expect a good old age, and the end of a useful and honourable career in his native land. His lordship died on the 11th of October, at the comparatively early age of forty-eight, in this distant country, of an illness (so far as limited mortal intellect can judge) brought on by his arduous duties in a burning climate, and his fate was hastened by unusual delay, and by harsh and irritating treatment, during his passage from Canton to Macao.—*Canton Register.*

Married.—At St. John's Hackney, J. James Williams, Esq., of the Grove, Camberwell, to Sarah, second daughter of the late Mrs. Sarah Elsey, of the same place.

A Vienna Journal says:—"The Princess Leontine de Metternich was married to Count Lander. The Pope's Nuncio performed the marriage ceremony in his own chapel."

At Curragh, in the County of Limerick, the seat of Sir Aubrey de Vere, Bart., Robert O'Brien, Esq., fourth son of Sir Edward O'Brien, of Dromoland, Bart., to Elinor Jane Alicia Lucy de Vere, only daughter of Sir Aubrey and Lady de Vere.

At St. George's Church, Lawrence, son of Ormerod Heyworth, Esq., of Everton, to Charlotte Matilda, daughter of the late John Kane, Esq. of New York.

Died.—At Bremen, in the 47th year of his age, George Ernest Papendick, Esq., his Majesty's Vice-Consul and Consul for Hanover, in that city.

At Hyeres, South of France, Mary Anne, wife of Sir George H. Beaumont, Bart., of Coleorton Hall, Leicestershire.

At Methven Castle, the seat of Mr. Smythe, his son-in-law, Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie, Vice-Lieutenant of Perthshire.

At Tivoli Terrace, near Cork, Mrs. Cashel, wife of George Cashell, Esq., County Kerry, and sister of Professor Wilson, Edinburgh.

Near Kildorrey, Roger Burke, Esq., nephew to the celebrated Edmund Burke.

At Puy, Dom. Dupont, the oldest ecclesiastic in all France, formerly a Carthusian. He was 100 years and five months old.

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